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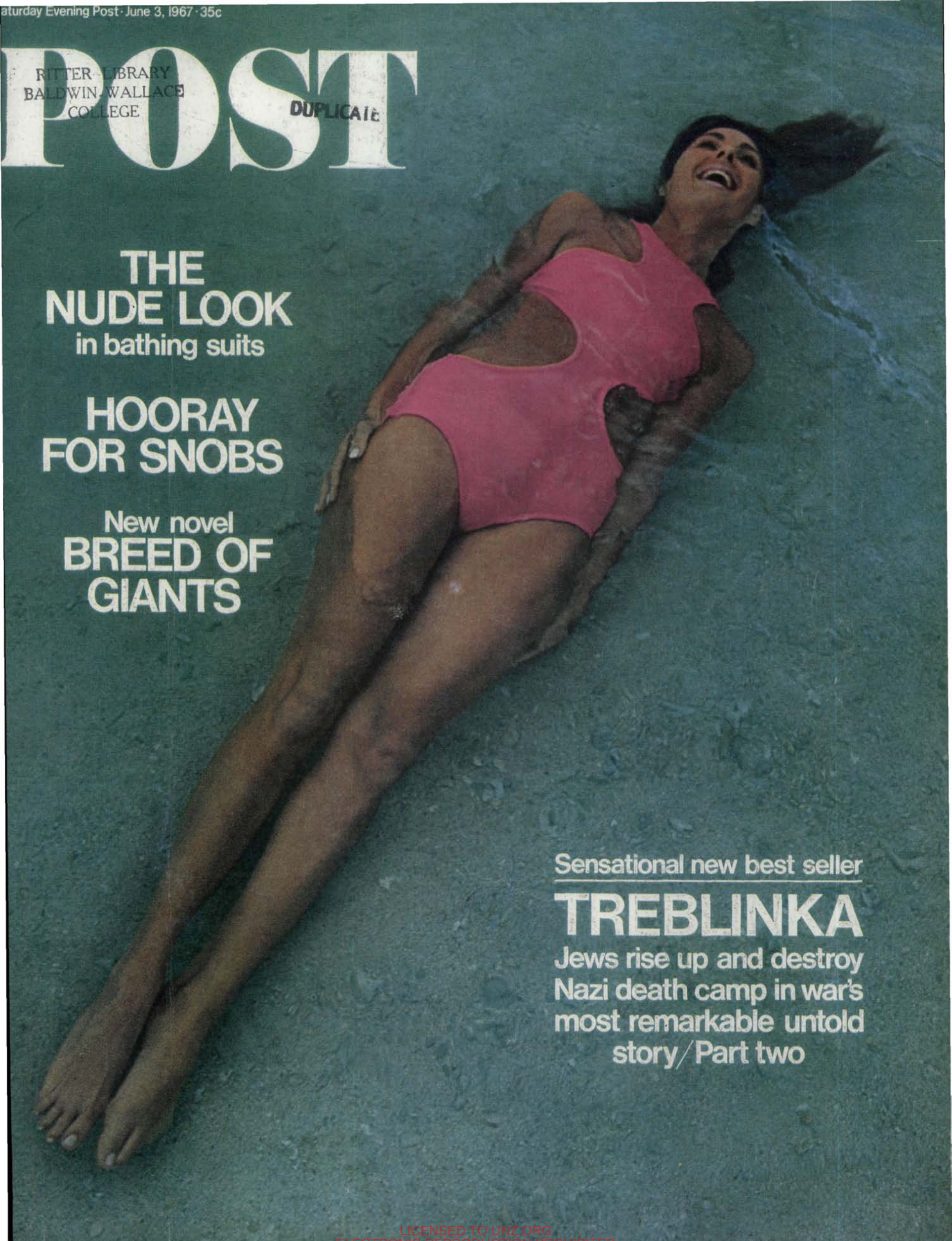
BREED OF GIANTS



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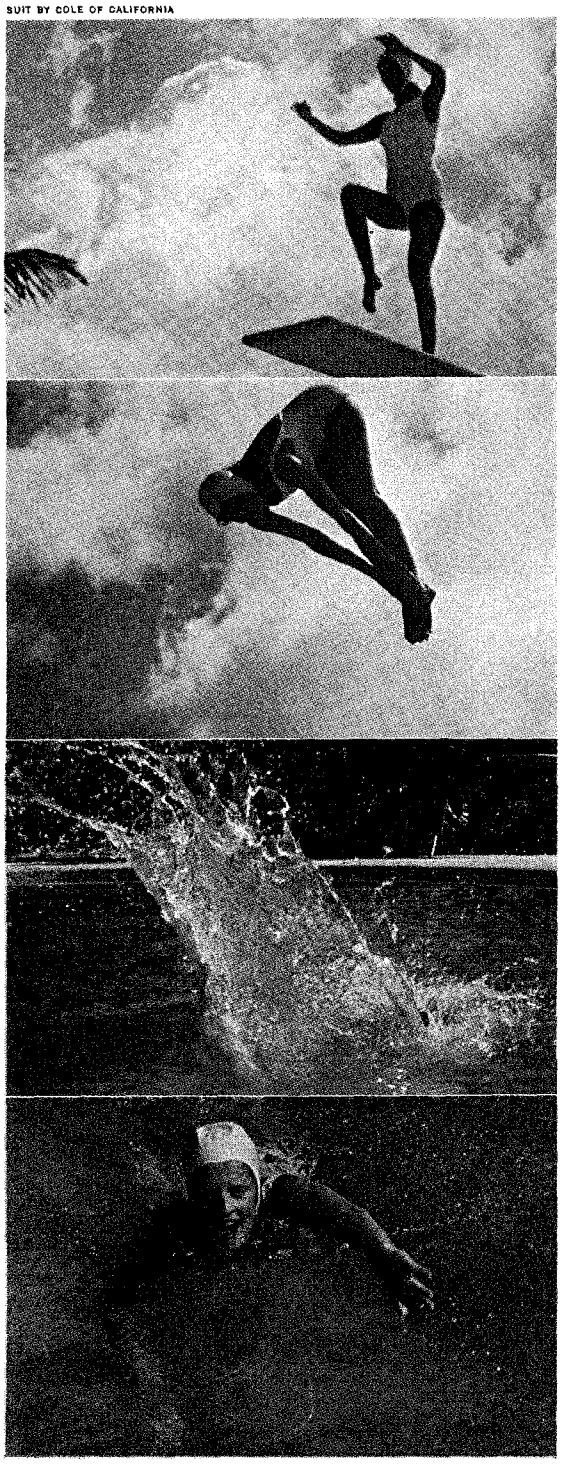

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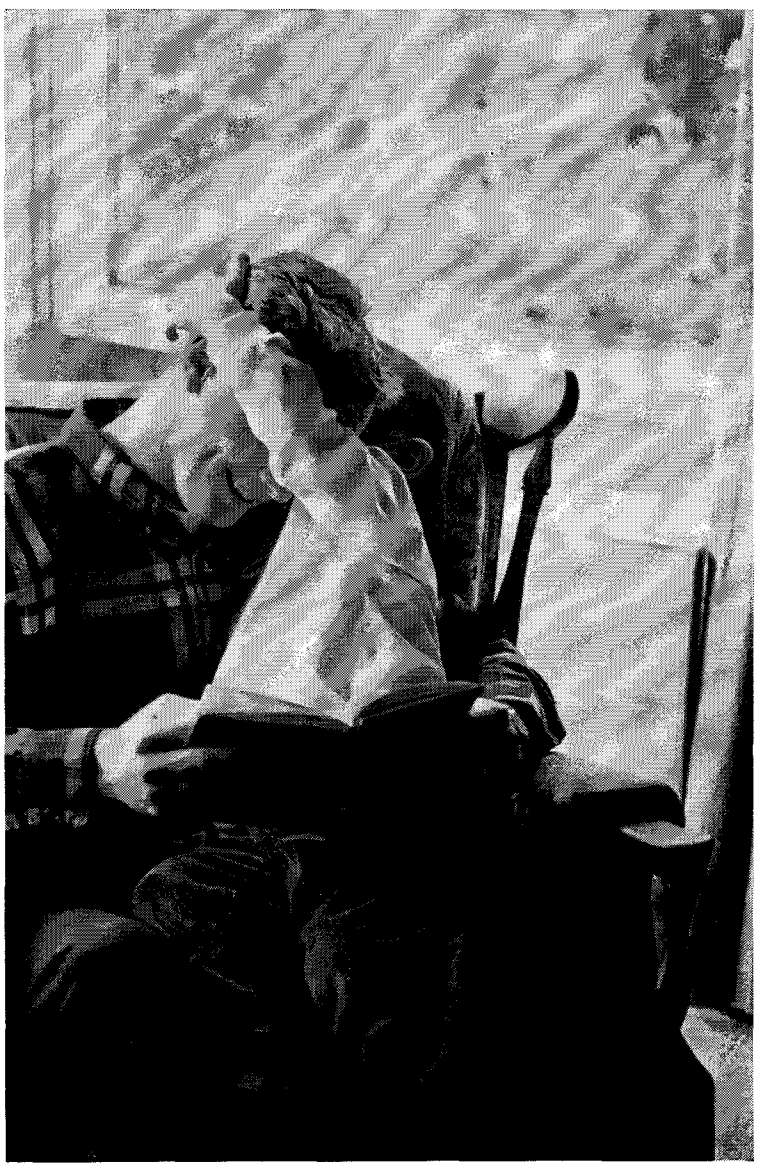

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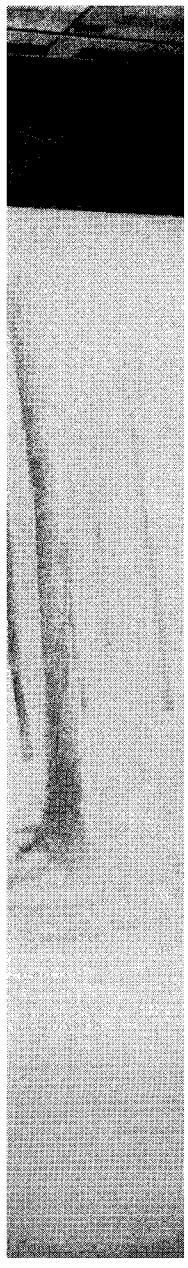

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The Saturday Evening
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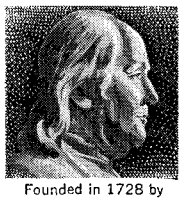

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About this issue

This issue inaugurates a new feature, *Points West*—a column of commentary from the Los Angeles vantage point of JOHN GREGORY DUNNE and his wife, JOAN DIDION. Dunne, 35, a former *Time* editor, has written for the *Post* on such diverse subjects as baseball, race riots and the struggles of a labor organizer. Joan, a novelist *(Run, River)*, has reported from New York to Hawaii on murder, lost love, and Christmas puddings. . . . The setting for JOYCE STRANGER's *Breed of Giants* is the same as that of her successful first novel, *The Running Foxes*, which appeared in the May 7, 1966 *Post*. . . . Fashion designers Miss Rikki and Elisabeth Stewart are profiled here by two writers making their first appearances in the *Post*, ELLEN WILLIS and PHYLLIS LEE LEVIN./Cover photo by Ron Harris.

Miss Rikki

Elisabeth Stewart

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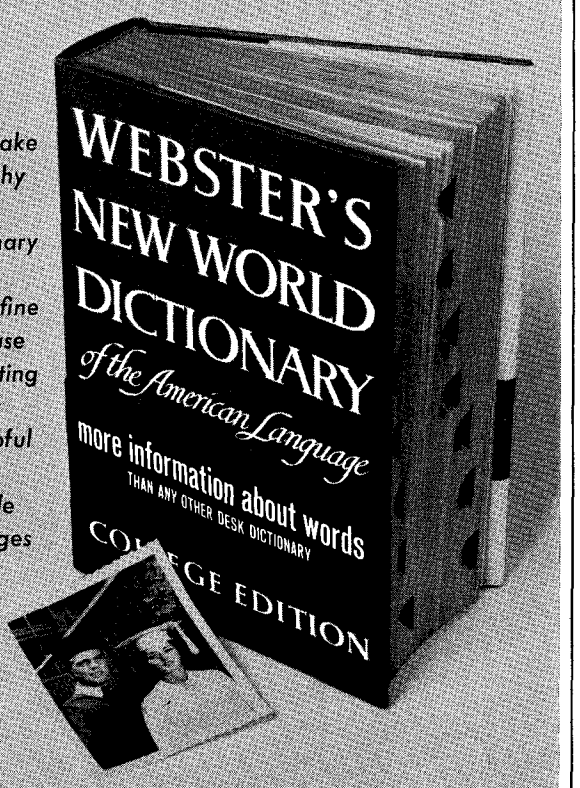

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Letters

Cost of Vietnam

Dear Sir:

Congratulations on printing Sen. Vance Hartke's lucid article VIETNAM COSTS MORE THAN YOU THINK [April 22]. Sen. Hartke's statistics are clear, tangible proof that we must reevaluate our objectives and our spending in Vietnam—we are committing most of our money to negatives and very little to positives.

PEGGY IVES COLE
Woodstock, N.Y.

Dear Editor:

Sen. Hartke should reread his own brilliant and timely article—and then ask himself how it is possible to see that "childlike faith" (in a just and wise government) seems "ill-founded" and then announce that he will continue to vote to support the military budget which he has so ably attacked!

Yes, Vietnam is costing us more than we think—it seems to be costing us our principles!

JOHN C. O'BRIEN
North Plainfield, N.J.

Dear Sir:

Sen. Hartke says "Ho Chi Minh is not a real threat to the United States"—but a success for Ho's aggression would probably spawn a dozen more aggressors of the same stripe. And a "stitch in time" is a great deal better than waiting until all of Southeast Asia is ripped apart.

FRED R. MONTGOMERY
Florence, Tex.

Gentlemen:

How does Sen. Hartke equate dollars and world prestige? I believe that all Americans are appalled at the casualties in Vietnam, as well as at the financial burden, but most of us realize that we are committed to the war until we find an honorable way to end it.

C. A. HILL
Martinsville, Ind.

Gentlemen:

If it be true that our attitudes are determined by what affects our pocketbooks, perhaps those who have so far failed to condemn our Vietnam policy on moral or humane grounds will begin to ask, "Who's getting rich?" Surely it is not the poor or average citizen, and surely not the poor Vietnamese.

VIRGINIA FINK
Saranac Lake, N.Y.

Row in the redwoods

Dear Sir:

Congratulations on your recent article THE BATTLE OF THE REDWOODS by Robert Wernick [April 22]. As a forester, I have followed this issue from its beginning; and I had not read a single article—until yours—that did not overemotionally present only one side or the other. An objective view of the redwoods problem was long overdue.

BILL HOWE
Truckee, Calif.

Gentlemen:

What's this fetish about the redwoods' beauty? People are infinitely more beautiful than trees. There are those still hungry in America, and the conservationists want to spend $150 million—on a park.

KIRK HANEN
Stanford, Calif.

Sirs:

"People are more important than scenery" is the specious rationale of every encroachment for profit on the remaining small percentage of natural America. But man is not now, nor is he soon destined to be, so overcivilized that the need for nature in its undisturbed form is eliminated from his makeup.

ELIZABETH B. BARNETT
Phoenix, Ariz.

Dear Editors:

Thank God the redwoods are too big for the conservation-minded tourists to put their arms around. Otherwise they'd take the trees home for a souvenir of California!

Intelligence should win over foolish, unreasoning sentiment. These lobbyists against logging are really setting true conservation back a thousand years—I wish they'd go plant a tree.

RUTH C. PETERS
Cold Spring, Minn.

Sirs:

No one wants lumberman Harold Miller to have to get by with one less double Martini, but it would be nice to preserve a small area of those natural wonders still available to the "declining" number of Americans who simply can't find solace in the concrete and glass jungles of the city.

WALTER MUNCHHEIMER
Asheville, N.C.

The grabage dunp

Dear Editor:

Thank you for Stanley Elkin's delightful story THE GRABAGE DUNP in the April 22 issue. Elkin presented a well-painted picture and a dagger-pointed moral.

One consolation—someday little Billy F.'s rocket may well "zoon" quite high and quite far, perhaps even well ahead of all those others several notches above him.

FREDERICK A. RABORG JR.
Bakersfield, Calif.

Dear Sir:

I found it quite sad that a father was so ashamed of his own son that he said he was another boy's father. I am a grandmother of two little boys, and God forbid that either their mother, father or I should ever act the way the Mr. Feldman in this story acted. I felt very bad for this poor little Billy Feldman.

MRS. ALBERT L. FELDMAN
Philadelphia, Pa.

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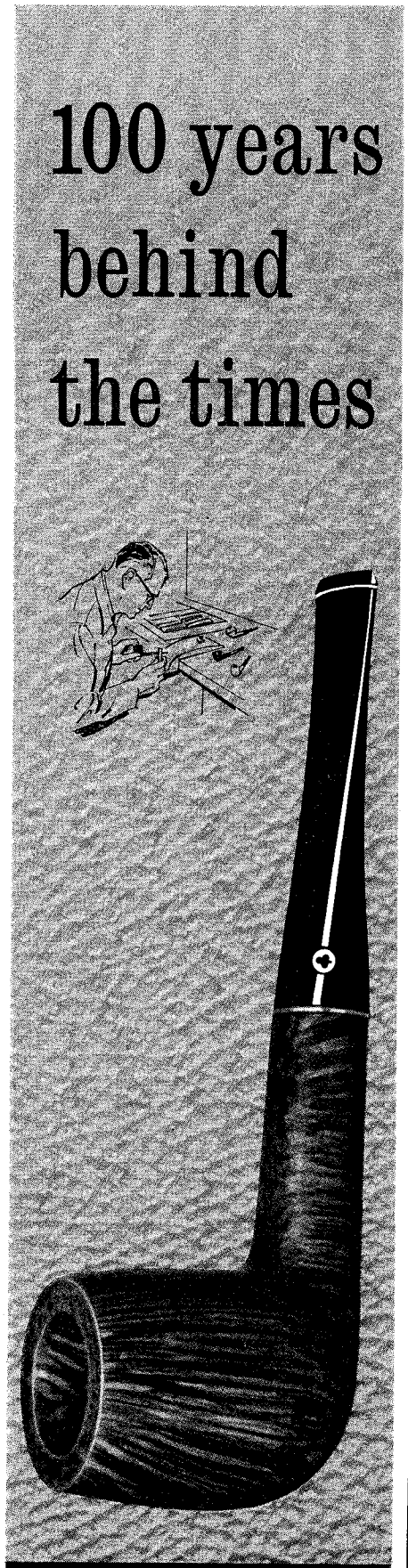

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Letters

Lester Maddox

Editor:

Marshall Frady's article 'YOU RECKON THEY THOUGHT I WAS A NUT?' [April 22] is by far the most illuminating story I have read on Gov. Lester Maddox of Georgia.

HENRY J. PRATT
Atlanta, Ga.

Gentlemen:

Your article shows some of the amusement and bewilderment which all Georgia citizens feel. The piece also evoked my sympathy; I had not realized how alone and outcast our governor must be, even in his own state.

GUY S. WILSON
Lithonia, Ga.

Dear Sir:

Personally, I am not the least bit interested in who is or is not governor of Georgia, but after reading Marshall Frady's biased piece, I am curious as to whether or not you plan to give equal time to pro-Maddox sentiment.

EUGENE M. KNIGHT JR.
Waltham, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

It was refreshing to read the well-written piece on Governor Maddox, because it was truthful and not slanted, as it might have been.

In our opinion Georgia has reached its height by having Lester Maddox as its governor. We feel none can touch him; to know him is to truly love him.

MRS. BETSY CANNON
Midland, Pa.

Dear Sir:

Even though Mr. Maddox was not the choice of every Georgian, he is now the governor of all, and the majority of people wishes him well. We also know the majority of the nation will not look down on a good businessman who has had to work hard most of his life.

LAMAR J. HYDE
Chamblee, Ga.

Gentlemen:

Maddox for President? Maybe he could get our new California governor as his running-mate. If elected, they might get Lurleen to be a cabinet member, and everybody would die laughing. Incredible? Who is to say? After all, these three-of-a-kind were elected as governors.

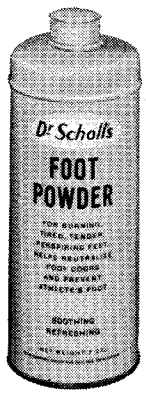
J. T. GRANT
Escondido, Calif.

Expo 67

Dear Sir:

Thank you for your article EXPO 67: THE BIG BLAST UP NORTH by Anne Chamberlin [April 22]. The author's descriptions of the Fair and Canadian life are fun and clever; and there are, of course, those amazing photographs by John Launois—I have not seen better ones in any American magazine.

ROBERT G. COLES
Montreal, Quebec



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Letters

Dear Sir:

I am sure your Canadian readers thoroughly enjoyed your article. But in regard to your reference to the "Ice Age" returning to Canada every winter, I would like to know why American publications seem to enjoy taking a poke at Canadian weather. Much of the U.S. Midwest receives more severe winter weather than many areas of Canada.

HUGH C. GREENWOOD
London, Ontario

Dear Sir:

There was something missing in Anne Chamberlin's well-written report on Expo 67—there was no Canadian invitation to the American people to join the fun. So come on up, neighbors, and see what a real World's Fair is like.

BLAKE KINAHAN
Toronto, Ontario

TV movies

Dear Sir:

'PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM'—AND AGAIN by Wallace Markfield [April 22] is a delightful piece of nostalgia to be read again—and again. Being an inveterate Late Show viewer myself, I had many an out-loud chuckle.

DOLLY SANZONE
Wilmington, Del.

Dear Sirs:

As the last scene fades out, the music swells, and THE END fills the screen and marks the end of the Late Show, I wonder if staying up until 3 A.M. just to see the guy get the girl or the Marines take Iwo Jima for the hundredth time or Jean Harlow hanging over Cary Grant's shoulder is worth it.

Wallace Markfield's reminiscence has taken all doubt from my mind. Now I can rest easy as I crawl into bed before the crack of dawn.

LINDA SUBJOC
Ronco, Pa.

Chicago cops

Dear Sirs:

Bruce Jay Friedman's article ARRESTED BY DETECTIVES VALESARES AND SULLIVAN—CHARGE: MURDER [April 22] was most illuminating. Not only did it dispel many of the myths about the profession which TV has helped to perpetrate, but it also succeeded in presenting the human side of the picture, the actual men who make up the force. Too often we forget these men and their problems and frustrations in trying to carry out the job of protecting us all.

MARGARET THORSEN
Oak Park, Ill.

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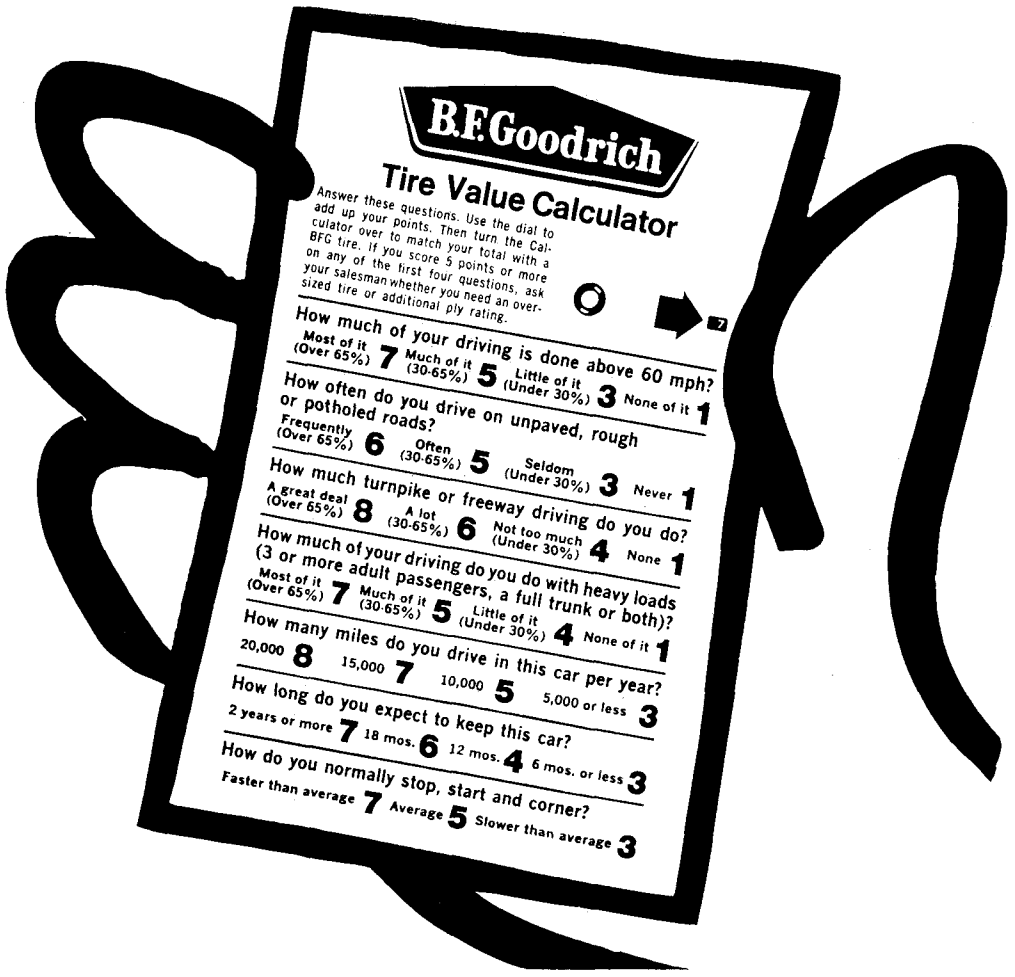
Should your tire dealer ask you how fast you drive?

If he doesn't, get another tire dealer.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Tire Value Calculator
Answer these questions. Use the dial to add up your points. Then turn the Calculator over to match your total with a BFG tire. If you score 5 points or more on any of the first four questions, ask your salesman whether you need an oversized tire or additional ply rating.
How much of your driving is done above 60 mph?
Most of it (Over 65%) 7 Much of it (30-65%) 5 Little of it (Under 30%) 3 None of it 1
How often do you drive on unpaved, rough or potholed roads?
Frequently (Over 65%) 6 Often (30-65%) 5 Seldom (Under 30%) 3 Never 1
How much turnpike or freeway driving do you do?
A great deal (Over 65%) 8 A lot (30-65%) 6 Not too much (Under 30%) 4 None 1
How much of your driving do you do with heavy loads (3 or more adult passengers, a full trunk or both)?
Most of it (Over 65%) 7 Much of it (30-65%) 5 Little of it (Under 30%) 4 None of it 1
How many miles do you drive in this car per year?
20,000 8 15,000 7 10,000 5 5,000 or less 3
How long do you expect to keep this car?
2 years or more 7 18 mos. 6 12 mos. 4 6 mos. or less 3
How do you normally stop, start and corner?
Faster than average 7 Average 5 Slower than average 3

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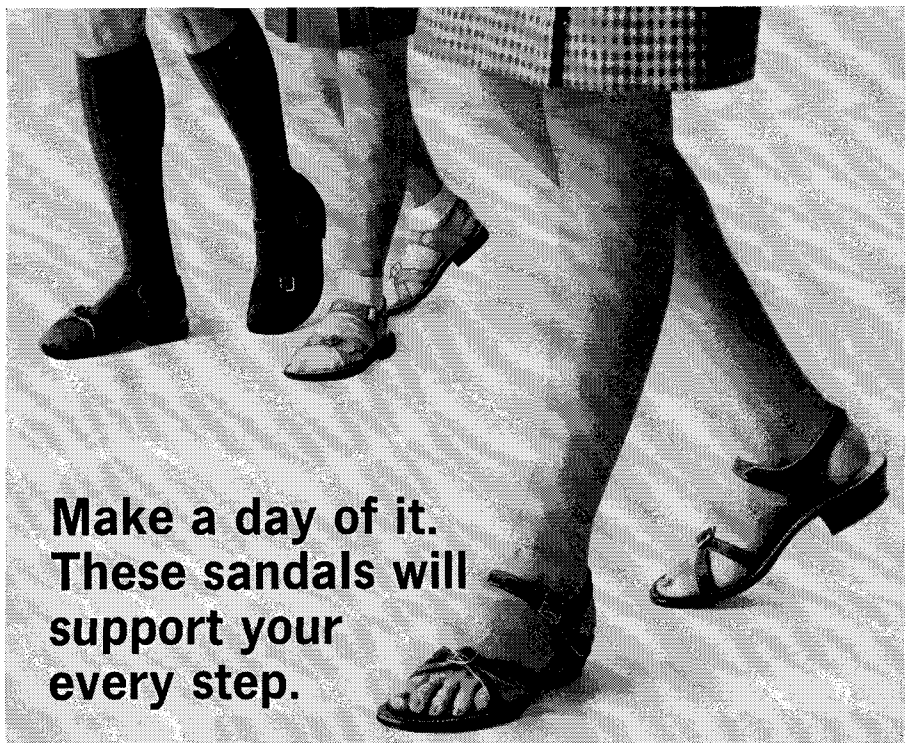

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Points West

By Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne

Going home

I am home for my daughter's first birthday. By "home" I do not mean the house in Los Angeles where my husband and I and the baby live, but the place where my family is, Sacramento. It is a vital although troublesome distinction. My husband likes my family but is uneasy in Sacramento, because once there I fall into my family's ways, which are difficult, oblique, deliberately inarticulate, not my husband's ways. We live in Sacramento in dusty houses ("D-U-S-T," he once wrote with his finger on surfaces all over the house, but no one noticed it) filled with mementos quite without value to him (What could the Canton dessert plates mean to him? How could he have known about the assay scales, why should he care if he did?), and we appear to talk exclusively about people we know who have been committed to mental hospitals, about people we know who have been booked on drunk-driving charges, and about property, particularly about property, land, price per acre and zoning and assessments and freeway access. My brother does not understand my husband's inability to perceive the advantage in the rather common real-estate transaction known as "sale-leaseback," and my husband in turn does not understand why so many of the people he hears about in Sacramento have recently been committed to mental hospitals or booked on drunk-driving charges. Nor does he understand that when we talk about sale-leasebacks and right-of-way condemnations we are talking in code about the things we like best, the yellow fields and the cottonwoods and the rivers rising and falling and the mountain roads closing when the heavy snow comes in. We miss each other's points, have drinks and regard the fire. Marriage is the classic betrayal.

Or perhaps it is not anymore. Sometimes I think that those of us who are in our 30's now were born into the last generation to carry the burden of "home," to find in family life the source of all tension and drama. The question of whether or not you could go home again was a very real part of the sentimental and largely literary baggage with which we left home in the '50's; I suspect that it is irrelevant to the children born of the fragmentation after World War II. A few

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weeks ago in a San Francisco bar I saw a pretty young girl on drugs take off her clothes and dance for the cash prize in an "amateur-topless" contest. There was no particular sense of moment about this, none of the effect of "romantic degradation" for which my generation strived so assiduously. What sense could that girl possibly make of, say, *Long Day's Journey Into Night?* Who is beside the point?

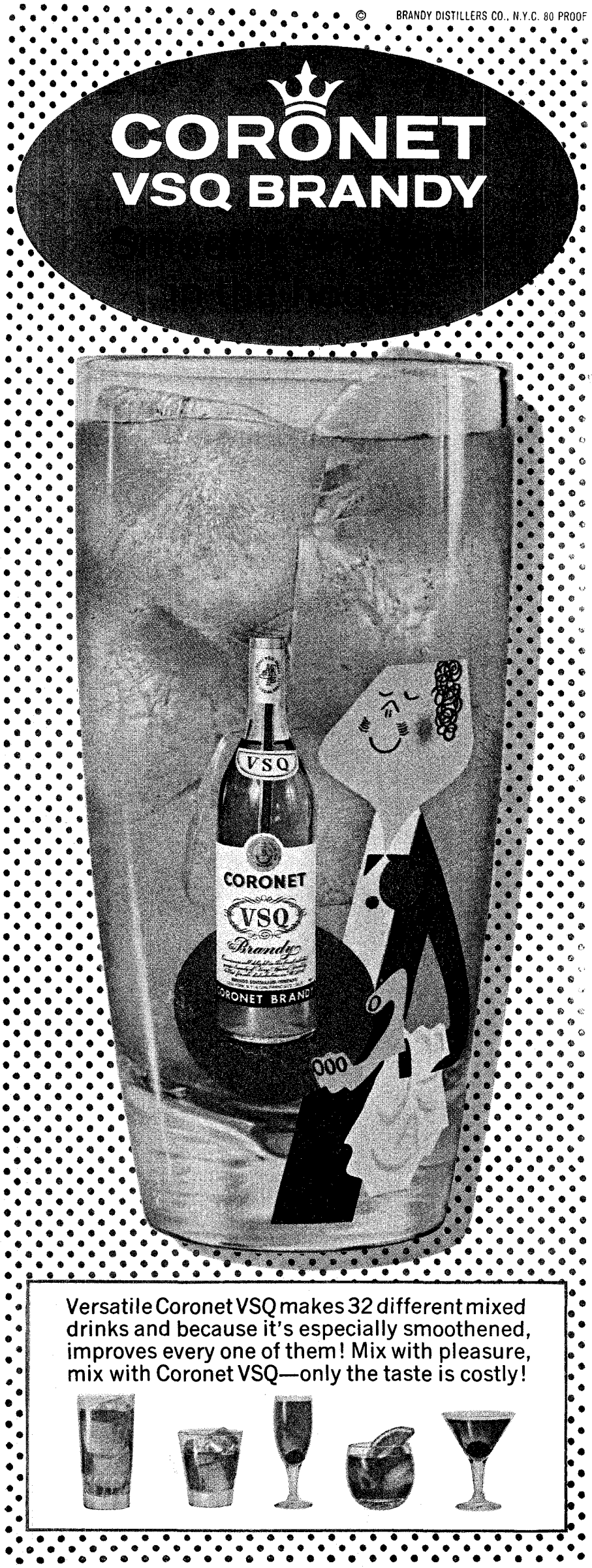
That I am trapped in this particular irrelevancy is never more apparent to me than when I am in Sacramento. Paralyzed by the neurotic lassitude of home, I go aimlessly from room to room. I decide to clean out a drawer, and I spread the contents on the bed. A bathing suit I wore the summer I was 17, a letter of rejection from *The Nation*, an aerial photograph of the site for a shopping center my father did not build in 1954. Three teacups hand-painted with cabbage roses and signed "E.M.," my grandmother's initials. There is no final solution for letters of rejection from *The Nation* and teacups hand-painted in 1900. I return them to the drawer, and have another cup of coffee with my mother. We get along very well, veterans of a guerrilla war we never understood.

Days pass. I see no one. I come to dread my husband's evening call, for he asks what I have been doing, suggests uneasily that I get out, drive to San Francisco or Berkeley. Instead I drive across the river to a family graveyard. It has been vandalized since my last visit and the monuments are broken, overturned in the dry grass. Because I once saw a rattlesnake in the grass I stay in the car and listen to a country-and-western station. Later I drive with my father to a ranch he has in the foothills. The man who runs his cattle on it asks us to the roundup, a week from Sunday, and although I know that I will be in Los Angeles I say, in the indirect Sacramento way, that I will come. Once home I mention the broken monuments in the graveyard. My mother shrugs.

I go to visit my great-aunts. A few of them think now that I am my cousin, or their daughter who died young. We recall an anecdote about a relative last seen in 1948, and they ask if I still like living in New York City. I have lived in Los Angeles for three years, but I say that I do. The baby is offered a horehound drop, and I am slipped a dollar bill "to buy a treat." Questions trail off, answers are abandoned, the baby plays with the dust motes in a shaft of afternoon sun.

It is time for the baby's birthday party: a white cake, strawberry-marshmallow ice cream, a bottle of champagne saved from another party. In the evening, after she has gone to sleep, I kneel beside the crib and touch her face, where it is pressed against the slats, with mine. She is an open and trusting child, unprepared for and unaccustomed to the ambushes of family life, and perhaps it is just as well that I can offer her little of that life. I would like to give her more. I would like to promise her that she will grow up with a sense of her cousins and of rivers and of her great-grandmother's teacups, would like to give her *home* for her birthday, but we live differently now, and I can promise her nothing like that. I give her a xylophone and a sundress from Madeira, and promise to tell her a funny story.

Joan Didion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YOUR FACE: I want to be treated...gently. I've got feelings, you know.

YOU: *I never meant to hurt your feelings. What can I do?*

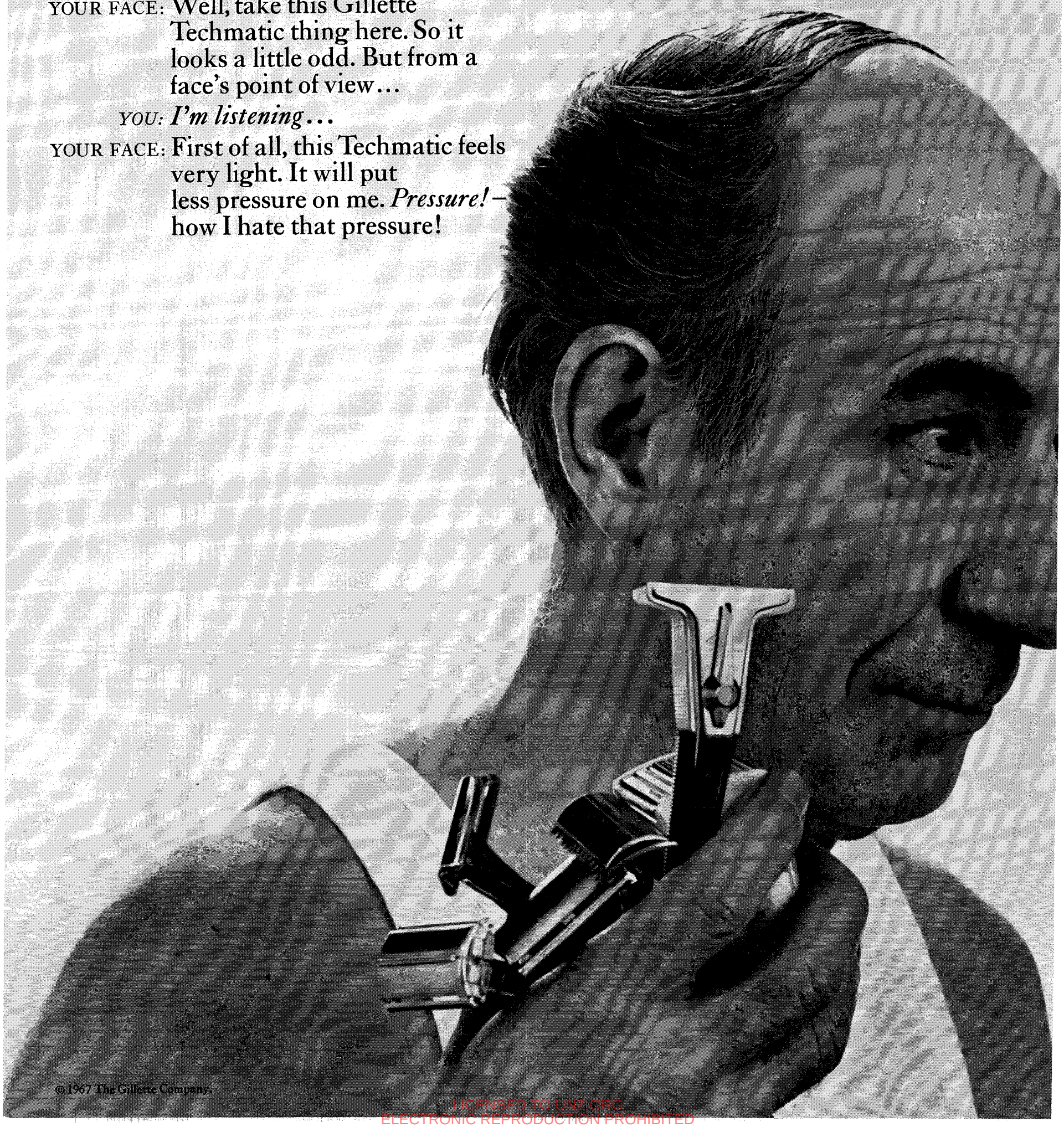
YOUR FACE: Well, take this Gillette Techmatic thing here. So it looks a little odd. But from a face's point of view...

YOU: *I'm listening...*

YOUR FACE: First of all, this Techmatic feels very light. It will put less pressure on me. *Pressure!* – how I hate that pressure!

YOU: *I've noticed that.*

YOUR FACE: Now, nicks. Do you know what one nick can do to my pride? With a Techmatic, you're just not going to nick me so much. That is a fact.



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without asking your face.

YOU: *Say, remember that electric jobbie we tried...*

YOUR FACE: Never mention that to me again.

YOU: *You're so sensitive.*

YOUR FACE: Yes. And another thing about the Techmatic. That crank unwinds a super stainless steel band. It's very easy, unwinding that band. Which means you won't keep shaving me with a worn-out edge just because you're too lazy to...

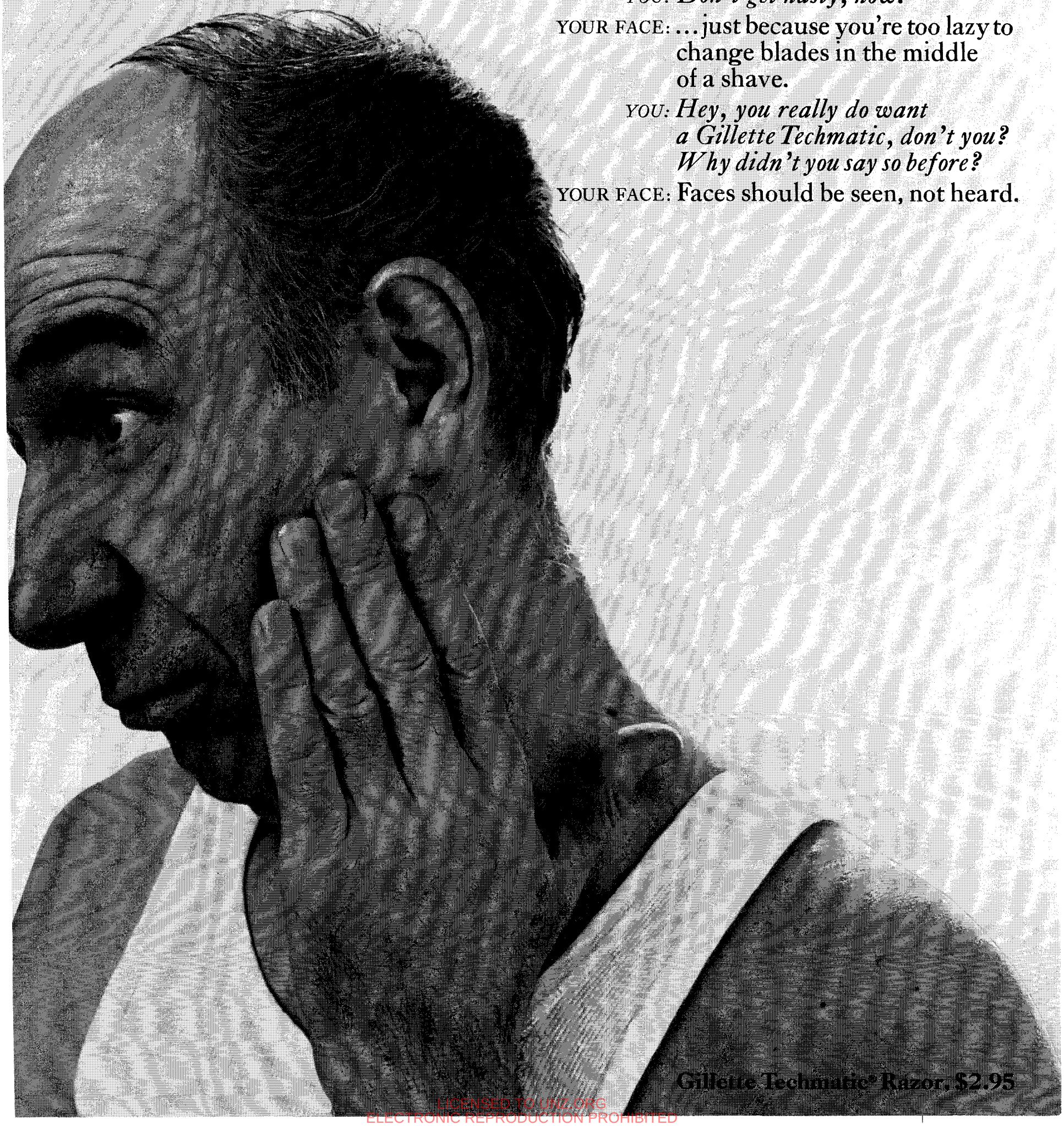
YOUR FACE (*Cont.*)

YOU: *Don't get nasty, now.*

YOUR FACE: ...just because you're too lazy to change blades in the middle of a shave.

YOU: *Hey, you really do want a Gillette Techmatic, don't you? Why didn't you say so before?*

YOUR FACE: Faces should be seen, not heard.



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Speaking Out

WHAT'S WRONG WITH BEING A SNOB?

BY V. S. NAIPAUL

Vidiadhar Surajprasad Naipaul, born of Hindu parents on Trinidad and now a London resident, has won almost all major English literary awards. His most recent book, *An Area of Darkness*, told of his first visit to India. Next fall, he will publish *The Mimic Men*, a novel about a politician in exile from a West Indian island.

It is too late, of course. The cause is all but lost. So I must preface my plea for snobbery with a plea for sympathy for those who have lost. For some time we haven't fought at all. But our position isn't easy.

In the 1830's, in *The Charterhouse of Parma,* Stendhal could with perfect calm dismiss America as an absurd democratic land where grocers had to be courted. It therefore wasn't suitable, even as a place of refuge, for Europeans of breeding. Unlike some of today's writers, Stendhal didn't need the protection of being considered old-fashioned, a character or an eccentric. He was simply stating an important fact about American life which he expected his readers to find disagreeable.

But that was a long time ago. It might even have been before the French took over the English word *snob* and made it part of their language. What a dirty little word it is! It suggests insecurity and meanness. And we are snobbish enough to know that the person who is truly secure and generous is not snobbish in this way at all. So we, who wish to appear secure and generous, panic easily before the word. Then, insecure as we know we are, we abandon the good cause and then we sit waiting for extinction.

I choose that word "extinction" with care. The area of London from which I write is central but dilapidated. It was developed in the 1840's, and at the turn of the century was fairly fashionable. Between the wars it fell into decay; and so it continued until about five years ago, when young middle-class people, looking for big houses that were central, inexpensive and with a period flavor, began to move in. This is a risky thing to do. In an area like this—big houses, large gardens, low population density—houseowners who want to make improvements are secretly resented by the authorities. They would prefer a uniform decay; it simplifies condemnation and slum clearance.

We were frightened. We thought we would meet to see whether we couldn't start an association of some kind to protect our interests. It was a pathetic gathering of very frightened snobs. It ended in total failure; and to this day, when we meet for dinner by candlelight—one must, after all, continue to do what one can—the unformed association links us in unspoken embarrassment. We were willing to admit that we didn't want to lose our houses or the money we had put into them. But we could never bring ourselves to say that what we really wanted was a more rapid expulsion of the neighboring slum-dwellers and their replacement by people like ourselves. There was even a Communist among us, a gentle, sincere man. He never pushed his views forward, but we knew what those views were. We were already sufficiently frightened; the presence of this man made us abject and ashamed. We talked round and round the subject, and drifted into neighborly trivialities. A conclusion had been forced on us:

There was no need for an association, since we really had nothing to fight for. And we broke up, each man going away with both his snobbery and his fear intact.

In time, I suppose, the area will be cleared. The subsidized apartment houses will go up, with their official lawns and regulated amenities. We will have paid for our snobbery—our wish to live in a central district, in a period house. We will also have paid for our cowardice, in not declaring our snobbery and making a stand of some sort, however little that might have helped. But consider the absurdity of our position. We were on the losing side; yet we pretended that we were not. We were pretending that times had not changed, that our position was still one of strength, and that generosity and niceness were still expected of us.

Snobbery is old. But snobbery as a cause is new. Snobbery today has been refined down to a recognition of difference; and this recognition has become a silent, despairing, private fight. "I do not want to be like them": This is the instinct that has survived, and it is precious. It isn't a call for child labor or pre-1914 reverences or, as the anti-snobs arrogantly claim, for concentration camps. In a changed world, it is the simple voice of dissent. We have heard it before and have been glad to hear it. In those fantasies about the future, when man has been reduced to a unit and Big Brother rules all, it is the cry of the hero, the man who revolts, the man with a cause.

Big Brother isn't with us yet. But dissent is not premature. For the anti-snobs have won. Their cause is doctrine; it is what politicians and states are everywhere committed to. The anti-snob is like a man talking to himself; his principles hav been overtaken by events. Yet, dangerously, h continues to behave like a man with a fight on h hands, and so helps to corrupt the very revolutio he honors. "A man is a man": This is the doctrin of anti-snobbery. But when it is expressed by th state it is coarsened. It becomes: "A man is n more than his needs." The man who is no mo than his needs is released from aspiration. There something wrong, for instance, with a reforme education system in which the gifted child is di cussed as a "problem." Problem! But this is ho the doctrine of anti-snobbery, fighting battles th have been already won, hurries toward the clas less state. The old sanctions of class, which provide a mold for aspiration, have been abandone nothing has replaced them. This is not the wor of Big Brother; it is the world of the mini-ma the leader is he who follows.

I write from a country where, in the midst of decay that is social as well as economic, the r mance of the "classless" new society is ceaseless offered as compensation. There are classless spor nowadays, classless clothes, classless youths. Wh groups of these classless youths, products of welfare state, stage a riot in a seaside town, it said that society is failing them.

There is dishonesty in this, of course, that se violation into which we are continually bei tempted by our principles. The trouble with o principles is that they are part of our self-estee We dare not abandon them. To preserve them will deny what we see. How else did it come abo that only two years ago I, an outsider, was maki correct and worthless pronouncements on t English class system?

An English newspaper was publishing yet a other series on the English character, and I w asked to write about class. We all know what t proper public views on class are. I repeated the It didn't stop there. Sections of my article we quoted in a scholarly book, as the views of a detached observer. A little thought might ha shown me that anything which is endlessly talk about, like class, cannot be dismissed as a piece arbitrary folly. Collective prejudices are not, al irrational; they always have an observable ba in unconcealed differences of language, food, tas manners. I, for instance, was a writer; I depend in England, on the suffrage of a section of the ec cated middle class. The lower classes didn't re

There was more. In England I had seen changes brought about by the welfare state, w its assumptions of oppression and uncertainty, in a booming capitalist society, with its hysteria greed and its subsidies for rents, education, sp tacles and false teeth. There has not resulted superman of the reformers' dreams, but the m man in his mini-car. To satisfy the restlessnes this brute, London was to be destroyed. The jest on the newspapers and in Parliament proclain the class war as obsolete. Teddy-boys, yo thugs of the welfare state, revolutionized me fashions. Entertainers (*continued on page*

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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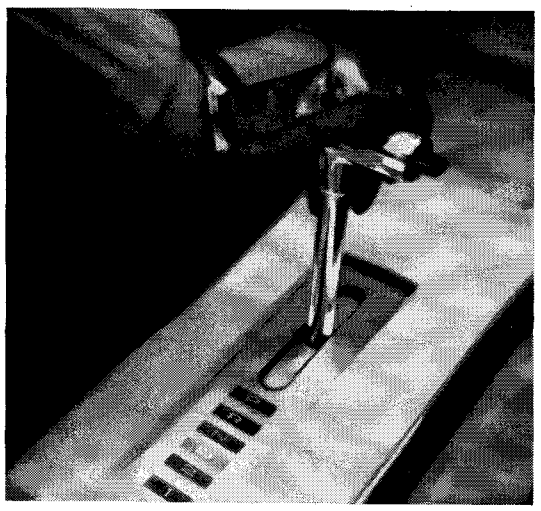

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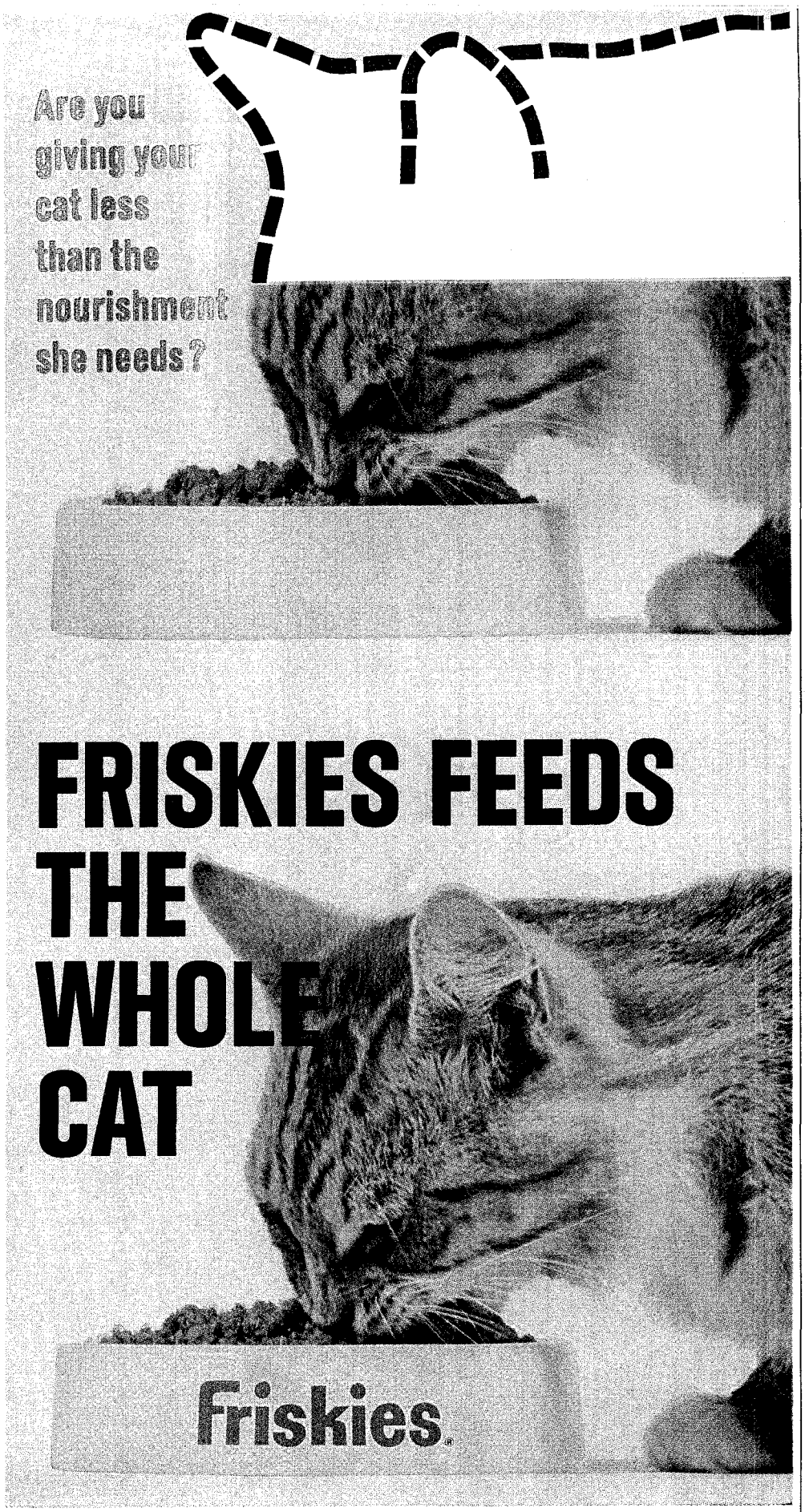
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SPEAKING OUT (continued from page 12)

from the slums replaced the Queen as a cause for national pride.

In the hysteria of self-congratulation, the new greed expressed itself most hideously in the persecution of immigrants from the former Empire. Yesterday's slogan on the wall—SEND NIGGERS HOME—was embodied in today's White Paper on limiting immigration. Pop entertainment, pop politics: Politicians were no longer in a position to lead; they could only follow. The classless state had in fact become the proletarian state, where old aspirations had been abandoned and old sanctions shown to be without value, and where, as in a colony just after independence, there was an atmosphere of holiday, revenge, self-destruction.

Class in England was like race in the West Indies. The industrial revolution had produced our current concept of one, slavery our concept of the other. And in any assessment of the results of these enormities, more was needed than the affirmation that a man was a man. All this, I say, I had begun to feel. But in my article on class I stuck to an older liberalism, and borrowed from the new romanticism which converted the louts on motorbikes, destroyers of cities, into figures of a new chivalry. Was it laziness? Yes, and dishonesty. But also, as in the central London area, with the period houses that are scheduled for extinction, there was fear.

There is a story by Chekhov called *Peasants*. It is almost unbearably painful; and it is a tragedy of what, strictly speaking, we must call snobbery. A Moscow waiter falls ill and has to give up his job. He takes his wife and small daughters back to his village, to the family hovel. The young girls have Moscow graces and Moscow manners; they are not equipped for the animal-like life of their relations, the drink, the fights, the foolish talk of the good old days of serfdom. But the waiter's daughters will have to endure. Their father has come home to die.

The passion of Chekhov, whose grandfather was a serf, does not rest on doctrine. Like the passion of Dickens, it comes from the heart. It comes from a recognition of difference and an abhorrence of it. Dickens was horrified by the low. George Orwell, being both snobbish and fiercely anti-snob, observed that Dickens had no doctrine save the doctrine of niceness; and Orwell wondered whether this didn't mean that there was something "unreal" in Dickens's attack upon society. Unreal? We can now ask whether Dickens's attitude—passion, snobbery and fear fully avowed, as it is in the statement, "I do not want to be like them"—isn't more constructive and in the end less corrupting than the doctrinaire romanticism which is used to fault him.

This romanticism begins by sympathizing with the oppressed and ends by exalting their values. It solves differences between classes, races, continents by denying that these differences are important. "A man is a man." It is a tidy attitude. It would civilize Africans simply by denying that they are primitive; it would remove untouchability in India simply by denying that untouchability has any rational basis. But we reject this attitude when, in Kenya, we see naked young savages, chalked white after some ceremony of the forest, prancing beside the highway, as though the world were still all bush. We reject the attitude when, in India, we see that the untouchables' main function is the removal of excrement in wicker baskets.

The sad fact about prejudices, between classes, castes or indeed races, is that they are an accretion of observations and cannot be destroyed by simple contradiction. Improvement begins with the recognition of difference; it begins with the direct vision and the compassion of a Chekhov or a Dickens. And it is a two-way process. The oppressed have their responsibility as well. It is a responsibility which the statement "A man is a man" denies, but which "I do not want to be like them" might awaken. The humane corollary is: "I want them to be like me." To civilize Africa (if that must be attempted—the issue is debatable), you recognize the primitive and try to eradicate it. To create the classless society you do not deny class differences. You ceaselessly wage class war.

We all know how to play the game. But the game is a game. Like laws that are promulgated without any hope of their being enforced, the rigid principles of liberalism are falling into disrepute. They have become irrelevant in black Africa, proletarian England, caste-minded India. And the danger is that, in the confusion, the liberal principle itself might be totally submerged in weakness, defeat. And fear.

It is the fear H. G. Wells stated for us in *The Time Machine*. Wells, like Dickens, was close to the proletariat; his social attitudes were as honest and complicated and wholesome. In *The Time Machine* Wells, starting from the industrial brutalities of the late 19th century, and giving his hero the power to go forward in time, created his horror world. Above ground are the descendants of the former masters: beautiful, gentle, effete, given to feeble little panics. Below ground the brutes, descendants of the brutalized, but now the masters, allowing the creatures of the upper air to survive, as we allow cattle to survive. The people above ground are food for the brutes below.

It is in the novel, especially, that we can see the steady degradation of man's idea of himself. The naturalistic novel of the 19th century, with its obsession for the details of proletarian labor, reduced man to a creature of simple materialism. Hemingway gave us the monkey-man of gross appetite, elementary reflexes and basic language expressing codified thought processes. Today's pretentious pornography and sadism go further. They reduce man to flesh capable only of pleasure or pain. They are a fair statement of the egalitarian age, since in the flesh unquickened by spirit all are truly equal.

All these literary rapes and tortures, this emphasis on the flesh alone: We do, deeply, reject this assessment of man. The time has come to say so, to deny this version of the mini-man's truth, or the truth which accommodates him. And we can do so for a start by reasserting simple snobbery as a valuable human instinct. We can do so by raising that cry of dissent: "I do not want to be like them."

V S Naipaul

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■ Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop

Bobby Kennedy's best chance

WASHINGTON:

It can be entertaining, and even instructive, to try to peer through the mists of the future, and to imagine in advance a decisive event which is sure to occur, and which is at least in some ways wholly predictable. Take, for example, the Democratic convention in 1972.

The time is late summer. It is hot outside the convention hall and smokily air-conditioned inside. As usual, plans have been announced for an orderly, well-organized convention. As usual, the convention is a shambles, the aisles jammed, the speeches windy, and the delegates tired or tipsy.

Bar a revolution or a thermonuclear war, this much is absolutely safe to predict. And—on one condition—certain other things are predictable about this event far in the future. The one condition is that Lyndon B. Johnson remains, in the summer of 1972, President of the United States.

If that condition is fulfilled, it is absolutely safe to predict that Lyndon Johnson, lame-duck President though he may be, will totally dominate the convention. One can see in advance the huge pictures of Lyndon Johnson, dwarfing everything else in the hall, as at Atlantic City in 1964. One can hear in advance the fervid oratorical tributes—no doubt cleared in advance with the White House, as in 1964—to "our beloved President, Lyndon Johnson."

One can even visualize in advance the dramatic moment when the towering figure of the President himself will appear on the platform to deliver his farewell address, and the "spontaneous demonstration" which will ensue, while the rafters tremble and strong men weep. For this will be, after all, Lyndon Johnson's last hurrah, and Johnson being Johnson, it will be a very loud hurrah indeed.

This exercise in imagination helps to demonstrate how very high are the hurdles which Robert Kennedy may still have to overleap if he is to succeed his dead brother as President of the United States. An incumbent President, even a lame-duck incumbent, largely controls the party machinery. For example, the man chiefly responsible for the nomination of Adlai Stevenson by the Democrats in 1952 was Harry S Truman, at the time decidedly unpopular and, at least in effect, a lame-duck President. Lyndon Johnson will not surrender a jot of his power before he has to. If he is still President in 1972, the relation of a majority of the delegates to the President is likely to be that of sheep to shepherd.

Will shepherd Johnson permit his sheep-delegates to nominate Robert Kennedy for President? The answer is obvious—not if he can possibly help it. This is for a simple human reason—Johnson and Kennedy dislike each other, deeply and instinctively.

Both are experienced politicians, and both have been aware that an open break between them could only hurt both. Until rather recently, the President's public attitude toward Kennedy was avuncular. "I have no quarrel with Bobby," he told visitors, "and he should have no quarrel with me." White House passers of the word made much of such symbolic gestures as the warm little note which the President sent Kennedy on his 40th birthday. For a time Kennedy was almost equally circumspect in his public attitude toward Johnson.

Kennedy, of course, has been running for President ever since 1963—the strange Kennedy tribal laws leave him no choice. To run for President with an incumbent President of the same party in the White House is an operation of great difficulty and delicacy. Kennedy had to differentiate his position from Johnson's, in order to capture the liberal wing of the party, but the thing had to be done in a delicate and oblique way.

For a time Kennedy's was a remarkable performance. For the political spectator sportsman, watching Kennedy in action provided the same pleasure that the sports fan gets from watching a great athlete display the arrogant ease of motion all great athletes have. For many months Kennedy ran a tricky and dangerous course, and never put a foot wrong. As a result, only a few months ago it began to seem that neither Lyndon Johnson nor anyone else could stand in the way of Robert Kennedy's drive for the White House. Serious people even talked, at least half-seriously, about the possibility that Kennedy might wrest the Democratic nomination from Johnson in 1968. Such talk is no longer heard.

Many things have happened to slow the Kennedy drive, notably the rows with J. Edgar Hoover and William Manchester. But the heart of the matter is that Kennedy has recently been acting like an athlete who is pressing too hard. For example, he supported—or seemed to support—Ho Chi Minh against the President after the Johnson-Ho exchange of letters. In so doing, he not only enraged the President, making the break between them virtually total, but he also enraged a lot of moderates.

"You can end up as leader of the New Left if you want to," one old political comrade-in-arms warned Kennedy recently, "but if you do, you'll never be President." Far too much for his own good, Kennedy, in his drive to capture the support of the young and the liberal-intellectuals, has alienated the middle-class and middle-aged whites who make up a majority of the voters.

Kennedy himself professes a certain fatalism about the future—"Who knows where we'll all be six years from now?" he asks. It is true that all sorts of things—a depression, defeat or victory in Vietnam, a bigger war—could wholly transform the political situation. And yet it is instructive all the same to try to imagine that predictable event, the Democratic convention in 1972.

By 1972, of course, Lyndon Johnson may not be President. Hubert Humphrey may have inherited the Presidency. In that case Humphrey would presumably be nominated—it is virtually impossible to wrest the nomination from an incumbent President.

Or the name of the President of the United States may be Romney, or Rockefeller, or Percy, or Reagan, or Nixon, or Mr. X. In *that* case Lyndon Johnson will have no more influence on his party than Herbert Hoover had on his after 1932. As for Hubert Humphrey, he will be a defeated Vice President and thus, like Charles Curtis, consigned to history's footnotes. The conclusion, to which all this peering into the future points, is clear. Robert Kennedy's best chance of becoming President of the United States lies in a Republican victory next year.

Stewart Alsop

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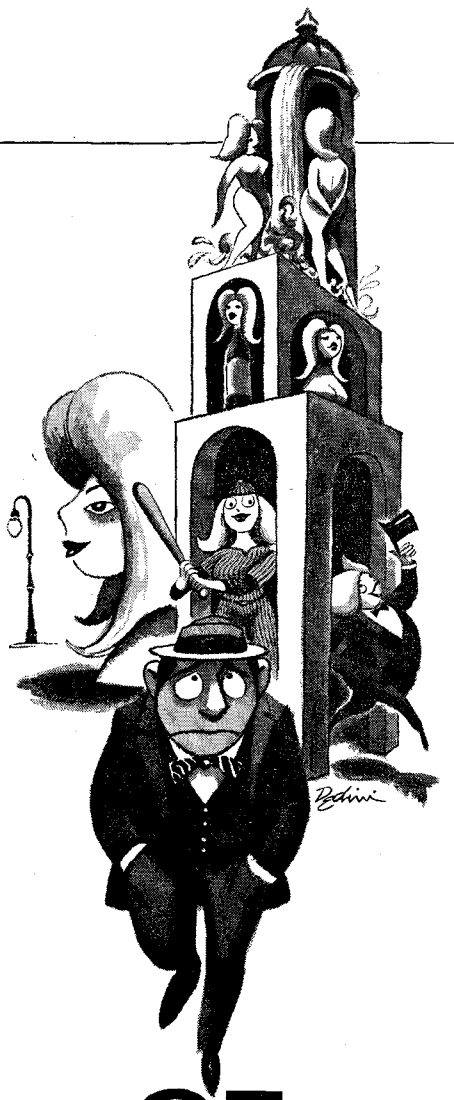

OF HUMAN BONDAGE

By THOMAS MEEHAN

It struck me the other day that I haven't been lovelorn now for four years—not since the spring afternoon in 1963 when the girl who is today my wife reluctantly agreed to marry me. Before that time, I'd been almost constantly lovelorn since the age of 14, when I began falling wildly in love with various curly-haired blondes in my class, along with teachers, A&P checkout girls, dental technicians and practically every other presentable female from 13 to 38 who crossed my path. Lovelorn, I'd suffer sighing fits of melancholy, insomnia and a peculiar ringing in the ears, but the thing would usually go away after 48 hours, like Asian flu.

But then I met Jackie Bond, and I was lovelorn over her for two and a half years. I know now that my passion for Jackie nowhere nearly approached my later passion for my wife, but at the time I couldn't conceive that Troilus had had a stronger crush on Cressida than I had on Jackie Bond.

When we first met at a V.F.W. weenie roast in Suffern, N.Y., my hometown, she was a snub-nosed blonde of sumptuous figure and slender intelligence, about to be a senior at Michigan State. Previously, in love, I'd been too tongue-tied even to approach, say, the current dental technician of my heart, but after downing several seidels of warm beer, I went brazenly up to Jackie and asked her to join me in the next dance. She let me drive her home, and, drunk on love and beer, I went zigzagging happily down the maple-shaded streets.

Actually, Jackie never let me hold out much hope. Right at the start, when I got her home, she confessed that she didn't exactly cotton to me.

"I don't know what it is about you," she said pensively, biting her lower lip, "the way your ears stick out, or the way your chin doesn't stick out, or something. I just don't go for you. In a big way."

Yet she usually agreed to go out when I nervously phoned for a date, and all summer long we were familiar figures at the Club 202, one of the smarter local night spots. "The usual," I'd say, trying to sound like George Raft, as we settled at the bar, and the bartender would set before us two pink-lemonade Daiquiris, a specialty of the house.

Though I was outwardly cheery, I was inwardly lovelorn, for with each succeeding date she seemed to find me more distasteful. "Eccccch," she'd say, looking at me over her Daiquiri. "Those ears."

But if I was lovelorn then, when I could at least see her, I was in agony when she went back to college. She hadn't been away 10 days before the ringing in my ears, like a forever unanswered telephone, grew unbearable. I wrote Jackie at least once a day, but I got back nothing except one postcard, fairly discouraging, saying only, "Come off it, for God's sake, J." Nonetheless, the moment she hit town for Christmas vacation I dashed to her house, dropped to one knee and proposed.

"Don't be ridic," she said. "Anyway, like I'm already engaged. I'm getting married in June. To Arnold Woodcock."

Arnold Woodcock! He whom I most burningly envied in my years at Suffern High. Co-captain of the archery team, treasurer of the Ki-Mah-Ha, voted Most Fun Boy, while I, jugeared in the background, was voted Least Absorbing Boy. Arnold Woodcock, towering over me, a blond five-foot-seven Adonis, his perfectly formed ears adhering closely to his perfectly formed head. I stormed out into the night, drove to the 202, and drank pink-lemonade Daiquiris until closing time.

Later, I learned that Jackie had been engaged all along to Arnold, a twice-decorated Navy jet mechanic who had recently returned from the Pacific to step in as executive vice president of his father's thriving cocktail-onion business. I was permanently out of the picture, and I never saw Jackie again except in the Woodcock-Bond nuptial photos published in the Suffern paper.

When faced with adversity, it has always been a fundamental tenet of my personal code to give up immediately, and I decided I would simply forget Jackie Bond. I'd been able to forget other Suffern belles with whom I'd been smitten, and I saw no reason why I couldn't forget Jackie—but I hadn't reckoned with the peculiarly ubiquitous quality of her name. When concentrating on forgetting Wanda Netherkotch, for instance, I had admittedly been brought up short a few times by passing conversational mention of Wanda Hale, Wanda Hendrix, and Wanda Landowska, but I'd had little trouble with Netherkotch, and I'd got over Wanda in a month. Jackie was something else, and I realize now that it was her name, not her retroussé nose, her ample hips or her twinkling toes, that made her nearly impossible to forget.

First, though this was a few years back, there was the endless mention everywhere of Jackie Kennedy, and I found to my rue that I couldn't see her name in the paper, or glimpse her on television, without my semidiseased mind turning to thoughts of Jackie Bond. But Mrs. Kennedy wasn't my only problem. I found I was also fighting to hold back tears at the mere mention of Jackie Robinson, Jackie Gleason, Jackie Jensen, Jackie Kannon, Jackie Mason and Jack E. Leonard.

Nonetheless, I feel certain that I would have got over Jackie in six months or so if her last name hadn't been Bond. At the time, I was a so-called executive trainee in a midtown-Manhattan brokerage office, living at home in Suffern and commuting by bus. Coming down to breakfast, I'd find my mother cooking scrambled eggs, and there by the toaster they'd be—a loaf of Bond bread nestled lovingly next to one of Arnold's Brick Oven. Later, after the bus had deposited me in New York, I'd trudge east to my office through Times Square. Though I tried not to look, I could never keep my eyes from straying up to the enormous Bond clothing-store display that dominated the square in those days. Set on the roof of the store, it consisted of a huge neon sign, saying with simple eloquence, BOND, TWO PAIRS OF PANTS, below which there flowed a 70-foot waterfall bracketed by a pair of King-Kong-sized statues, one of a nude woman and the other of a nude man. There they stood, taunting me—Jackie Bond and Arnold Woodcock, 40 feet high and naked as a pair of jaybirds in the middle of Times Square.

Heaving a sigh, I'd continue eastward past a department store where, day after day, month after month, a phalanx of pickets, the employees of a struck blouse company, would be walking sullenly back and forth carrying signs that said, JUDY BOND IS ON STRIKE. Ha, I'd mutter to myself, *Judy* Bond is on strike. What of *Jackie* Bond?

Arriving at my office, already a shattered wreck, I'd be greeted first by Wally Terwilliger, a fellow trainee at the desk next to mine. "Hm'm," he'd say, looking up from *The Wall Street Journal*, "I see the bond market took another dip yesterday."

"I'll say it did," I'd glumly reply. As chance would unhappily have it, Wally, a bespectacled young patrician whose late father had left him a couple of million dollars, was a heavy investor in the bond market, and his conversation seemed to be about nothing but bonds—Omaha Municipal bonds, Copenhagen telephone bonds, Banco Fomento bonds, Casa Mezzogiorno bonds.

"How about shutting up about bonds?" I finally shouted one day.

"What's the matter, fella," he asked nasally, "you take a bath in the bond market?"

"You might put it that way," I said, kicking my desk, thus upsetting a bottle of ink into my lap.

After work I'd head morosely back past the Judy Bond pickets and the Bond clothing display, bumbling into bonded messengers and matrons toting JUDY BOND IS ON STRIKE shopping bags as I walked. Back home I'd mope about the house, flicking off the TV when *Wagon Train*, starring Ward Bond, came on, and pacing restlessly.

"You're giving me the creeps," my mother would say. "Why don't you go to a movie?"

Usually I wouldn't reply, but once I did ask what was playing.

"*Dr. No*," she said, "one of those James Bond movies. Remember, you used to read the James Bond books, before you burned all your copies."

"Forget it," I said. *Dr. No*, huh! All I could think of was Mrs. No, the wife of the cocktail-onion executive.

Most evenings I'd go to the 202 and sit alone at the bar getting plastered again on Daiquiris. I'd brood there hour after hour, staring brokenhearted at the rows of whiskey bottles—"bottled in bond," "bottled in bond," "bottled in bond."

Utter silence. I awoke, one ordinary January morning, two and a half years after the V.F.W. weenie roast, to the most curious silence. What's wrong, I wondered, getting cautiously out of bed and then I realized the ringing in my ears had stopped. It had become so much a part of me that, like a refrigerator motor, I'd forgotten it was still going until it cut off. I was over Jackie Bond.

I've rarely been happier than I was in those next weeks, right up until the fated mid-March evening when, answering the door chimes, I fell hopelessly in love with a redheaded Avon lady and was back to Go again, my ears shrilling like a burglar alarm. And, oh, the agonies I went through trying to forget her. Bobbie Johnson. □

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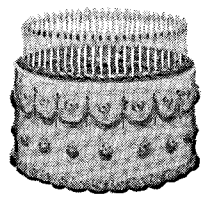

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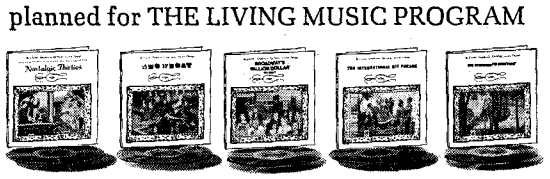

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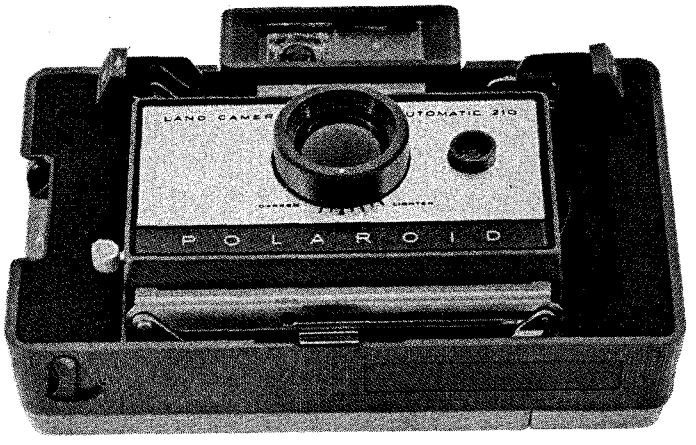

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The Saturday Evening POST

CAN ANYONE BEAT LBJ?

An incumbent President is hard to unseat, but Lyndon Johnson faces serious political trouble for a number of reasons, including some that are far from obvious.

By STEWART ALSOP

The average voter doesn't give a damn about most of the things you pundits write about," Postmaster General Lawrence O'Brien remarked recently. "You know what he really cares about? Just three things: Will my kid get hurt in Vietnam? Can I get my kid a college education? Will real-estate values in this neighborhood hold up? In 1968 the voter's going to be looking for a candidate who cares about those things too."

O'Brien was speaking casually, but what he said is worth some pondering. For Larry O'Brien is one of the most astute—perhaps *the* most astute—of Washington's professional political managers. He wrote the blueprint (known as "Larry's Bible") for John Kennedy's campaign for the presidential nomination and election in 1960, and he was also the chief manager of Lyndon B. Johnson's

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The average voter these days is middle class, lives in a suburban development and worries about property values.

triumphant campaign in 1964. His words are especially worth pondering in the context of a question which more and more politicians and political reporters are asking more and more seriously: Will Lyndon Johnson be defeated in 1968?

Only two incumbent Presidents have been defeated in this century, and *no* incumbent President has ever been defeated while a war was going on. Not much more than a year ago, it would have been hard to find a politician or reporter who would have bet against President Johnson's reelection, at almost any odds. Now a lot of them are coming to the conclusion that Johnson has at best a 50–50 chance of succeeding himself.

The polls tell the story of the President's sudden and slippery decline. For about two and a half years after President Kennedy's murder, Lyndon Johnson was a remarkably popular President—not loved, perhaps, but much admired, and by such diverse personalities as Henry Ford and Walter Reuther, Richard Russell and Martin Luther King. This general admiration was reflected in the polls—throughout 1964 and 1965 the President's popularity ratings never once fell below 60 percent.

Those were the years of presidential pride and glory, when Lyndon Johnson was fairly bursting with confidence and self-esteem. His personal pollster, Oliver Quayle, was kept busy collecting new evidence of the President's popularity. The President used to keep Quayle's polls in his pockets, like good-luck charms, and he would fish them out to show to reporters and casual visitors, and even to amazed ambassadors, come to present their credentials.

Then, in May, 1966, the President's popularity rating, as measured in the Louis Harris poll, suddenly fell to 55 percent. In fits and starts, it has been falling ever since, so that now the President rates in most polls somewhere in the low 40's, 20 points below his average in the good years. It is many months since Oliver Quayle has been asked to do a poll for the White House, and many more since the President fished one out of his pocket.

Why has Johnson's popularity fallen so greatly? There are some obvious answers and some not so obvious, which is why Larry O'Brien's remarks about the "average voter" are worth pondering.

Vietnam leads the list of obvious answers. It is probably true that this country has never had to fight a more unpopular war. A leading policy-making official in the Johnson Administration ruefully repeats the following bedtime conversation with his wife:

WIFE: You know, right down deep in my heart I just can't get rid of the feeling that we oughtn't to be in Vietnam.

OFFICIAL: You're thinking about the boy, aren't you?

WIFE: Yes—yes, I suppose I am.

As O'Brien's remark suggests, a lot of average voters—female voters especially—begin "thinking about the boy" when they think about Vietnam. No doubt nothing the President could have done would have united the country enthusiastically behind a war so different from any war this country has had to fight before. But he sometimes seems to have gone out of his way to make the war—and himself—unpopular.

For example, he committed American troops to battle in Vietnam without doing what any other President would have done—explaining and defending his decision to as many American citizens as he could reach. For a good many weeks he even refused to admit he *was* committing American combat troops to the war. The inevitable result of the President's passion for concealment is that an absolute majority of the voters now takes every word the President says with a generous helping of salt. The famous credibility gap is the second obvious reason for the President's rapid decline and fall within the last year.

The third reason is that, as a television performer, the President is a disaster. A few weeks ago the Washington *Star* polled its readers, asking them to rate a number of leading public figures, regardless of politics, "as TV performers." Lyndon Johnson ended up at the bottom of the list by a wide margin—more than 25 percent were charitable enough to rate him as merely "poor," but almost 40 percent bluntly called him "terrible."

Candidates today need the crabgrass vote, not the 'forgotten man' of the Depression.

It is not the President's fault that his eyes look hard on television, or that his mouth snaps shut like a turtle's—Abraham Lincoln was no beauty, and George Washington's wooden teeth made an unpleasant clicking noise when he talked. But an unpretty President may be an anachronism in the television age. Some worried Democrats hope that the President will appear on television as little as possible, and preferably not at all. After a recent Democratic conclave, the Washington *Post* reported that a leading "Western Democrat" had recommended "a period of presidential obscurity." Johnson, the Westerner said, ought to "change his image to that of a gentle and humble man."

This is like asking a tiger to look like a puppy. And the fact that Lyndon Johnson is clearly neither gentle nor humble is the fourth obvious reason for the precipitous decline in his popularity. His fate recalls the grim biblical warning: "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall." Too much visible egotism in a politician inspires the voters to bring the egotist down a peg or two, and Lyndon Johnson, although he has embarked on a few experiments in humility which fooled nobody, has positively invited the citizenry to give him his comeuppance.

Johnson's famous *hubris* has hurt him in other ways as well. For example, since his Senate days he has distrusted the Democratic National Committee as a rival center of power. After his 1964 triumph, he apparently concluded that he was so politically invulnerable that he could dispense with the regular party machinery. So he virtually dismantled the committee, and turned political matters over to his aide, Marvin Watson, a Texas conservative who knows nothing worth knowing about national politics. The results were painfully obvious in the Democratic near-disaster in 1966.

Vietnam, the credibility gap, television, *hubris*—these are the four most obvious reasons for the President's falling-off. There are also subsidiary reasons. Hubert Humphrey, after a trip to the farm states this spring, remarked to friends that anyone who wanted to tell the farmers that they

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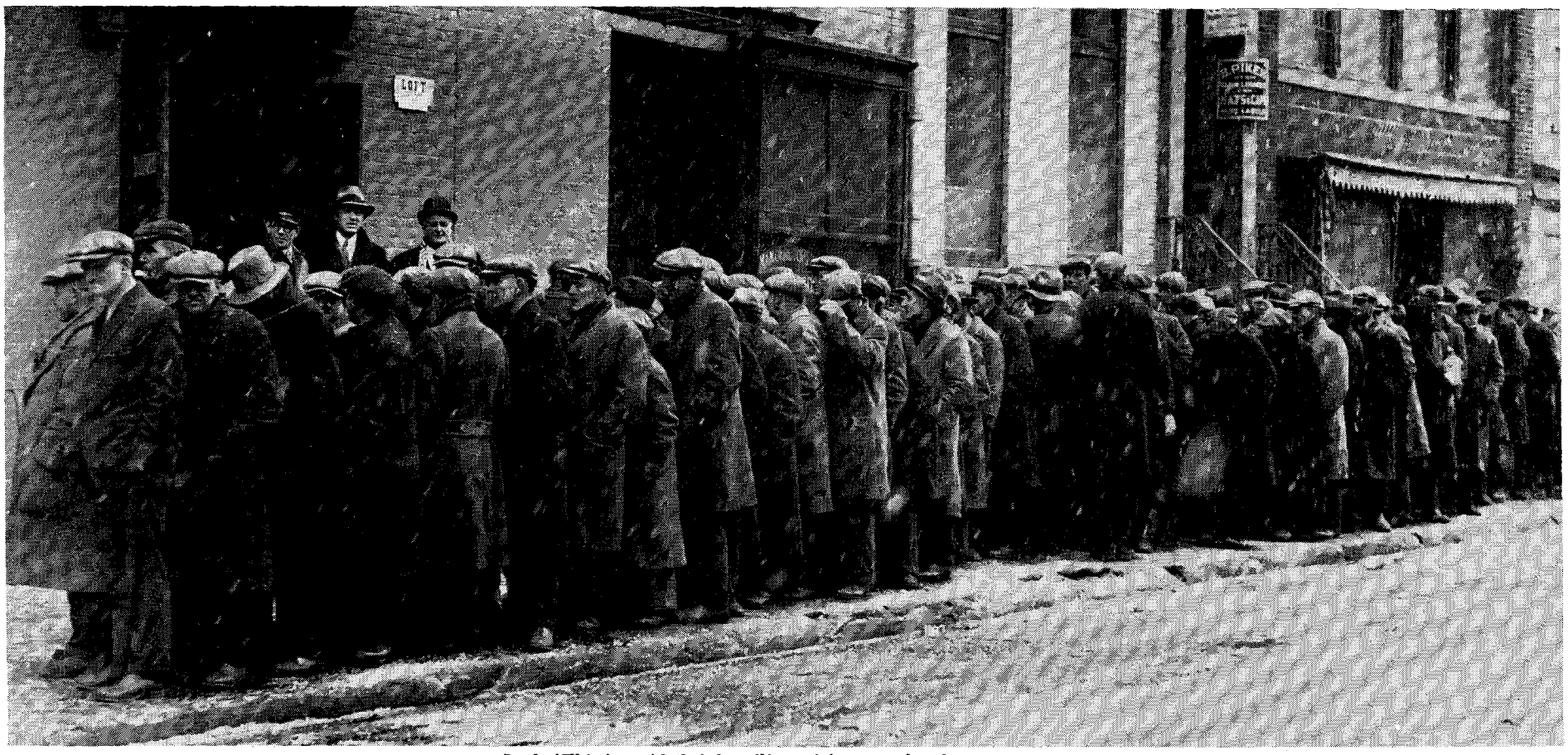

In the 'Thirties, with their breadlines of the unemployed, the Democrats became the majority party in America.

never had it so good (which is very nearly true) "had better wear a bulletproof vest." The anger of the farmers at low farm prices is nearly matched by the anger of the housewives at high food prices. Finally, there is Robert Kennedy's near-break with the President, which has hurt them both about equally.

Such are the immediate, clearly visible reasons for the decline in the political fortunes of Lyndon Johnson. But there are other reasons which are not so obvious, and which may have, in the long run, a lot more political significance.

For one thing, the old political coalition stitched together by Franklin Roosevelt has been coming apart at the seams. The special circumstances that gave Lyndon Johnson his huge majority over Barry Goldwater have served to obscure this fact. But it is a deeply important fact, because the Roosevelt coalition made the Democratic Party the majority party for more than 30 years.

For another thing, there has been a great, largely unnoticed change in the basic interests and attitudes of Larry O'Brien's "average voter." In all sorts of ways, today's average voter is a different fellow from what he was just a few years ago.

The old Democratic coalition consisted of the South, the intellectuals, the big-city bosses and the labor unions. But these four elements were like the arms and legs on a body. The body itself, the base on which the coalition rested, was what Franklin Roosevelt called "the forgotten man at the bottom of the economic pyramid"—the poor man, the "little guy," the "working stiff."

The Democratic coalition is now a basket case. Its body is emaciated, and its arms or legs are broken or paralyzed, or sliced right off.

The South is sliced off—the slicing process began as far back as 1948. It was not quite complete even in 1960—by holding Texas and several other southern states for Kennedy, Johnson probably provided him with his minuscule margin of victory. But the alienation of the South from Lyndon Johnson and the national Democratic Party was complete by 1964, as the election results proved.

The intellectuals have been wholly alienated too. Not even Herbert Hoover was so bitterly and unfairly attacked by the liberal-intellectual-academic community as Lyndon Johnson, who has achieved almost all the traditional liberal domestic goals. The war in Vietnam is the *rationale* for the attack, of course, but it is as much an excuse as a reason. There is something about Lyndon Johnson that raises the hackles on every egghead.

The big-city bosses are almost all gone too. The old Roosevelt alliance with the bosses was an important factor as late as 1960—John Kennedy might never have become President without the help of Daley in Chicago, Buckley in New York, Lawrence and Green in Pennsylvania. But nowadays, except for the stubborn Daley, the old-style political bosses have virtually ceased to exist.

The labor unions are still faithful to their alliance with the Democrats. But the fire has gone out of labor's belly, and the great political power once wielded by the labor leaders has withered away.

In 1964 at the urging of United Auto Workers' boss Walter Reuther, President Johnson made the traditional Labor Day speech in Cadillac Square, in Detroit. Franklin Roosevelt, who started the tradition, used to pack the square with half-a-million cheering workers. But much to Reuther's embarrassment, a sparse crowd estimated as low as 30,000 turned out for Johnson—this when the President was at the height of his popularity and Barry Goldwater represented everything labor is supposed to hate and fear.

The workers who crowded shoulder-to-shoulder into Cadillac Square to hear Franklin Roosevelt regarded themselves as "little guys" or "working stiffs." A lot of them were unemployed, and a lot of others were working less than half the year. In the worst of the Depression, after all, almost a third of the national work force was unemployed, and most of the employed had marginal, insecure jobs. The poor, and those who regarded themselves as poor, were in those days a clear majority of the population. In all sorts of ways—relief, PWA, WPA, minimum-wage laws, the Wagner Labor Act, Social Security, farm subsidies—Franklin Roosevelt gave the "forgotten man" what he needed most: money. The forgotten man did not forget his benefactor in the White House—he reelected Roosevelt three times in a row.

Campaigning in 1932, Franklin Roosevelt established himself—and his party—as the friend of the "little guy."

In the prosperous postwar years, the memory lingered on. Harry Truman in 1948, to a lesser extent John Kennedy in 1960, to a still lesser extent Lyndon Johnson in 1964, all profited from the average voter's deeply implanted notion that the Republicans are the party of the rich, and the Democrats the party of the poor. But that notion is fading fast, simply because fewer and fewer voters are poor, or regard themselves as poor.

Lyndon Johnson himself is an old New Dealer, and his "Great Society" is a direct descendant of the New Deal. But what is generally overlooked is that the Great Society affects a very much smaller constituency. To see why, consider Larry O'Brien's "average voter." Who *is* the average voter?

With the help of government experts, it is possible to put together

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The Vietnam war and a Simon Legree image on TV have hurt Johnson.

CAN ANYONE BEAT LBJ?

a rather complete statistical picture. The picture is an interesting, and in some ways an astonishing one. For example, Mr. Average Voter is a surprisingly elderly fellow. The national average age is less than 28, but when you eliminate everybody under 21, Mr. Average Voter turns out to be a ripe 45.

He earns just under $7,500—up over 20 percent from 1960. He lives in a house worth about $13,800. His house is in suburbia, probably in a postwar development, and he has a mortgage of $6,800 on it, leaving him an equity of $7,000. He is white (96 percent of all Americans at his income level are), and he has 2.5 children, of whom 1.6 live in his house with him and his wife. He has 1.3 cars and—significantly—0.7 lawn mowers.

He has a lot of fixed obligations. He pays interest of about $400 a year on his mortgage, and another $100 or so on loans on his 1.3 cars and his household appliances. Federal income taxes take just under $700, and state and local taxes another $200 to $300. He pays $250 in real-estate taxes (much more in some cities) and Social Security takes another $290.

Thus Mr. Average's whole tax bill comes to over $1,400, and if you add his other fixed obligations, Mr. Average's real cash income is nearer $5,500 than $7,500. Even at that, he is by a wide margin the most affluent average citizen in history.

These statistics suggest why Cadillac Square was so embarrassingly empty on Labor Day. Instead of crowding into the square to hear the Democratic President, Detroit's Mr. Average was out enjoying the long weekend, probably gallivanting around the countryside in his 1.3 cars.

The Detroit version of Mr. Average is probably a union worker (if he is a U.A.W. man, he makes about $300 a year more than the national Mr. Average). The chances are that he is a registered Democrat (46 percent of the voters regard themselves as Democrats, 27 percent as Republicans, 27 percent as independents). His father was probably emotionally wedded to the Democratic Party, as the party of the "little guy" or "the working class." But nowadays Mr. Average, even if he belongs to a union, does not consider himself "working class." As polls have shown, he considers himself "middle class." And with his car and his crabgrass and his $13,800 house, that is what he is.

Except for his fears about his boy getting hurt in Vietnam, which is a classless worry, his worries are middle-class worries—which is why the Democratic Party has a lot to worry about too. Until rather recently Mr. Average would not have bothered his head about "getting my kid a college education," because a college education was beyond the reach of the average citizen's child. But that is no longer so. A college education has become the passkey to the affluent society, dividing the ruled from the rulers. Mr. Average is just barely in the middle class, for all his crabgrass, and he wants his children to be securely fixed there.

Supporting a child (or 2.5 children), even in a state-supported college, on a real income of $5,500 is a neat trick, if it can be done at all. The politicians are beginning to smell votes in this area. Already, the Federal Government helps keep about a million students in college, mostly with low-interest loans. But so far, the Johnson Administration has opposed income-tax reduction for a Mr. Average with children in college, as proposed by Sen. Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut and others. The tax loss would cost the Government well over a billion dollars, on top of the towering prospective election-year deficit.

Mr. Average's worry about real-estate values is also a middle-class worry—and a very natural one. His $7,000 equity in his house is just about all the capital he has. It represents his hope for a reasonably comfortable retirement, preferably in some sunny place.

There is not much doubt about the main source of his worry—his nightmare is that the Negroes will move into his neighborhood and that blockbusting and forced sales will eat up his equity. This is why a phrase invented by the 17th-century English jurist, Sir Edward Coke—"a man's house is his castle"—became a powerful campaign slogan last year. Its meaning was perfectly clear to everybody: "No fair-housing laws." And it unquestionably helped to elect at least one major political figure—Gov. Ronald Reagan of California.

As the most affluent average citizen in all history, Mr. Average Voter ought to be a contented fellow. But there is good reason to believe that he is, instead, in a restive and rebellious mood. And he has some reason to be. President Roosevelt plagiarized the phrase, "the forgotten man," from an essay written by the conservative 19th-century Yale economist, William Graham Sumner. Oddly enough, Mr. Average has a much closer family resemblance to Sumner's forgotten man than to Franklin Roosevelt's. Here is the Sumner version:

"The Forgotten Man . . . delving away in patient industry, supporting his family, paying his taxes, casting his vote . . . is the only one for whom there is no provision in the great scramble and the big divide. . . . He works, he votes, generally he prays—but his chief business in life is to pay."

There is precious little provision for Mr. Average in "the great scramble and the big divide." He pays more money in income taxes—literally more, not proportionately—than many of those who have struck it rich in the big scramble. (In one recent year, 5 of the 20 richest men in the country paid no income taxes whatever.) And Mr. Average profits not at all from the heavy subsidies, often hidden, which benefit many rich men.

The benefits he does receive from the Government in return for his taxes—from roads for his 1.3 cars to public education for his children, from national defense to Social Security—he regards as no more than his due, and he is therefore not grateful to Lyndon Johnson or anyone else for them. In fact, he does not profit at all—or if he does, he is not aware of it—from the domestic legislation which makes up the Johnsonian Great Society.

The Great Society program is directed primarily to the benefit of the poor. Mr. Average's income is more than double the official "poverty level"—$3,130 for a family of four—so he gets no part of the billions dispensed in the "war against poverty." This is why the political constituency of the Great Society is so much smaller than the New Deal's.

Those who are actually poor, by the official definition, amount to only about 17 percent of the total population, and in terms of political impact

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even this percentage is deceptively high. Many very poor people, notably Negroes in the big-city slums, never bother to vote. Statistician Richard Scammon estimates that the vote of the poor represents less than 12 percent of the national vote. What is more, polls show that a lot of middle-class people—and Mr. Average, remember, regards himself as middle class—deeply resent the "handouts" to the poor, under the "war on poverty" and other federal programs. The result is that not only Lyndon Johnson but the Democratic Party as a whole may be in deep, dark trouble.

Mr. Average represents—or ought to represent—a dazzling opportunity for the Republicans. It is an opportunity to capture the crabgrass vote, the vote of the vast middle class, to which Mr. Average now belongs. The crabgrass vote is now the majority vote in the nation, just as surely as the forgotten-man vote was the majority in the 1930's. The Republican Party is by outlook and tradition the middle-class party. So the Republican Party now has a real chance to become again what it was for half a century before 1932—the majority party in the United States.

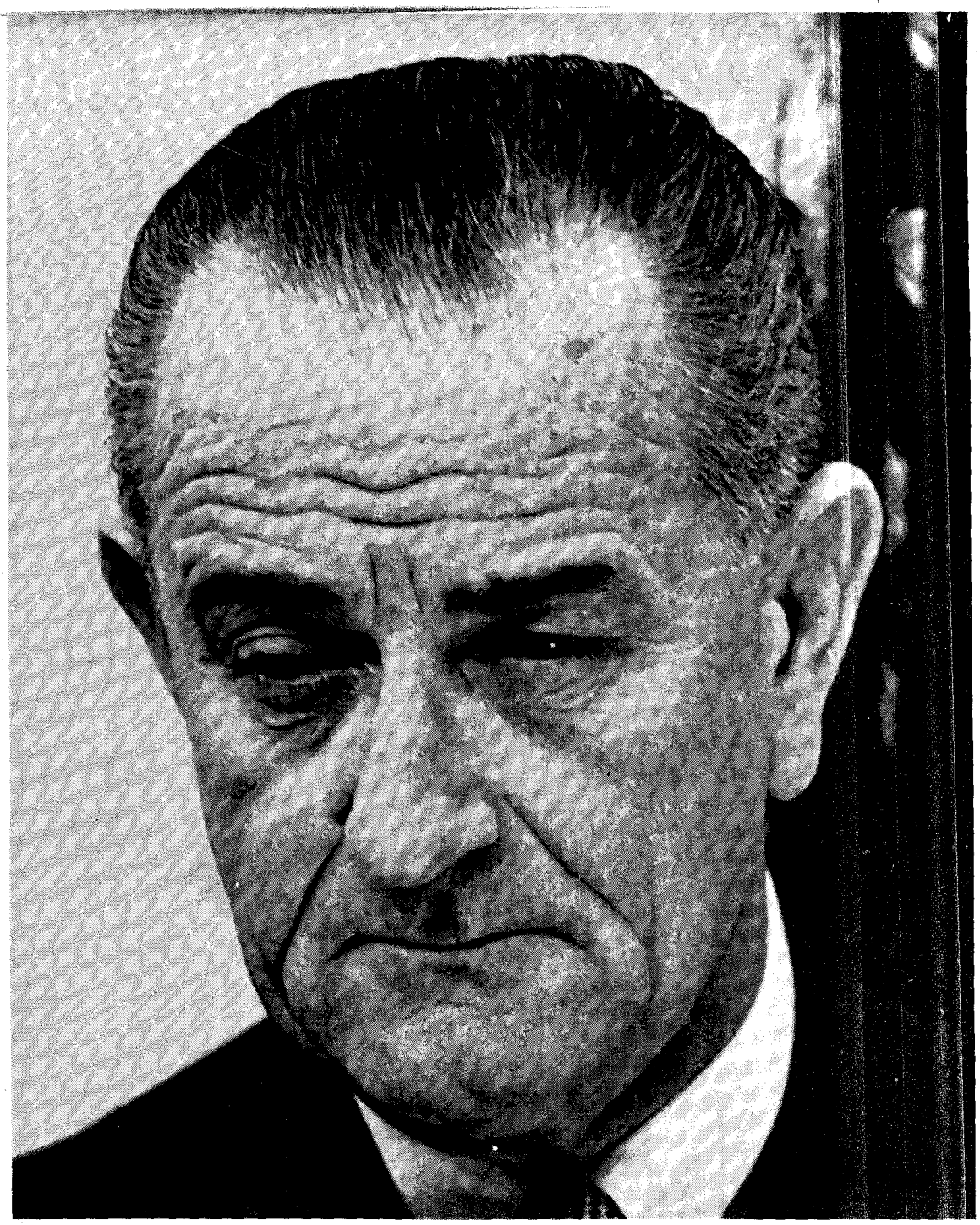
The opportunity has existed for quite a few years now, as Mr. Average has moved steadily up into the middle class. One reason the Republicans have failed to exploit it is obvious. The Democratic Party has been run by hard-nosed pros (like Larry O'Brien) who are interested in winning elections, while the Republican Party has been run, in the main, by the country-club set. The Republican amateurs insist on nominating "real Republicans," like Richard Nixon and Barry Goldwater. This process operated greatly to the benefit of the Democrats, in both 1960 and 1964, for Richard Nixon bored Mr. Average, and Barry Goldwater scared him.

Perhaps Lyndon Johnson and the Democrats will be lucky again, although the 1966 elections produced new signs of professionalism in the Republican Party and a remarkable crop of electable Republicans. The President has been lucky already, in some of the enemies he has made. The more he is denounced by Stokely Carmichael and the "New Left," the more likely it is that that bourgeois fellow, Mr. Average, will vote for him. As for the "New Right," George Wallace could split the conservative vote in several states, handing the President a useful parcel of electoral votes.

Obviously, a great deal—probably the outcome of the election—depends on what happens in Vietnam. John Kenneth Galbraith has said that the war there could mean "the death and burial of the Democratic Party." That could happen, if the war goes badly enough. Barry Goldwater has said that, "if the war ended with honor in 1968, we couldn't beat Lyndon Johnson with a shotgun." That could happen too, although, alas, hardly anybody expects an honorable end to the war so soon. But something in-between could also happen. And that something in-between could produce, at a crucial point in next year's campaign, some such headlines as these:

LBJ ANNOUNCES TROOP CUTBACK
50,000 to be Recalled to U.S., More Later
GEN. WESTMORELAND APPROVES MOVE
Republicans Charge Politics Played

It is not at all impossible, in fact, that Lyndon Johnson, a longheaded fellow, has himself imagined some such headlines. General Westmoreland and all the combat commanders in Vietnam agree that the Communist "main-force" battalions are being chewed up at a great rate. Chewing up the main-force battalions, especially the North Vietnamese invaders, has been the chief mission of the American combat troops. There is reason to believe that President Johnson has an on-the-record commitment from General Westmoreland that, once this mission has been effectively accomplished, he will not object to a reduction of the U.S. troop commitment in Vietnam.



In recent polls, the voters have given the President low marks—under 40 percent—on his conduct of the war. This is because both doves and hawks dislike his middle course. But in next year's campaign the Republican candidate will have to take a position, and he, too, will thus risk alienating hawks, or doves, or both at once. And by next year, Johnson's conduct of the war may look a lot more effective than it does now, if he can transform those imaginary headlines into reality.

There is another factor working in President Johnson's favor—what Louis Harris has called "terminal horror." To understand "terminal horror," consider the state of mind of Mr. Average as he enters the polling booth. He's unhappy about the war, worried about paying for his children's college education, afraid that Negroes might move into his neighborhood. He's unhappy about a lot of other things, too, from high taxes to Lyndon Johnson's reputation as a "wheeler-dealer." He firmly intends to pull the Republican lever.

His hand hovers over it. Then he remembers that he *is* better off than he ever was before. The Republican hasn't come up with any magic solution for those "three things" that worry him, and the President, although he looks pretty awful on television, is at least a known quantity. So, in a fit of terminal horror, Mr. Average's hand reaches for the Democratic lever.

Terminal horror, Louis Harris contends, elected Harry Truman in 1948, and it is one reason why an incumbent President is so hard to beat. There are other reasons. A President controls the spending of vast sums of money (including some $425 million worth of public-relations money to glorify the achievements of his Administration). More important, a President controls the timing of decisive events, as those imaginary headlines suggest. Barry Goldwater says: "With all the powers a President can use—and he'll use all of them—it's tough to beat an incumbent President."

Tough, but not impossible. "You know what it's beginning to look like to me?" says one old pro, a Democrat. "It begins to look like a war *and* a recession *and* an inflation all at the same time. No President can beat that combination—not when he looks like Simon Legree on television, and all the eggheads hate him."

That combination would indeed be hard to beat. There are so many imponderables, from the identity of the Republican candidate to the course of the economy and the war, that it is insane to predict the outcome this far ahead. But this reporter will venture a qualified prediction. Lyndon Johnson will win, although by a much smaller margin than in 1964, on three conditions.

The first condition is that the Communist main forces are effectively defeated in Vietnam, and that some U.S. troops are recalled. The second condition is that unemployment stays below 5 percent of the labor force (it is now 3.7 percent). The third condition is that Mr. X, the Republican candidate, does not find some way to persuade Mr. Average that he is *not* a forgotten man, that Mr. X cares too, and cares deeply, about Larry O'Brien's "three things." □

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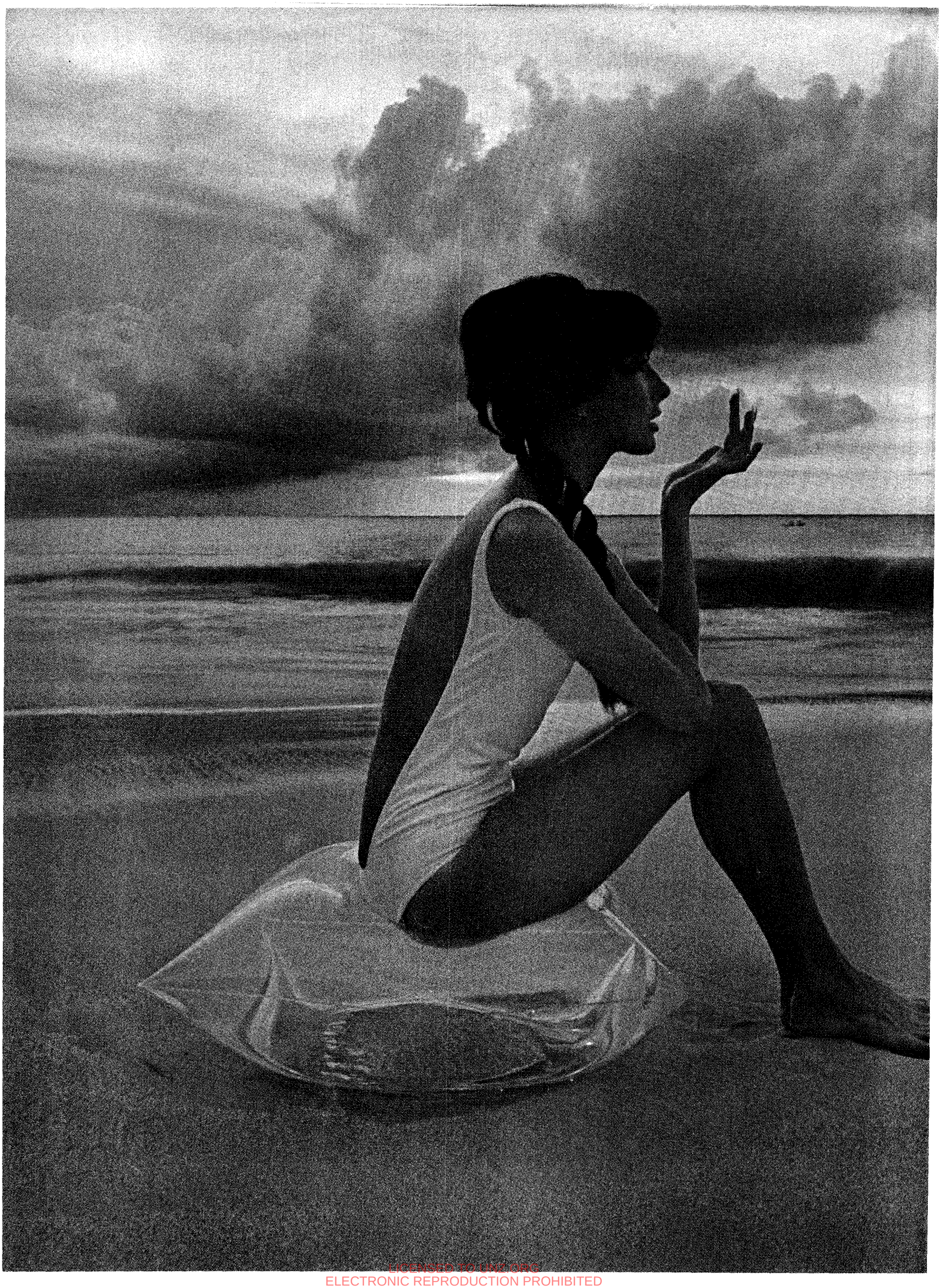

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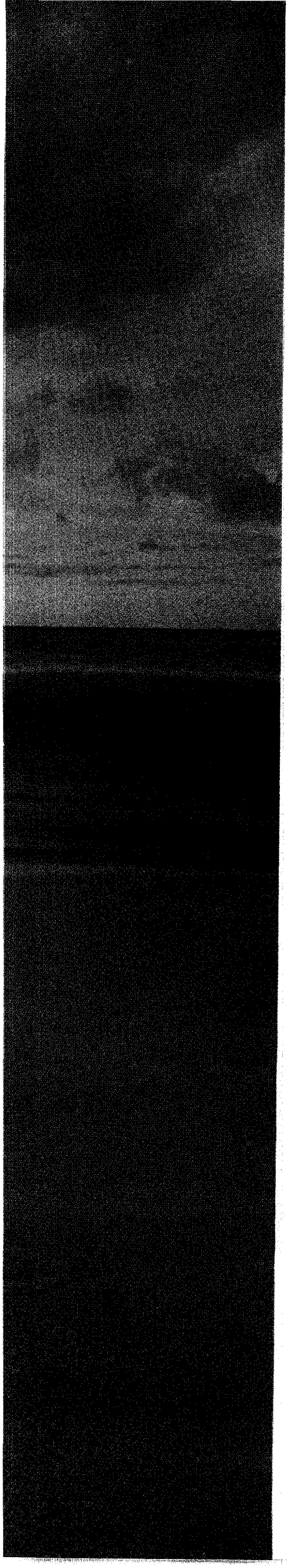
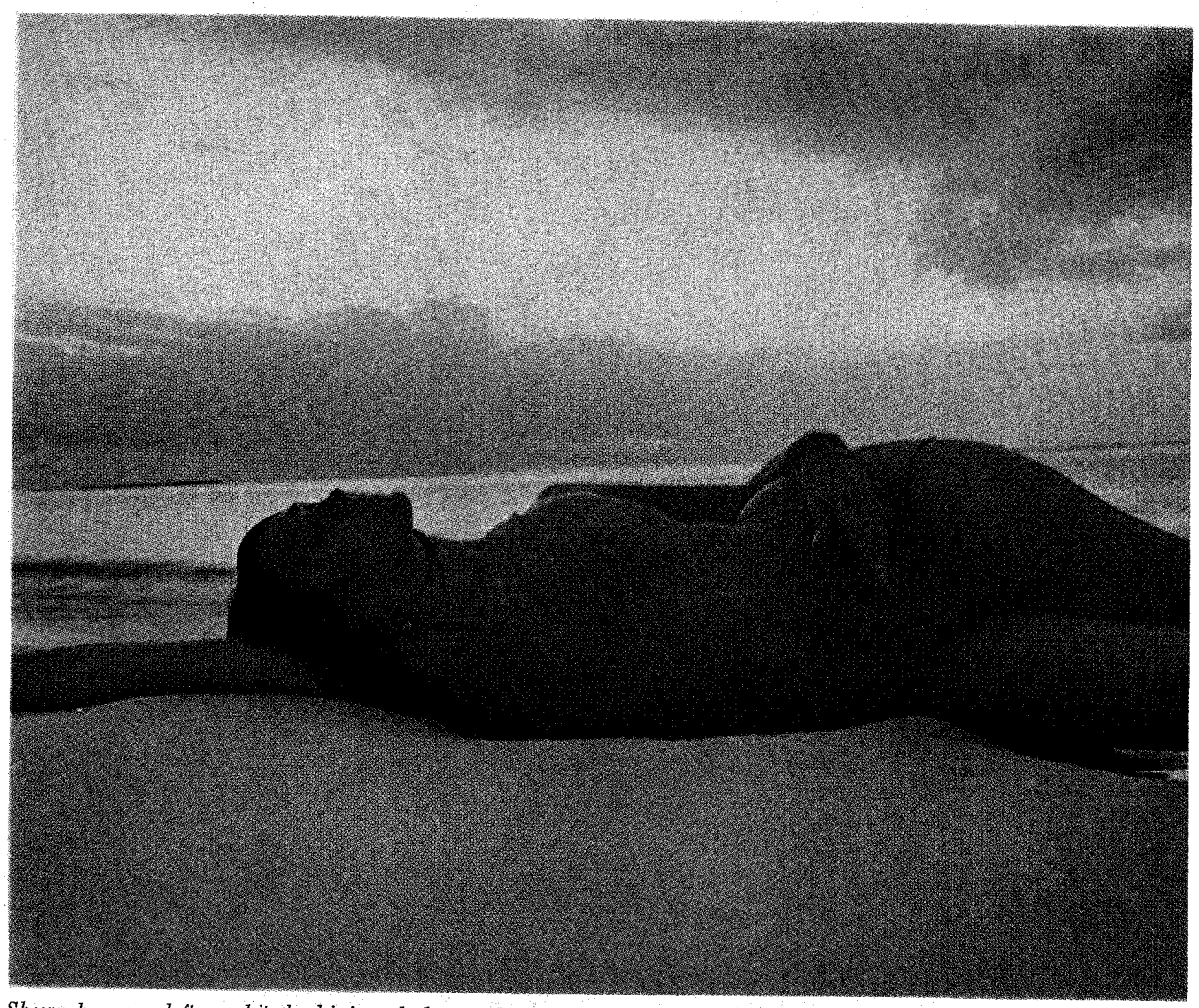


The Nude Look takes over

EXPOSED '67

Whether you view it with elation or alarm, this is the summer of the Nude Look bathing suit. Styles range from the stark geometrics of New York's avant-garde designer Miss Rikki to the artful complements of California's Elisabeth Stewart. But, however expressed, the fashion look for this year's bathing suits is one of bold color, surprising brevity and unruffled exposure. For those who feel this is not the look for them, Elisabeth Stewart offers alternatives for her flexible "total look." Miss Rikki belongs to the sterner why-worry-don't-be-self-conscious school and believes the Nude Look should be accepted as natural and normal. Devoid of camouflage, her designs have the logic and purity of a mathematical equation.



Shown here are, left, a white backini, and above, a hot pink cut-out maillot with a halter top. Both bathing suits are of Du Pont stretch Nylon, by Miss Rikki for Sport Trio. Each $28. Much in fashion with mini-suits is maxi-hair. The quick-drying, custom-blended braided chignons of Dynel shown on these and the pages following are by Tovar Tresses. Each $29.

Photographs by Ron Harris

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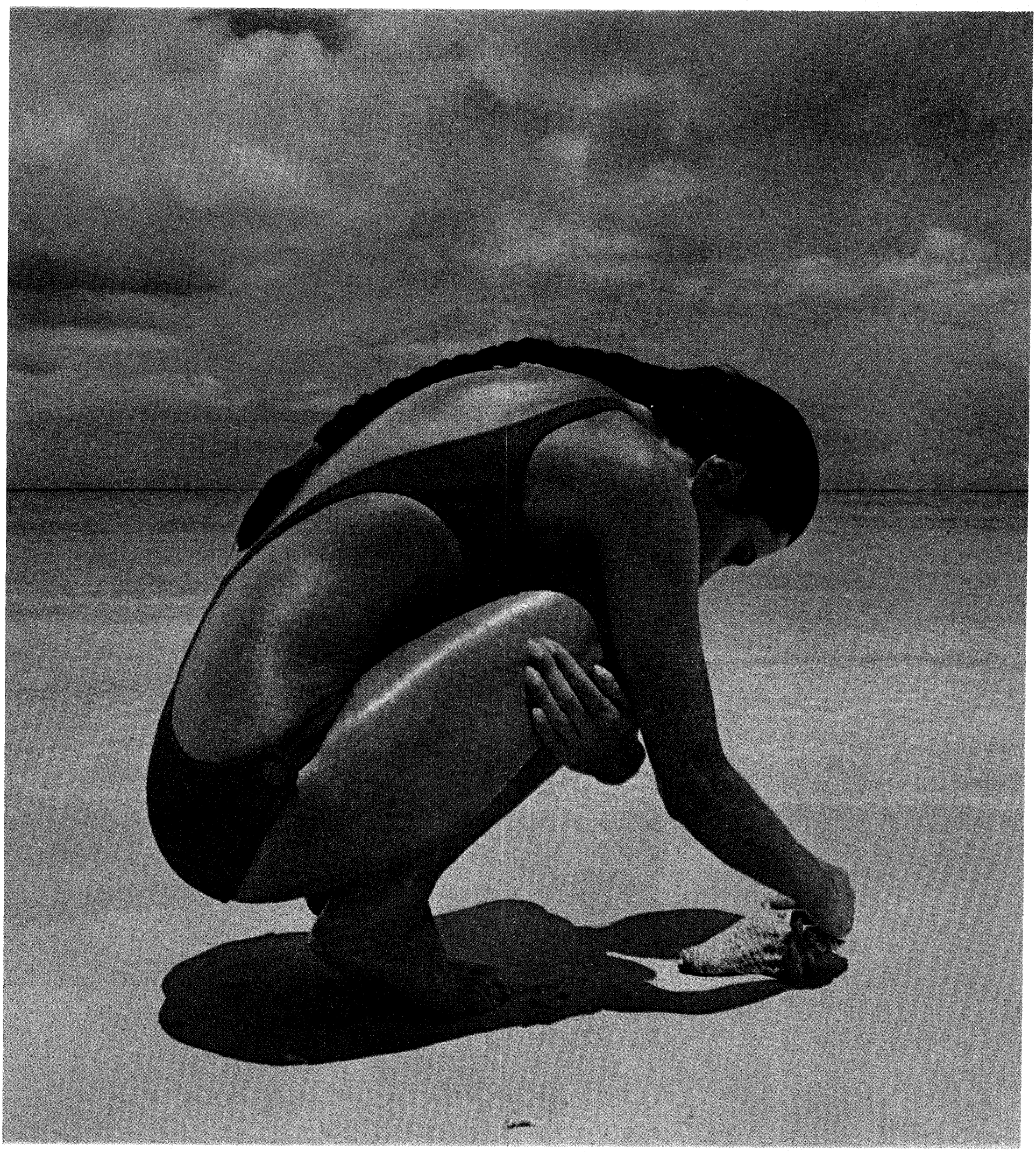

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Rikki cuts out

By Ellen Willis

To the average American female the beach means trial by exposure, separation of the women (bulging and blemished) from the girls (trim and smooth). Conditioned to show only what can be defended, who but a well-proportioned teen-ager has the courage or the figure for this summer's new Nude Look suits?

Dutch-born Henrica Marcella Maria Kilsdonk, better known as Miss Rikki, insists her creations are for everyone. "Americans are too self-conscious about their looks. If you bulge, so what? Isn't your husband used to it? Who doesn't have a right to God's sun, God's beach, God's water? Do you buy a bathing suit to enjoy the beach or to impress the neighbors?"

At 55, Miss Rikki is an impassioned sun worshiper with a nudist's reverential attitude toward nature. "Whiteness doesn't look well on the beach," she says. "One should be bronzed, like a statue." She believes that "you can live in a good bathing suit the way you live in your own skin," and that a bathing suit, while providing protection from seaweed and sand, should free the body as much as possible and allow a bather to move naturally.

To design such a suit requires a thorough understanding of the anatomy of the female body. Painting, sculpting and sports in which she excels—swimming, tennis and gymnastics—have taught her muscle and bone structure. Besides, she comes from a family of architects, "and fashion *is* architecture, translating a conception into three dimensions according to structural principles."

Most of her designs are based on the maillot, a classic torso-hugging suit that is a variant of the tank suit worn by professional swimmers. Starting with the maillot, she creates her nude-look suits by cutting out geometric shapes. She scoops out backs, sculpts circles or squares or asymmetrical slashes into sides or around shoulders, eliminates middles to make bikinis.

Miss Rikki was born in the Netherlands and later moved to Java, where she was interned for over three years in a prison camp during the Japanese occupation. After the liberation of Indonesia and her release, she and her husband, an Indonesian-born Hollander, moved to New York. They now live in a penthouse apartment on lower Fifth Avenue.

In 1963 Miss Rikki and two partners launched the firm Sport Trio. Though she designs a colorfully mixed bag of sports clothes and *après*-swim cover-ups, she is best known for her radical backini (an almost backless suit) and for other pioneering designs. Two of her creations—a surfing suit and a ribbed maillot—are owned by Jacqueline Kennedy.

In a year or so, Miss Rikki predicts, her bathing suits will be accepted as normal beach attire. She tells the story of a model who tried on a suit cut so low in back that it revealed over an inch of cleavage. "She kept looking around, acting embarrassed. So I said, 'For heaven's sake, what's bothering you? It's just the beginning of your legs.' And finally she said she'd wear it." □

Stewart covers up

By Phyllis Lee Levin

Elisabeth Stewart made her debut as a bathing-suit model in the window of a Hollywood store. She was clutching a sand pail and shovel, and she was two years old. Over the course of the next 25 years, she not only continued to model bathing suits but has sold and helped design them. In 1956 she and her husband, Robert Beck, and her twin brothers, Bill and David Stewart, became partners in Elisabeth Stewart Swimwear, setting up shop in a modest loft in downtown Los Angeles. The first year, the sales of bathing suits designed by Miss Stewart totaled $150,000.

By last year, retail sales of her beachwear had grown to more than nine million dollars, placing the firm among the top money-making names in the industry. Behind the money and the success lies the simple observation that women of all ages want to look their best.

"I don't think that more than ten percent of women consumers have the figure for revealing bathing suits," says Stanley Regenbogen, a vice-president of the firm. "So one of Betty's jobs is to make the other ninety percent look as trim and attractive as they can. Betty's middy-top designs are very flattering to women with problem waistlines and stomachs. By breaking the line at the hip, they also give the illusion of smaller hips. So do her skirted bikinis which hide thigh bulges. Betty has always believed it's better to suggest than reveal."

A long-time champion of the well-bred, conservative look—although she feels these words are now out of date—Miss Stewart thinks the brief and bare look "wonderful" *if* a customer is able to wear it. Just as current skirt lengths vary according to personal choice—from mini to mini-er to mini-est—she considers the Nude Look a matter of personal attitude.

Though she is justifiably regarded as a bastion of strength by women who want to look hip but not hippy, her primary concerns are cover-ups—middies, shirts, pants, kimonos, skirts, short and long overdresses. These are not designed for the sake of modesty or camouflage but as a means of extending the wearability of her bathing suits. "I rarely think of a bathing suit on its own," she says. "It's just the beginning of a total look."

Living in casual California style outside of Los Angeles in Costa Mesa with her husband and their two young children, she sails aboard their 60-foot schooner, swims constantly and leads a strenuous social life.

She visualizes her typical customer as being of indeterminate age (she is 39) but much like herself: cool, fresh and feminine as she emerges from the water, slips the appropriate cover-up over her bathing suit and whisks off to her next engagement.

In adapting contemporary fashion to her own style, Miss Stewart feels that a woman should, first of all, please herself. "If the bathing suit isn't beautiful," she says, "forget about it." □

eft: Bright and boldly cut-out spider-suit of aracteristic geometric design by Miss Rikki r Sport Trio, of Du Pont stretch Nylon. $28.

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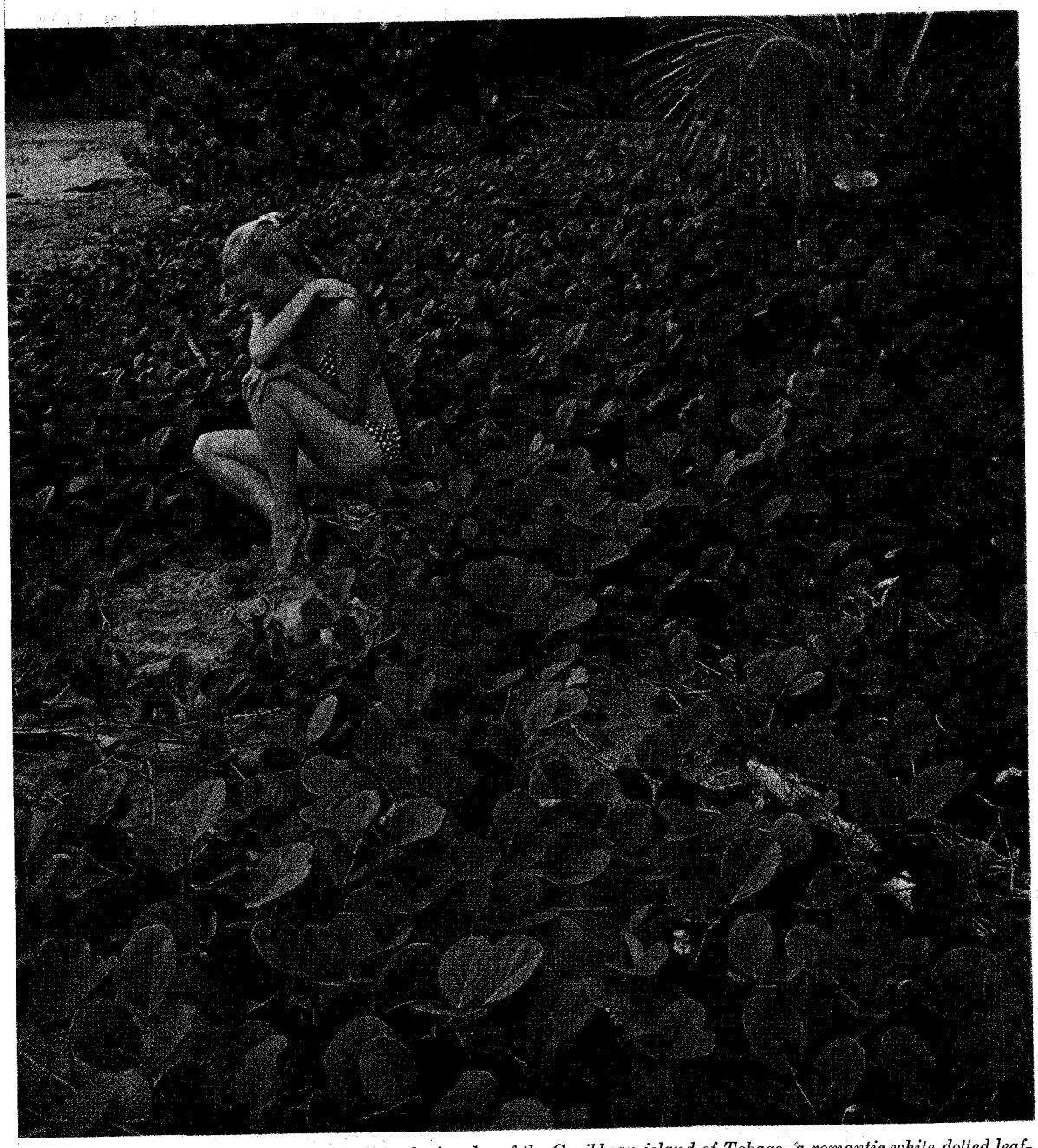
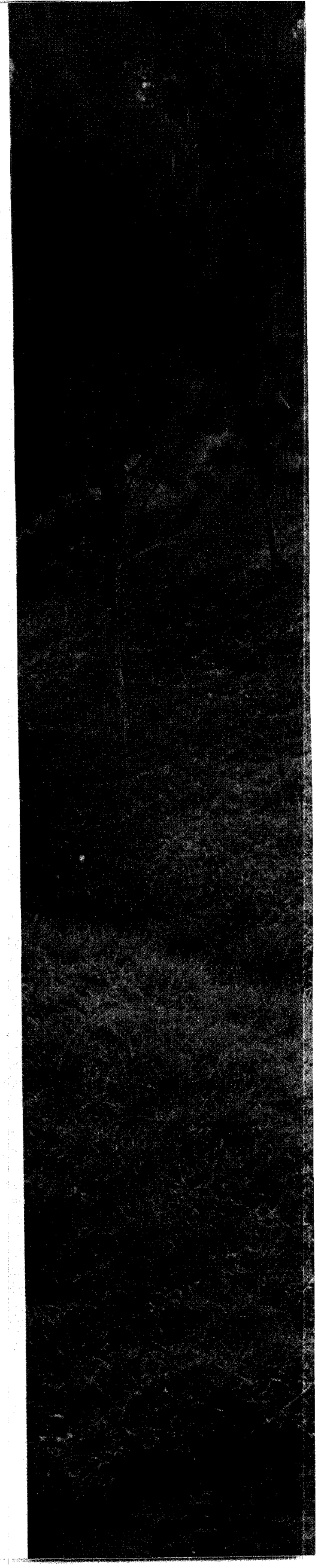
A bathing suit
is only the beginning.
It can progress to the status
of an evening dress.





Photographed in the jungles of the Caribbean island of Tobago, a romantic white-dotted leaf-green dress (opposite page) is worn over its own matching two-piece bathing suit (above). Dress $36. Bathing suit $20. Both are by Elisabeth Stewart, of Antron Nylon matte jersey.

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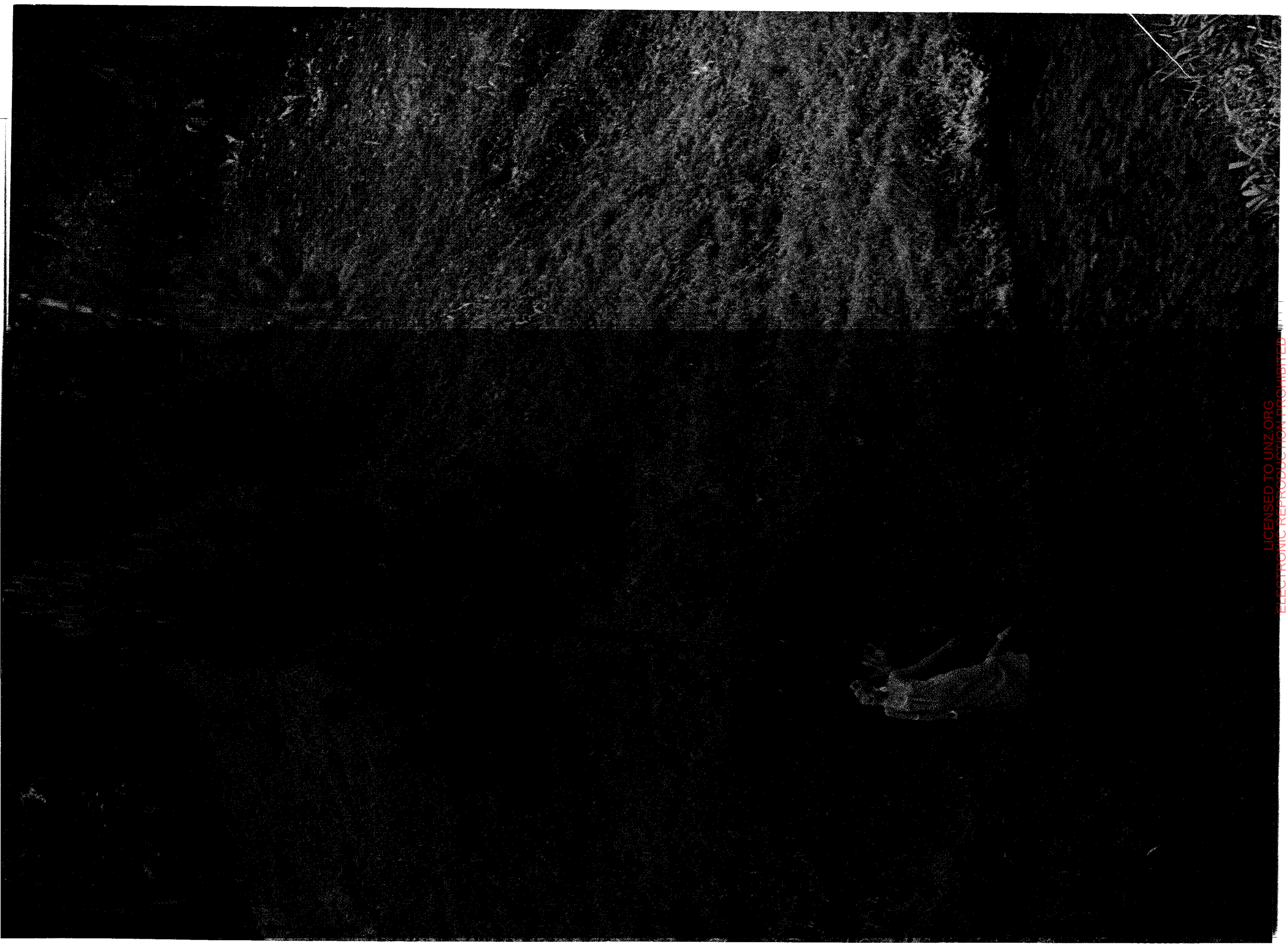

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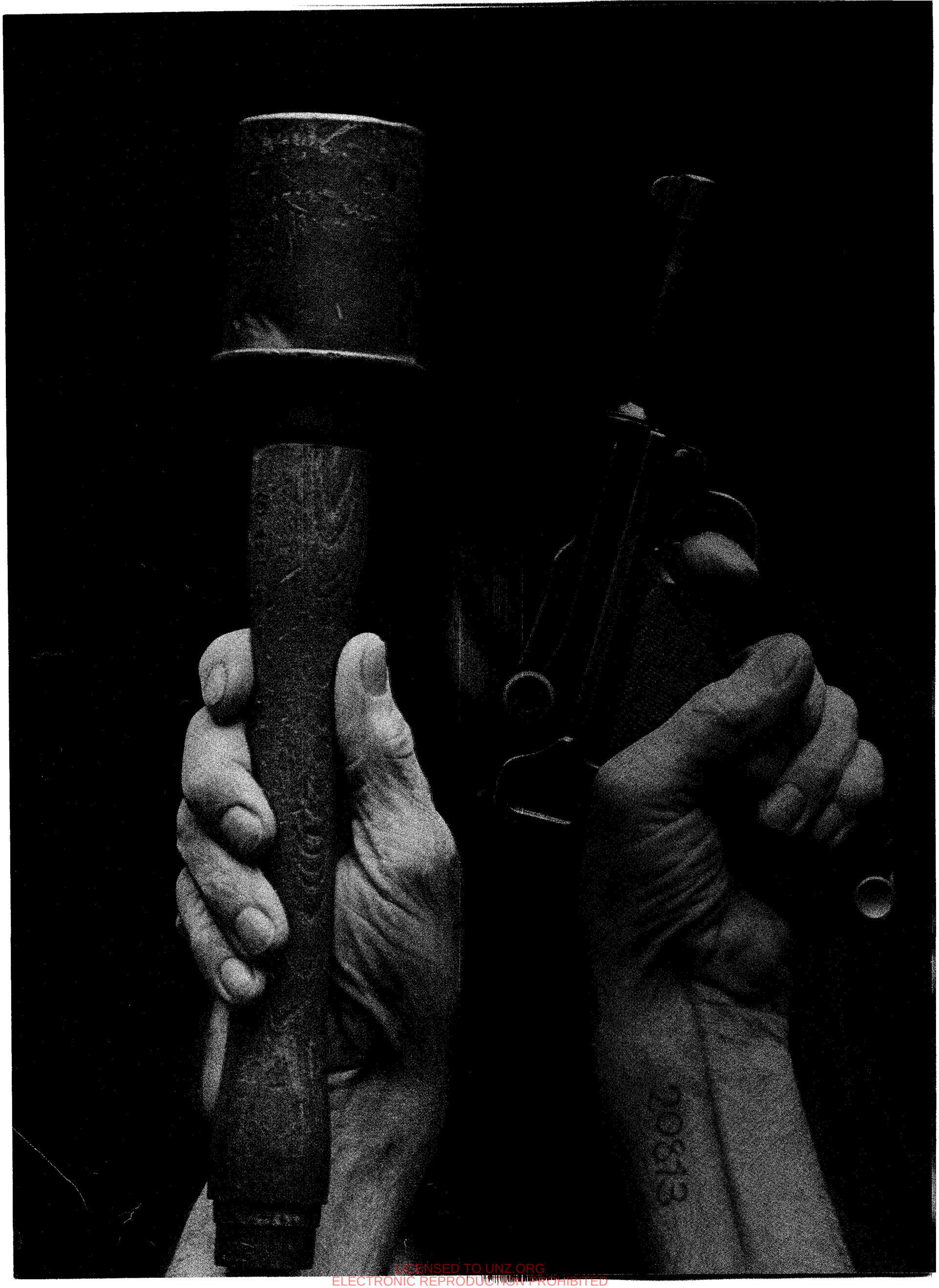
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THE REVOLT AT TREBLINKA

It is the day that the prisoners have set fo their uprising in the Nazi death camp; a pris oner is hiding inside the armory waiting to pas grenades out the window. The plan is to ki the guards, set fire to the camp and escape

At exactly 11 o'clock little Heniek, age 13, stopped his horse-draw delivery cart under the window of the armory. He glance swiftly at the two corners of the building where the prisoner sentrie were conscientiously raking the gravel paths. They were to give th signal if danger was coming. Just then the prisoner who was to loa the cases of grenades into the cart passed the corner of the building Marcus, 16, who acted as valet to the Germans, had used a ke made by the prisoners to unlock the armory door and slip in. Now hi head appeared behind the windowpane just as the prisoner arrive under the window. Heniek looked at the two sentries again; they wer aking calmly—the path was clear. He nodded, and the windo pened. Marcus's head disappeared and was immediately replace by a case. The prisoner gave a little jump, grabbed the case an crouched back down with the case hidden beneath his doubled-u knees and his bent torso. His eyes flickered to either side, then h made a dash. The case disappeared under a pile of rubbish in th bottom of the cart. The window closed again. The prisoner took u his position underneath. Heniek looked at the two sentries, gave an other nod, and the maneuver was repeated, just as swift, just as pre ise, just as silent. The window closed, the prisoner retraced hi steps, and Heniek had raised his whip to start his horse when th entry who was posted at the corner of the building in front of him crouched down and remained squatting. It was the signal that German was approaching.

Heniek froze, his whip raised. The back of the crouching sentry hypnotized him. Suddenly he saw him move, his eyes clouded. Whe he recovered, the sentry was peacefully raking again. It seemed t him that he had spent an eternity with his arm raised, but when h

By Jean-Francois Steiner

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turned his head to look at the other sentry, he saw the prisoner who had loaded the cases pass the corner of the building. The film that had been stopped for an instant started again; he lowered his arm, the whip unfurled, curled and cracked. Heniek felt a jolt: The horse had started to move.

According to the new arrangements that had been made that morning after the successful theft of the grenades, the men in the combat units stayed close to their leaders.

Adolf Friedman and Djielo Bloch, leaders in the revolt, were both working in the shipping commando which handled the clothing of the victims. They avoided each other's eyes. All the *Hofjuden*, "Court Jews" whose responsibility was the upkeep of the camp and the personal service of the Germans, were in on the secret of the revolt. The tension that reigned in the barracks reached a climax that was almost painful.

All at once the door of the shoemakers' workshop opened violently and banged against the wall. All the shoemakers jumped and looked up, trembling with fear and impatience.

"Does anyone know anything about weapons?" asked the prisoner who stood in the doorway.

"Yes, I do! What's the matter?" Simek Goldberg almost shouted, jumping to his feet.

"Quick, Galewski needs you!"

He went quickly to the cellar, where he saw the tall, hesitant form of Galewski, the engineer from Warsaw who was Jewish "commandant" of the camp and head of the Committee of Resistance.

"It looks as if something is missing on the grenades," Galewski said.

Goldberg started to lean over but immediately stopped in the middle of his movement. Just as Galewski opened his mouth to ask him what was the matter, he straightened up unsteadily.

Without moving, as if hypnotized, Goldberg said in a voice that was almost indifferent, "The fuses, there aren't any fuses."

As soon as Goldberg had spoken, Galewski mastered his fatigue and instantly became the leader again. There was only one way to avoid disaster: to take the cases back to the armory and to alert all the unit leaders, especially the *kapo* Kleinmann, who was somewhere in the nearby wood with his camouflage commando which daily gathered foliage and strung it on the barbed wire to conceal the camp. They were too far away to hear the grenade that was to signal the start of the revolt, and it had been arranged for them to attack their guards at four o'clock.

The first thing to be done was to send a messenger to inform Djielo, Adolf, the unit leaders and the commando in charge of burning the barracks. Galewski sent immediately for Henochsberg, a prisoner who worked in the potato cellar. He instructed him to go and tell Djielo that the operation was canceled and that he, Djielo, was to get word to the unit leaders before they sent their men for the grenades. Any suspicious traffic might attract the attention of the Germans and prevent the return of the grenades to the armory. After that, Henochsberg was to warn the incendiaries.

As soon as Henochsberg had left, Galewski went to find Salzberg and Moniek in the Ghetto. They knew. They were white-faced and silent.

"I have sent word to Djielo, Adolf, the unit leaders and the incendiaries," Galewski said. "There remains the problem of the grenades, and Kleinmann and his camouflage commando. We can return the cases to the armory; it won't be any harder than taking them."

Turning to Salzberg, he added, "We must put everyone back at his post again: Marcus, your son, the sentries. Exactly as it was a little while ago. The Germans suspect nothing."

Then, to show that it was only a postponement, that nothing was lost, that the fight would go on: "In a few days we'll send a weapons specialist to see what happened."

Salzberg looked at him without a word, amazed to see the old Galewski again. Seeing him still hesitate, Galewski added, "If we succeed, it will be an extraordinary proof of our superiority. It will be a sign that, far from being defeated, we are stronger than ever."

"You're right," said Salzberg, and he left.

Then Galewski sent Moniek to warn Kleinmann.

Young Marcus, who had kept the key to the armory, was standing by and waiting for the explosion of the grenade to rush to the door and open it. It was he who was in charge of distributing the weapons. He jumped when Salzberg clapped him on the shoulder.

"The grenades are no good—we have to take them back to the armory."

The boy's eyes brimmed with distress.

"I know how you feel," Salzberg said quickly. "We'll succeed the next time. Nothing will stop us, I promise you."

The carpenters had greased the lock well. It opened noiselessly. Marcus moved away a few inches. A group of workers approached carrying buckets, shovels and boards. Marcus turned his back and hugged the wall right next to the door. "Now," a voice whispered. He opened the door and closed it behind him in a flash.

At each corner of the building a worker raked listlessly. A few yards behind the little cart a man was walking slowly. Suddenly the cart stopped, and after a short silence Marcus heard a soft whistle: The *Hatikvah*. He leaped forward and opened the window.

"Here you are!" Marcus later said to Galewski, holding out the key to the armory. "Next time I hope it'll be a one-way trip."

'The young woman had accidentally discovered the terrible secret.'

The revolt plan had failed. It had taken shape slowly at Treblinka, the Nazi death camp in Poland, among the Jews who made up the work force of the camp—men selected by the Nazis from among the arriving victims and given a choice: work and live, or go to the gas chambers with your fellow Jews (often their wives and children).

The engineer Galewski of Warsaw had rallied these men—beaten, starved, driven, flogged into subhuman stupor. They formed a small Committee of Resistance, organized small combat units and planned the revolt. The plan was to use the grenades to create confusion, storm the armory to get more weapons, kill the Germans and their Ukrainian hireling guards, destroy the camp (the disinfectant detail was to have doused all walls with kerosene and set it ablaze) and escape into the woods. The underlying reason for the revolt was to tell the world of the horror of Treblinka.

The plan had been conceived in Treblinka's Camp No. 1, where the trains arrived and the victims were stripped and shorn and herded into the gas chambers, and where 800 of Treblinka's 1,000 work-force prisoners lived. In isolation on the other side of the gas chambers were the 200 work-force prisoners of Camp No. 2, where the dead were removed from the gas chambers and buried in vast ditches. There was no communication between the two camps, and the Committee of Resistance had reluctantly concluded that the 200 prisoners in Camp No. 2 would have to be sacrificed to the revolt. But the plan had failed.

One night the weather became milder, and the next day the snow began to melt. The sun was pale and decorative at first, then more and more cheerful. From far away in the countryside the prisoners of Treblinka again heard the shouts of the peasants returning to their fields after the long winter. And there were the birds, their songs and their flight, and the hearts of the men began to beat again in spite of themselves.

Early one afternoon a convoy arrived from Germany. There were passenger cars, baggage cars, order and discipline: the German Jews, the disabled veterans and holders of the Iron Cross, First Class, were entitled to favors. They died like the poor, but they traveled like middle-class citizens. This train of death had crossed Germany in all innocence, as thousands of other trains crossed it every day. Everything would have gone off without incident if a red light had not stopped the convoy for a few seconds in a German station. A young woman, the wife of a high-ranking officer of the *Wehrmacht*, was waiting on the platform with her two young sons. She thought it was her train. She got on, and the train left.

No doubt she realized by their yellow stars that her traveling companions were Jewish, and probably she realized that she was on the wrong train. However, she did nothing. Her companions told her what they had been told, that they were going to colonize the eastern provinces.

The train crossed Germany, then Poland; after transferring from one line to another, it arrived at the branch line of the quarry, and from there it pulled slowly into Treblinka, whose station had been rebaptized with a name that meant nothing; "*Obermaidan*," the young woman read under the painted clock, which perpetually pointed to three o'clock. She saw the arrows, the signs, the ticket window, the false doors and the flower beds, and she probably did not notice that the gleaming rails of the tracks suddenly ended in rank weeds.

It must have been when she entered the barracks that served as dressing room and "beauty salon," where the women's hair was cut, that she realized that "*Obermaidan*" was no ordinary station. The survivors remember that she was very beautiful. She cried that she was not Jewish, that she was an officer's wife. Her papers proved it. Then she showed that her sons were not circumcised.

S.S. *Untersturmführer* Kurt Franz, the baby-faced deputy commandant who was known as "Lalka" ("the Doll"), was in the barracks. Lalka had charge of the camp's operation, although a superior officer handled administrative matters. Lalka seemed to be embarrassed. He conferred for a few moments with his subordinate, Kuttner, whom the prisoners called Kiwe, the cultivator of informers, executioner of prisoners. Then Lalka left. The young woman had accidentally discovered the terrible secret of Treblinka, and all the prisoners stopped to see what would happen. Kiwe made her undress in the middle of the yard, and then ordered her to undress her children. They cried, and she tried to console them through her own sobs: "It's nothing, my darlings, it will soon be over. Don't cry, we are going to a wonderful country where your papa will soon join us." But the children still cried. The prisoners saw them disappear into the stream of the condemned.

Galewski, who had witnessed the scene, reported it to the Committee of Resistance that evening. All the members were there: Adolf Friedman, who had served in the French Foreign Legion and the Polish army and who had organized the combat units in the camp; Djielo Bloch, a captain of the Czech army, who had planned the action of the revolt; Moniek, 22, *kapo* of the *Hofjuden;* Salzberg, a *Hofjuden* of middle age whose son, Heniek, drove the camp delivery wagon; and Kurland, the "doctor," whose job it was to give fatal injections to arriving Jews who were too crippled or infirm to walk to the gas chambers.

"We now know where we stand," Galewski said. "There will be no witnesses. All traces will be obliterated and not one of those who saw the massacre will remain alive. Our revolt is acquiring a universal meaning. It (*continued on page 78*)

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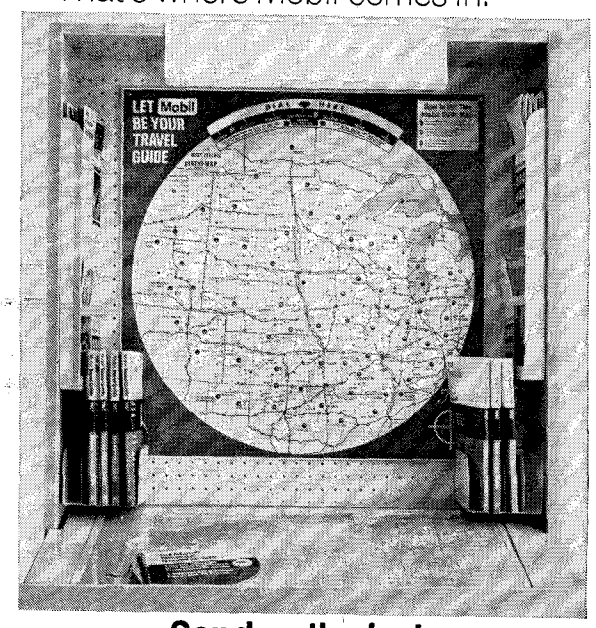

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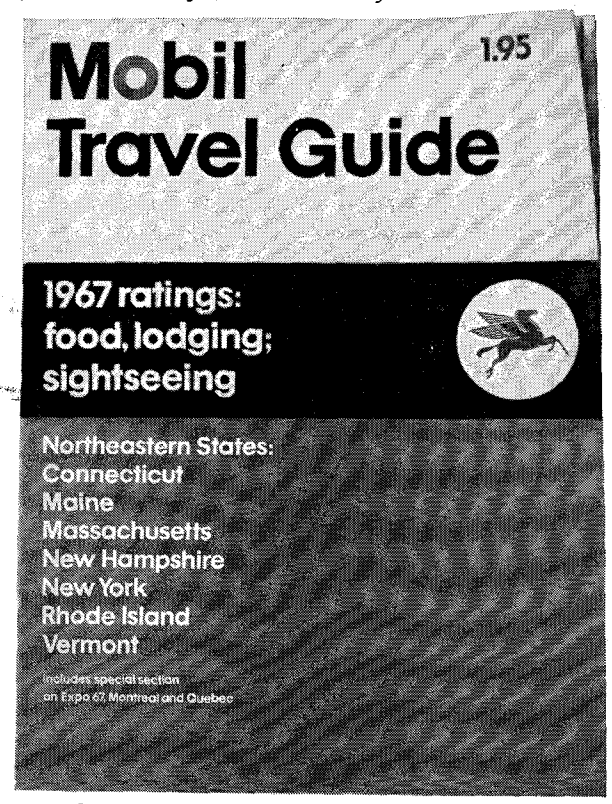
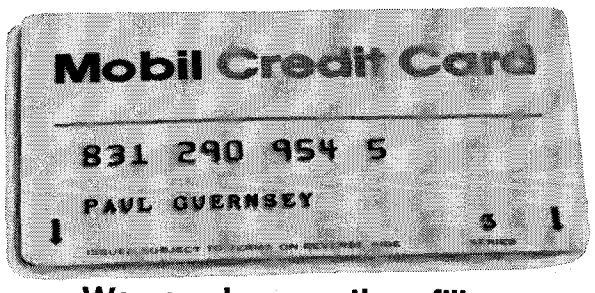


Send us the tired and hungry.



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BREED OF GIANTS

BY JOYCE STRANGER

The huge Shires were more than a village attraction. Behind them marched the ghosts of a million gallant war horses in full panoply of armor; horses of plow and wagon and dray; horses dragging gun carriages over field and furrow, over plains, up hills, and into valleys. The Shires belonged to history, a part of history that had to go on living.

Bruton-under-the-Water had always had reason for pride, for this small village near the Scottish border boasted much that was old, and much that was good, and much that was beautiful. The stone cottages crouched in the lee of humped, dark hills, long lines of fells sweeping away to Horton Pike, high on the far horizon, and down to the shore of Hortonmere, and the larger village of Horton itself, beyond.

In the Swan at night, under the blackened rafters, the men met and argued, bet and laughed and drank, each man with dog or hound at his feet, and his beer mug in his hand. Mrs. Jones, the placid, buxom landlady, her homely face merry, went among them, her tongue quick to voice acid disapproval of noise or nuisance. There was no bad behavior in the Swan.

In winter the hunt met for teas at the Swan, after a day on the fells following the hounds on foot, each man bringing his own beast and betting on it. Come evening, they argued the merits of their respective hounds, each one bragging of sire and dam, and vowing to breed and train a hound that would always be first at the kill.

In summer Bruton came into its own in another way, for its major attraction was the Bruton Shires, and visitors from all parts came to see them.

Josh Johnson, of Tedder's Leigh, was a man who lived for horses; his family, ever since anyone in the village could remember, had always bred the splendid eighteen-hand Shire horses, who were, many contended, the best of the English heavy horses.

"There's talk that Josh is going to have to sell up," Jo Needler said one late spring night, sitting over his beer in the Swan. Jo was an undersized, henpecked man, whose nursery garden barely made a living for him and his shrew of a wife and his children.

"Sell up?" the Colonel asked. A rare visitor to the Swan, he was sitting at the big, white-scrubbed table. There was no public bar. The men sat on oak settles in the vast old kitchen, where a two-gallon copper kettle was forever aboil on the hob, and the landlady's kittens sprawled on the bright, pegged rug in front of a log fire and spat at the friendly hounds and dogs.

Colonel Horton, almost Squire, who owned many of the farms and holdings, was shocked by the news. The men were mildly uneasy in his presence, glancing shyly from face to face.

Ted Wellans nodded. "So it's said." He was a big, comfortable man, the largest landowner apart from the Colonel.

The Colonel sat frowning. Josh Johnson owned his own land, but times were bad, and horses expensive to keep, especially the big Shires, which weighed a ton and ate a fortune every week.

The Colonel looked at the men who sat around the table, most of them quietly sucking at their pipes. "Bruton without the Shires would be unthinkable," he said.

Heads nodded agreement. The Shires were more than a tourist attraction. They were a part of village life. In a place where most men kept farm animals of one kind or another, all felt they could comment on the breeding of Josh's horses. They would also speculate on the possible prizewinners at the shows, commiserate when a beast failed to win, and rejoice with Josh in yet another red prize ribbon to pin on the wall of the harness room, among photographs of former champions.

The children adored these horses, visiting them on the way home from school, tiny fists offering clumps of grass torn from under the hedgerows, that were always accepted by the big, friendly beasts, all of them good-tempered except for the Bruton Jet. He was a notorious rascal, likely to bite or kick, given half an invitation, scared of nothing in the world except loud noises.

Favorite of all was the gray-dappled mare, Bruton Silver. Always eager for company and conversation, she yickered to the children, galloping over the meadow to accept not only grass but ice cream and jelly babies. Josh had, reluctantly, to make a rule that she was not to be fed too often, as she could never have enough of these sticky treats.

Bruton Cloud, a fine gray stallion, had, the year before, endeared himself forever to the men who were digging a trench across the field for a water main leading to a group of new houses on the other side of the village. At lunchtime he came among them and asked to share their sandwiches, nudging, with a hard and urgent head, those who were reluctant to part with food. A horse with a taste for roast beef and cheese caused so much amusement that he earned a paragraph in the local paper.

"Remember Bruton King?" Jo Needler said. "Devil of a horse. Trampled a groom. Spiteful beast. Before the war, that would be." Jo emptied his mug and looked hopefully at the Colonel, who nodded to Mrs. Jones.

"The Jet's the same breeding," Jo went on. "Accounts for his temper. Vicious streak in that line. Comes down from Black Satan—about 1919, he'd be."

The inn door swung open, and Ned Foley breezed into the room. Once a tramp, now respectably housed and almost a reclaimed character, he still contrived an odd air of raffishness, his dark jacket torn on one pocket, a vivid tartan scarf, a thin wisp of gray beard, new-grown that winter, decorating his chin. Each hound,

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ted by Stan Galli

Before Josh could do anything, the two stallions were fighting mad, wicked hoofs striking out, mouths wide to bite.

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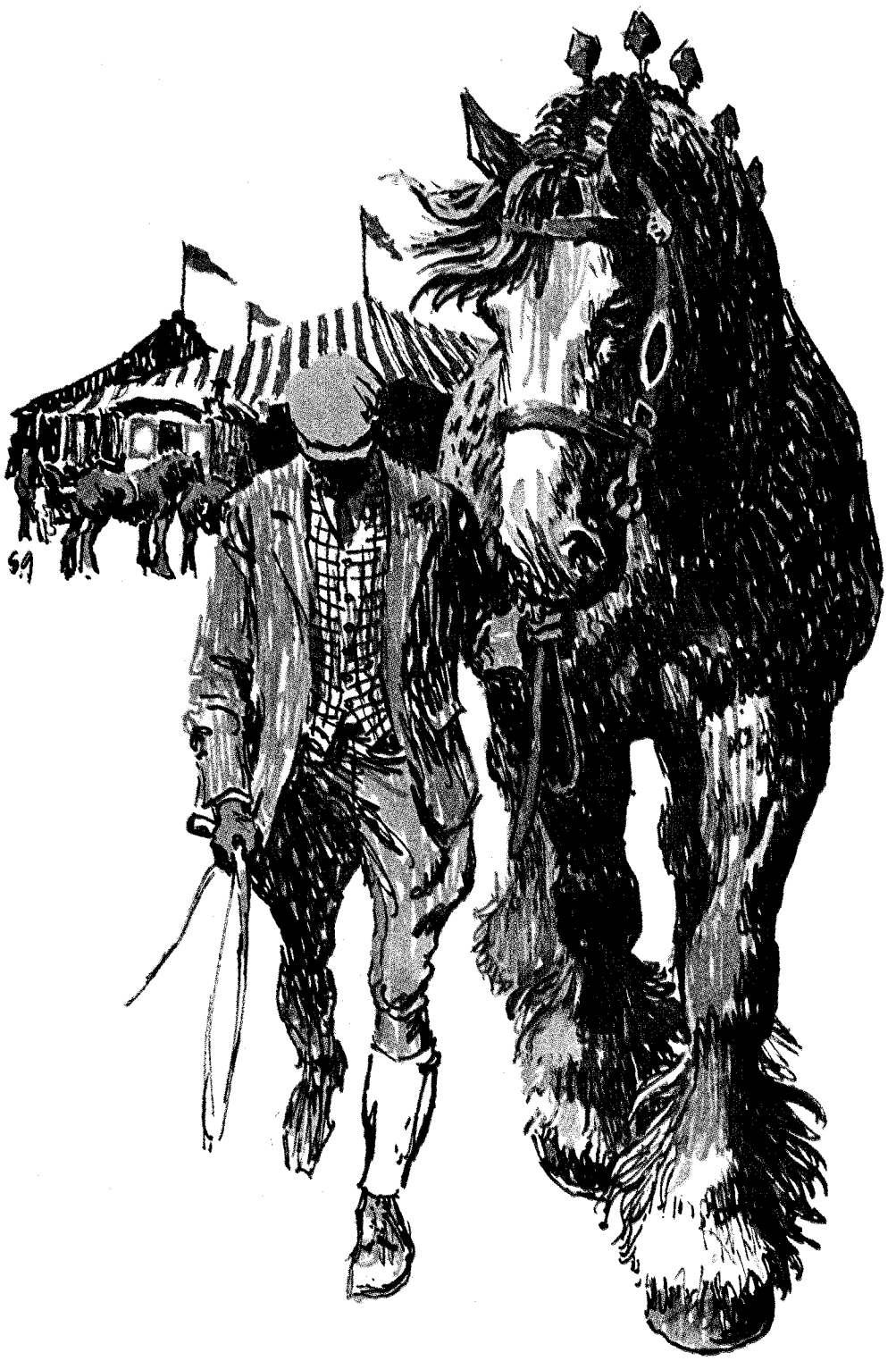

Sadly Josh began to walk the disqualified Shire off the field.

tail thumping a welcome, waited impatier
for a word from the little man as he pass
Ned had a way all his own with animals—
most one himself, the village reckoned, wit
beast's quick instincts, and a fellow feel
for every creature that walked or swam or fl

"Talking about Josh's Shires," Jo Neec
said, making room on the settle.

"Best Shires in the country," Ned s
"Saw the Sable and the Ebony as I ca
along. Lying under the trees. Josh's cats w
sitting on them. Proper sheepish, those t
great horses looked."

"Where is Josh?" Ted Wellans asked.

"Brooding," Ned Foley answered, a sn
frown adding more lines to his seamed fa
"One obsession after another. Drives his w
Peg, mad. Josh is a man that waits for l
luck. 'Seen a magpie today. One for sorrc
he says."

Mrs. Jones, a woman who had no time
superstition, gathered up the empty mu
"Who hasn't seen a magpie? Nobody shc
them any more, and they're breeding
around the place. All of us'd be undergrou
of despair if we believed all that old rubbis

There was little more talk. The Colc
drained his mug, nodded a brief good nig
and walked into the cool evening air. A t
rain pattered on the leaves. His thoug
were active, and he strode fast. His retrie
was close at heel.

The Shires *must* stay in Bruton. How,
Colonel did not know. He knew only t
Josh Johnson must go on breeding the gi
horses, showing them, traveling with
champions from place to place, so that a
dition should not die.

There were things that could be done,
the Colonel was the man to do them. He cc
write to the Shire Horse Society, to his frie
in London, to a man he knew in the Sta
and another in Australia. He liked fight
and this was a fight to keep something wo
while, to keep a wonderful animal from
coming extinct, to keep alive a part of histc

The Colonel's step quickened to ma
time. Behind him came the ghosts of a mil
horses: horses of plow and farm and hayc
wagon horses and dray horses; gallant ho
dragging gun carriages over field and furr
over plains, up hills and into valleys, v
eyes and brave heads and gallant mus
pulling, pulling. Their hoofs thundered in
mind, the great horses of England, the Pi
of the Shires, from Sussex to Suffolk and N
folk to Devon, giant horses on whose br
backs England had risen to glory.

As clouds thickened and rain swept c
the fells, blotting out Hortonmere, the C
nel paused to look down on Josh's farm
below him. The Shires of England—so
now left, so few men who wished to br
them, rear them, feed them; so few men
Josh, who cared nothing for luxury or mor
but cared passionately for their horses.

In the next few minutes, the Colon
plans were made. They were excellent pl
well laid, the result of careful thought.
would not have believed that his sch

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ould go astray, ruined at the outset by, of all reatures, a wandering badger that set up ıouse on Josh's land and caused more trouble n the village than anyone would have cred-ted. It was as well that the Colonel did not :now that long before that summer was over he Shires seemed fated to disaster.

Tedder's Leigh, Josh's farm, lay to the west of Bruton-under-the-Water. It was good land, hough not so rich as Ted Wellans'. There vere wide acres where the mares could foal ınd roam in peace, and where, out of sight of hem, the stallions could browse in the but-ercup-studded meadows. Sometimes, when he moon was hanging low in a star-spattered nidnight sky, their heavy hoofs could be ıeard for miles as they cantered, moonstruck, hudding over the grass.

The Bruton Jet had been entered for the Cantchester Show. Fed like a king, his diet oosted with cod-liver oil to make his coat hine, his eyes bright, he held his head high ınd his shoulders proud.

Only that day Josh had stroked the broad ›row, pushing aside the fringed hair that fell ›ver wise, brown eyes, and shown off his ›eauty to Rob Hinney, the cowman from Vellans'.

"Look at him! Four years old. Eighteen ıands. A perfect stallion. Best I've bred. It's ı the bag."

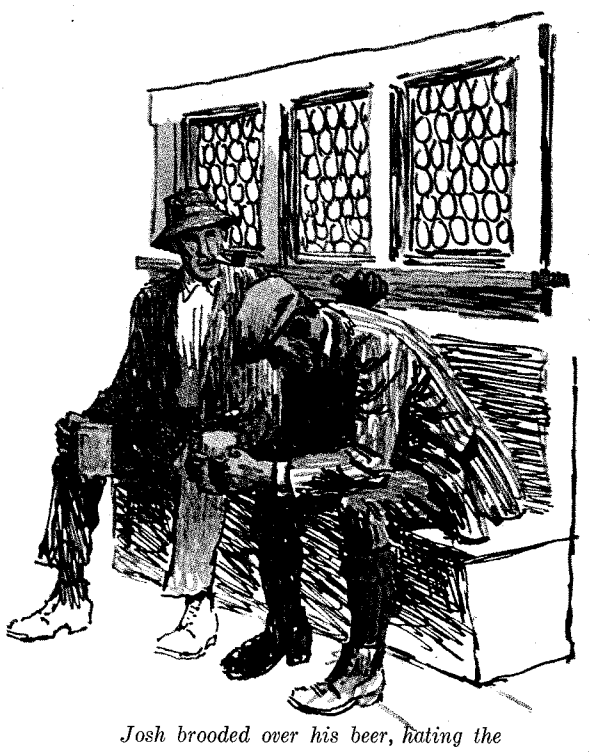
He was jubilant, anxious that everyone hould admire the way the Jet stood, the ıovement of his legs, the sweep of head and ıack, and the silk of mane and tail. Peg John-on, had she heard her man, would have told ·im to hold his tongue. It never did to count he apples till the blossoms were set.

That night Josh gave a rare treat of sugar o the stallions when he checked the fastening n the five-barred gate. He watched the stal-ons for a moment as they shifted slowly, ark shadows under the shady oak. The night ras noisy with their breathing. Tomorrow he Bruton Jet would go to Cantchester. All lans were made. The wagon was booked. ares and entry fees were paid. A win at antchester would give him confidence for he all-important Royal.

Whenever he won, it was repayment for ears of breeding, of choosing mare and stal-on, of picking the foal, of feeding him, gen-ling him, training him. Repayment for long ours spent the night before the show, watch-ıg over his entry, grooming him, braiding ıane and tail with shining ribbons until he ras fit to walk before the Queen, who might erself be there.

Later that night, remembering other shows, nd the roar from the throats of the by-tanders as the winners were announced, osh smiled into the shadows of the moonlit oom, lying sleepless with anticipation, his ·ife, Peg, breathing heavily beside him.

It was quiet in the meadow, dreamy with arkness. A tiny wind riffled the grass. The ruton Jet moved majestically into the moon-ght, head bent to crop the grass, his shining



Josh brooded over his beer, hating the badger for the bad luck that plagued him.

bulk black against the brilliant gleam. He was uneasy, but he could not find a cause.

Old Brock, the badger, was restless. Wandering underground, he was exploring the earth. He was hungry, but he would not find food underground. He ambled on, a broad-hipped little bear, striped head turning, when there was room, from side to side, until at last he pushed his nose into clear air, sniffed dew-wet grass, crushed thyme, and bruised clover, and the sudden, overpowering, alarming horse scent. He backed swiftly, shoulders filling the tunnel opening.

The Bruton Jet was close by, unstartled. The wind that smoothed his coat did not reveal the smell of badger.

The badger was not the only hunter prowling that night. Although he retreated and lurked at a safe distance from the tunnel, another animal caught his scent and came running, anxious to still his own hunger.

Brock heard the dogs and felt the boots shake the ground. The men were hunting him.

Ruff was a collie, black and white, with a torn ear, a matted coat, and two wild eyes that showed only fear. He had been born in a remote hut on the hills, brought up with kick, cuff, and shouted swearwords, until one day, after a savage beating, he left his home and began to forage for himself on the moors.

The strange badger scent might mean a good meal. He paused in the moonlight, looking down the hill. He wanted to make sure that the place was free from man. He eased a sore shoulder. A shepherd had seen him chasing the lambs and aimed carelessly. Ruff was not badly injured, but the wound was painful; he was slightly lame, and he was near to becoming a sheep-killer.

The badger smell was new to him. It excited him, and he crept forward, legs bent, body close to the ground. Ruff skirted the Bruton Jet, having no fear of horses. He knew the wild ponies, out on the moors. The Jet caught the dog scent and huffed noisily.

The collie was wild with youth and hunger and plain mischief. He ran, barking, at the big hind hoofs, taking care that the horse did not turn fast enough to sight him. He yapped, and the Jet tried to trample the dog. The collie jumped forward, sighting on the soft feathering above the hind hoof, and bit.

He bit through skin and muscle, through nerve and sinew. The stallion pawed the air, rearing in pain. He screamed, a terrifying sound, as he tried to kill the devil that had attacked him. He could not see his assailant or understand the pain in his leg. His backward kick caught the collie on his sore shoulder, and the dog fled, whimpering, speeding to safety high on the moors.

Josh heard the noise and came running, coat and trousers dragged on hastily over pajamas. His red hair and beard were tangled. The plunging stallion towered above him, and he knew better than to approach. He leaned on the gate, talking softly, until his voice reminded the Shire that men brought comfort. The Jet limped, bleeding and trembling, toward his master.

Josh led him to the stable, lit the lamp, and whistled in dismay when he saw the damage that savage teeth had made. He left the horse and went to the telephone, and Dai Evans, the veterinarian, promised to come at once. Josh cursed his own bragging tongue, for the Bruton Jet would not now be able to enter for either Cantchester or the Royal, and might never be fit again.

The vet bent over the hoof, gripping the Shire's leg between his knees in blacksmith fashion. "No show for him. Lucky if he walks foursquare again."

Gentle hands bathed the cut, filled the syringe with penicillin. A few pats, and the needle went home, the top pushed in hastily as the Jet plunged in fear.

"He's fierce," Dai said. "Not like the Bruton Cloud. Do anything you like with *him*."

"The Jet's the better horse," Josh answered. He tugged angrily at his beard. "What bit him?" he asked. (*continued on page 50*)

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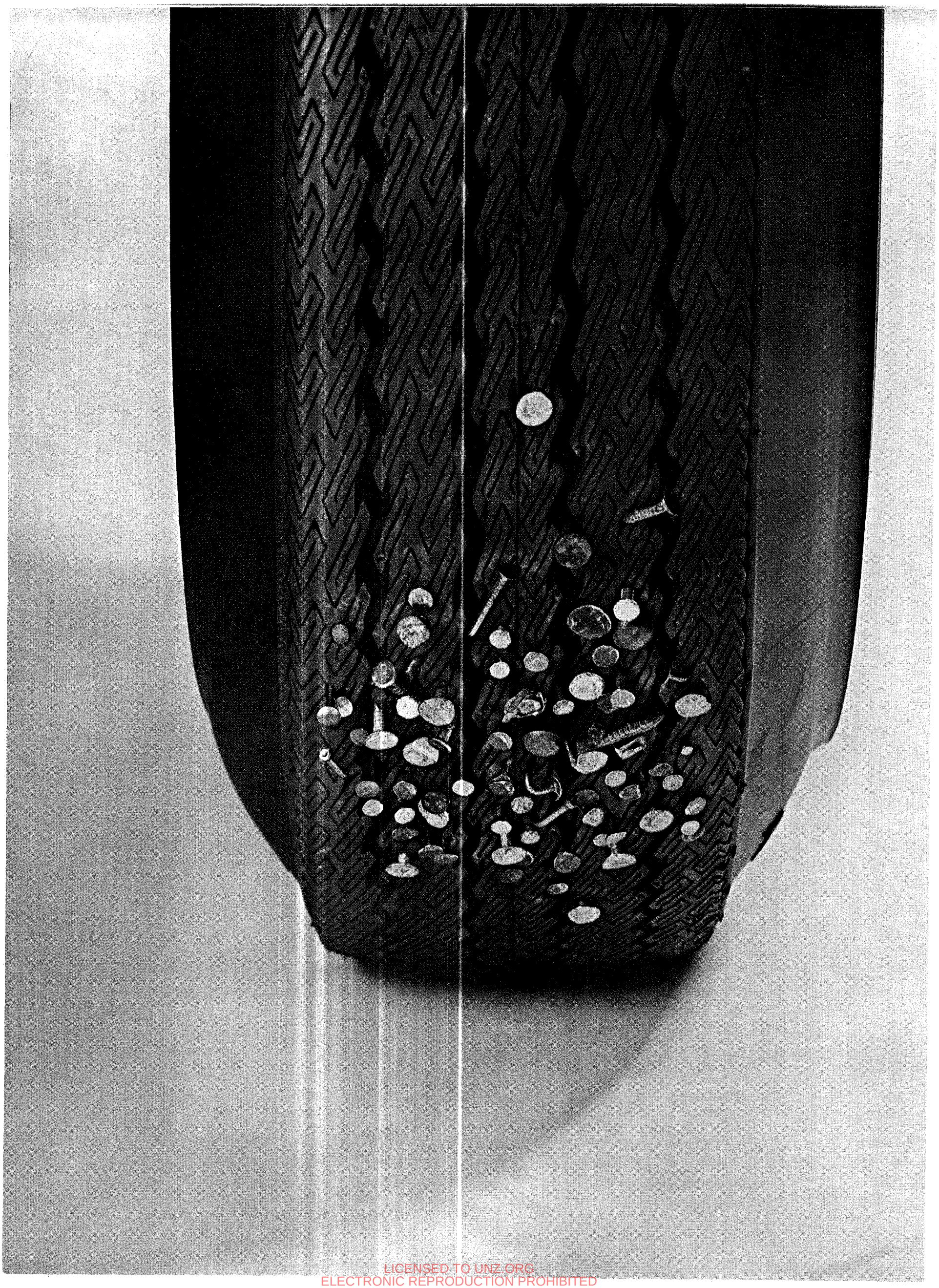

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Sears figures that if you lay out $48 for a tire that won't go flat every time you get a nail in it, you deserve a tire that won't go flat with a lot of nails in it.

Sears has a new self-sealing tire. It's called the Silent Guard Sealant.

You could drive it with a dozen nails in it.

You could drive it with a hundred nails in it.

It's guaranteed to wear for 40 months. In writing.

We're putting the guarantee right here in the ad. It makes pretty good reading. You'll note there are no wherefores; no ifs, ands or buts.

Oh, there is one if. But we think you'll like it.

If the Silent Guard fails during the first 20 months, we'll give you a new tire free. If it picks up a nail—or a dozen nails—we'll fix it free.

No maybes.

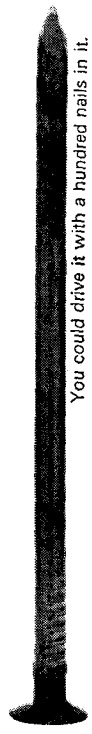
And as they say in the ads, nobody else can make that statement.

This is quite a tire.

Maybe if the other tire people had a self-sealing tire like this, they'd have a guarantee like ours.

The Allstate Silent Guard is as close to being completely trouble-free as any self-sealing tire ever made.

A special patented sealant does the job. This advanced sealant is layered inside the tire.



Patented new Sealant

It'll cling to just about any nail that can get in.

And it keeps the air from getting out.

The Silent Guard is priced from $42.04 to $51.38. Depending on your tire size. Including Federal Excise Tax. That's the advertised price—and that's the selling price. You never have to haggle at Sears.

You can find self-sealing tires listed at $90 and more. But you can't buy a better, safer self-sealing tire anywhere, for any price.

It's 28 per cent heavier than the average of new car tires.

Its tread is 15 per cent deeper and 14 per cent wider.

It's got 44 per cent more carcass strength.

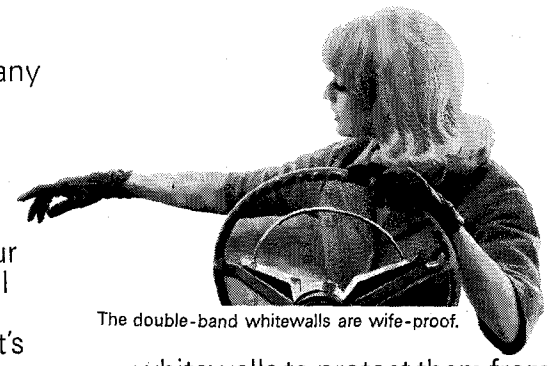
And because of its advanced design, tests proved the Silent Guard gives you better traction, better wear, better high-speed performance than most other sealant tires.

That's a lot of better.

The Silent Guard is a good-looking job, too. It's got the new low profile. And new narrow whitewalls. Double-band whitewalls.

Wife-Proof whitewalls

And the whitewalls are wife-proof. There's a new scuffing bar above and below the whitewalls to protect them from being attacked by curbings.

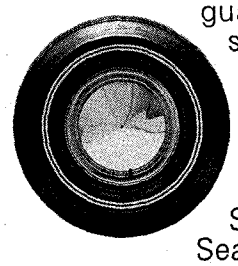

The double-band whitewalls are wife-proof.

You know that annoying squealing noise that most tires make on turns?

Well, the Allstate Silent Guard has a patented squelcher to stifle the squeal.

And it's got a patented safety shoulder for added protection.

Beginning to get the idea? Sears isn't going to put its guarantee on just any self-sealing tire.



In fact, this is the only self-sealing tire in the world that Sears will guarantee.

Because when Sears guarantees, Sears guarantees.

Guaranteed by Sears

We don't want to sell you a lot of ifs, ands or buts.

We want to sell you a tire that will get you home safely.

We honestly think it's the finest, safest self-sealing tire your wheel can go around with.

And it's guaranteed by Sears. Sears, Roebuck and Co.

Get four. There's safety in numbers.

Tread Life Guarantee

Guaranteed Against: All failures of the tire resulting from normal road hazards or defects in material or workmanship.

For How Long: For the life of the original tread.

What Sears Will Do: Repair nail punctures at no charge. In the case of failures, in exchange for the tire: Replace it at no charge, if failure occurs during first 20 months. If tire fails after this period, it will be replaced, charging only the proportion of current regular selling price plus Federal Excise Tax that represents tread used.

Tread Wear-Out Guarantee

Guaranteed Against: Tread wear out.

For How Long: 40 months.

What Sears Will Do: In exchange for the tire replace it, charging current regular selling price plus Federal Excise Tax less a set percentage allowance.

You get more tire at Sears.

Sears

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Dai was packing his bag, his hands slow. "Big teeth. Bigger than a dog, I reckon. Could be a dog. Doubt it, though."

Dai yawned, climbed into his car, clumsy with tiredness, crashed the gears, and drove away.

Josh gentled the Shire and gave him a feed of hay to soothe his temper. Josh sighed deeply, saying good-bye to his hopes of a championship, slid hard fingers lovingly down the muscular neck, and dimmed the lamp.

The ground was cold under thin slippers. The three Shires left in the field were dark bulks beneath the tree.

None of them ready yet for the Royal. He looked them over, trying to distinguish color in the blackness. Bruton Ebony. Bruton Sable, visible because moonlight brightened his three white socks. And Bruton Cloud. All young. Perhaps . . . Next year . . .

Old Brock, the badger, was still hungry. His striped face was sharp against dark earth. The horses scented him and moved away. Josh watched him run, weasel-swift yet clumsy, downwind. "So that's the feller," Josh said to the darkness. "Be after my chickens next."

In the morning Josh cleaned his gun, wondering if his horse would ever win another show, or would, if the Fates were cruel, need to be shot to end his pain. He looked toward the heaped earth of the badger hole and vowed vengeance.

In years to come, Peg Johnson often wondered about the luck that seemed to dog the Shires. If the badger had not come to live on their land, few of the events that marred that summer would have happened. It was hard to realize that a wandering badger, a killer dog, and a stray fox could all play their part in the village happenings, and yet they did, making sane men act like fools, and fools behave like lunatics. It was a strange world.

Next evening the badger avoided the stallions' field. He limped, doglike, on three good legs, holding his injured paw high, nursing it carefully. It had been cut, almost to the bone, by a shard of glass left carelessly on the moors. It was healing cleanly, but the sinew had shortened. Old Brock would always be lame.

He was hungry. Pushing himself awkwardly, he crossed long shadows of close-growing trees, listening carefully for the sound of man or dog, his nose ever ready to warn him of danger. He knew where he was going: the enticing furrows of Wellans' field that held young turnips. He had sampled them, long ago, in his cub days, and the memory was still sharp.

The earth broke easily, so that he needed only one paw to dig out the turnips. He ate noisily, breaking leaf and stem of the plants, as he trod carelessly along the furrows. He left havoc behind.

That night, in the Swan, Ted Wellans complained bitterly about the damage wreaked in his turnip field and sympathized vigorously when Josh told of his own disappointment. Ned Foley listened, frowning. Ned, like the owl and the badger, loved to be about on a moony night. He knew more about beasts than most men do about their wives, and it annoyed him to hear tales of wrongdoing that were, he was sure, untrue. Old Brock did harm to no man or beast. Ned glanced sideways at old Jasper Ayepenny.

Jasper was growing older and crankier with the years. Yet his five cows and his hens were as well cared for as ever, though the ground on which they lived offered them little to thrive on. Jasper's gnarled hands and face showed the scars of a lifelong battle with a harsh environment. His gray hair was still thick and thatched above a beaky nose. His eyes were desolate. He patted his dog and brooded into his beer mug, only half listening.

The new schoolmaster, Mick Stacy, drinking a shandygaff beside the fire, spoke up suddenly, and the men stared. "A badger wouldn't bite a horse," he declared. The schoolmaster was a puckish-looking young man with blond hair and wise eyes. He'd had a rough childhood. It had not made him rough but had, instead, given him a vast sympathy for the underprivileged.

Josh drained his mug. He was in a wicked temper and ready to fight anyone who provoked him. Today he should have been at Cantchester. Tonight another man would be working on another Shire, a Shire that would win the trophy that should have been his. "So you know all about badgers," he said.

Mrs. Jones, drinking a cup of tea, intervened hastily. "What's done's done, and it's no use fretting."

"And a badger did it," Josh said. He glared at the schoolmaster. "Town bred, ain't yer, mister?"

It was an insult, and meant as such, and the schoolmaster, who had been in the village for only three weeks, flushed and swallowed awkwardly.

Ned Foley, more famed for his poaching than his work, felt sorry for the schoolmaster. Proper fish-out-of-water, and daft to send a man like him to a place like Bruton, Ned thought. "Don't sound like a badger."

"Saw the brute myself," Josh said. He slammed his mug down on the table. "Same again."

Mrs. Jones picked it up. "Enough's enough, Josh Johnson," she said, tempted to tell him acidly to mind his manners. Instead, she smiled to soften the blow. "No more from me tonight, or I'll have Peg on my tail in the morning."

"I'll get that badger," Josh said, "if it's the last thing I do. Take the dogs and hunt it down."

He brooded over the fate of the Bruton Jet. The schoolmaster finished his drink and left, saying nothing.

The Huntsman, his creased brown face craggy, his eyes kindly and concerned, had been sitting quietly in the corner. No one remembered his real name. He was the Huntsman, the man everyone counted on to take charge of the Horton Hunt, not an affair of mounted men and brilliant color but a hunt on foot, with men in work gaberdines running their own hounds and betting on them.

The Huntsman tapped Jasper on the knee, wondering if the old man's wits were leaving him. He had been strangely silent for the last week. "Jasper, what ails you?"

Jasper stood up, huddling himself into his coat. He flicked a finger, and his gleaming red setter, Nell, stood beside him, her head held proudly.

"I'll not be bothering you much longer," the old man said with forlorn dignity.

Ted Wellans said, "You'll live to a hundred yet. You're not ill, man?"

"I'll not live to a hundred here," Jasper answered. "The folk that knows 'ave condemned my cottage. Going to pull it down. They've a place for me in the Home in the big town. Come on, Nell, lass. You'll be having a new master soon."

The door slammed behind him, and nobody dared follow.

"It's a damned shame," Ted said heatedly. "Why the devil can't they leave the cottage for a year or two? The old boy can't last much longer. They might let him die in peace."

Ned Foley stared bitterly at the fire. "He'll die soon enough in the Home. Like putting a beast in a cage, to take Jasper away from his cows and his chickens, and the fields and the folk here. Pine away and die, like a bird, with nothing to live for. Just streets and cars and the stink of a town."

"I'll be damned if they do that to him," Ted said. He slammed his beer mug down on the table. "We'll do something about it. Who's with me?"

There was a shout from the men, a rough noise of assent and approval.

Meanwhile, Jasper walked slowly up the hill, desolation in his heart. He stood at his gate, watching the cows shelter under the old tree, listening to the sounds from the brook that ran behind his garden. Everything had meaning tonight: the awkward way in which his key fitted into the resisting lock, the swing of the door, the feel of the rug beneath his feet, the familiarity of his wicker chair, the noise Nell made as she drank from the bowl beneath the cracked stone sink, and the purr from his cat, Stalker, stretched out on the mat.

It was a long time before Jasper found the will to go to sleep that night. Every sound was dear to him. Every hoot and whisper, every call from fox and badger, spoke of finality. He would not hear them in the town. He would hear only the sounds of cars and buses, of speeding trains, of busy people who did not care whether foxes ran in the woods, or badgers roamed free, or an old man died of slow starvation, his soul deprived of everything that made life good.

The next afternoon's sky was midnight dark, massed thunderheads black above the fields. Lightning cut the world in two, flashing across the hills to flame and explode in an oak that split, one side falling to the sodden earth with a sullen crash.

In the farther field the Bruton Jet, always nervous, was now maddened by terror. As the tree fell, he shouldered through the hedge, unaware of tearing, spiny brambles or the strand of wire that caught his hoof, opening the half-healed bite. He yickered, bedeviled by the thunder that pealed overhead.

Josh, finishing a hasty meal after a morning spent trying to bring in the hay before the weather broke, swore and ran from the table. Hoofs pounded on the cobbles, and the Jet whinnied in shrill fear.

Josh opened the stable door, and the horse turned into the sheltered, familiar box as the sky flamed again. The Jet stood, tail to the door, trembling, afraid of the din and glare.

Outside, in the distant field, the three other stallions came at the sound of their master's voice, glad of human companionship. They shouldered one another amiably, each anxious to be first to feel the reassuring hand that stroked and patted, bringing comfort.

Later, Josh walked over to the hayfield and looked at the soaked bales scattered over the stubble. It had been a good crop, and now fully half would rot. He turned, seeing a dog streak from the hedge and make for the hill. It was not one of his, and he ignored it.

Ruff had known snow and ice, the bitter discomfort of frost under his pads, the terror of gales, and the searching misery of rain that soaked him to the skin. But he had never seen lightning or heard thunder, and a faint hope of succor sent him to the farm, near to men, for shelter.

When he heard the Jet squeal he crept between two bales that leaned against each other. Here he crouched until Josh came to look at the havoc caused by the storm. His courage failed, and he slipped toward the hedge, body low, hoping to remain unseen, afraid that the man might have a gun, like the shepherd who had injured him.

Later, when the rain had eased to a thin drizzle, he came out of his retreat. The dog watched a group of rabbits browsing on thin grass. They were wary, ears pricked, listening. At once a hind foot thumped. The rabbits scattered, bounding to safety in burrows that led far underground, too narrow for the hunter.

Balked of his supper, Ruff began to range the hill, hunger snarling in his belly. His path led across a field where a new lamb dropped, very late and unexpected, and the ewe bleated suddenly with the pain of birth. The scent of blood was on the air. The lamb was staggering to its feet when the dog rushed in, jumping for the softness of throat beneath the chin. The cruel teeth bit deep, and the lamb died. Ruff dragged its body to the ditch and fed well.

When he was done he left the carcass and found a cave on the hill, where he lay and slept, warm and dry and comfortable, and twitched in his dreams.

Josh, walking through the sheep field looking for one of his own dogs missing since the storm, found the lamb and went to look for Nick Beston, its owner.

Nick was a small man, his face wrinkled with unending worries, mostly about things that rarely happened. He swore vigorously.

Josh said, "Reckon it's the badger," his mind on his own misfortune.

"Dunno as badgers kill lambs," Nick said doubtfully.

"Badger bit my Jet," Josh answered.

Nick went to the ewe. "We'll set the dogs on it."

Nobody saw or heard the stranger running down the wind from Coniston way. He had been hunted five times the year before and had gone to earth high on the fells beyond Hortonmere. Cunning as age and nature could make him, he fed well until he was caught by a trap. Frantic with pain and terror, he chewed off his paw and fled on three legs to hole up and heal himself.

The fox was surly with hunger. Passing close to the tattered wire surrounding Pete Tanner's fowl run, he caught the wickedly delighting chicken smell. He soon found a way in, and a moment later one of the hens was dead in front of him, her head bitten off. He spent the rest of the night in the fowl run,

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The taste of a Lucky—You've never had it so mild.

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and when he was too full to eat any more, he took his kills and buried each one, doglike, in the soft earth of a potato field.

Old Brock, following the track past the farm an hour after the killer had gone, caught the smell of fresh-killed chicken and dug up one of the still-warm carcasses, and fed royally.

In the morning, Tanner, finding badger tracks and dead hens, drew his own conclusions. Tanner was a small man, a man embittered by life and by the troubles that plagued him, never realizing that his ills were due to his own incompetence and not to the malign Fate that, he swore, hounded him.

That evening, in the Swan, the beer talking loudly inside him, he made plans for a badger dig the next evening.

The Huntsman said, "Sounds more like fox than badger."

"Saw the tracks," Tanner said. "Trying to tell me I don't know fox from badger?" He scratched his ear, and Rob Hinney, the cowman at Wellans', caught his glance across the table.

Rob, a man who did two days' work every day of his life, never grudging the effort, thought Tanner a brooding, surly fool who expected his animals to live on water and thrive on air.

The schoolmaster had graduated from shandygaff to beer and was prepared to assert himself. He preached truth to his pupils, and practiced as he preached. "Foxes go on killing sprees and bite off their victims' heads."

Tanner said with supreme contempt, "I know what I saw, don't I? Trying to call me a liar?"

The Huntsman stood up wearily. "Nobody's calling you a liar," he said. He was feeling his age, he was worried about Jasper Ayepenny, who had not come down to join them this evening, and he had had bad news himself only that morning.

He nodded good night and went off into the evening cool; Ranger, his hound, followed at heel. The Huntsman's thoughts were uneasy company. Mouth set, he eased his mind with walking, until he reached the high tops and saw his own private enemy. It came toward him, slashing through red earth and brown, surging through rock, striking knifelike across field and road. It was angled directly at his cottage. The new motorway.

He stared down, hating it, hating the drills and the explosives, the cranes and the bulldozers, the paraphernalia of progress. In the name of progress they cut down trees that sheltered finch and hawk and owl, squirrel families, and skittering bats. In the name of progress the motorcars sped on their way, leaving behind them the crushed bodies of rabbit and badger, of mouse and hedgehog, of hare and squirrel.

In the name of progress the cottage in which he had been born, and in which he had hoped to die, would be smashed, stone by stone, until nothing was left but a memory. The road would sweep through the quiet village street, bringing the town in its wake.

The Huntsman gazed inward, his mind far away, recalling the days long ago. He had been a real Huntsman then, had had his own pack to train and breed, picking the best hounds for scent and song and speed and sense. Now he contented himself with training the villagers' hounds—the younger ones, which at this time of year, lacking drill, formed a raggle-taggle. He turned and plodded downhill.

Downhill, crossing the shallow water that bubbled from a rocky spring, the Huntsman noticed the newly enlarged earth made by the midnight visitor to Tanner's farm, and mentally marked it for next season's Hunt, before he realized, with sudden sickness, that he would no longer guide the pack.

The Jet, his injury part-healed, had been returned to run with his half brothers, but he stood alone, tossing his head impatiently. The Jet was irritable with heat, edgy because one of the dogs was lying in the shadow under the hedge, and because he was goaded by flies. A horsefly landed and stung him on the neck, just as Bruton Sable, grazing peacefully, drew level with him. The Jet reared and lashed out blindly with a heavy forehoof, catching the Sable on the withers. Before a man could twitch an eyebrow, the two stallions were fighting mad, wicked hoofs striking out, mouths wide to bite.

Josh, busy in the milking parlor, heard them and yelled to Peg to take his place. He ran at speed, anxious to prevent his champions from harming each other. The Huntsman, knowing that one man alone would do no good, hurried down the path, his feet sliding on bare rock.

The field was noisy with hate. The Jet whinnied, high and furious, and Josh grabbed the mane and tugged, trying to pull him off the Sable. The maddened Sable kicked and squealed, and the Huntsman took the Sable's mane and tugged in his turn.

The teeth let go, and the Sable, irritated by the hot blood that poured down his neck, danced heavily backward and out of reach.

The thwarted Jet squealed, reared, and plunged. Raging, he buried his teeth in Josh's forearm, which was raised to catch him. The Shire bit to the bone just as the Huntsman closed the yard gate, leaving the Sable standing, head hanging, out of harm's way.

White with pain, Josh yelled, and the Huntsman hurried back, grabbed at a bramble stick projecting from the ditch, and brought it down on the Jet's neck, forcing him to turn. The Jet was beyond control, his eyes rolling, whites showing, his ears flattened, his mouth open and vicious. The cut of the thorny stick halted him, but not for long. Josh and the Huntsman moved fast, out of his way, over the wall, as heavy hoofs pounded toward them.

"He's out of his mind. He'll have to be shot," Josh said, nursing an arm that dripped blood. He was grim-faced, teeth set with pain. "Can you do the job?"

The Huntsman nodded. "I'll fetch Ted Wellans' rifle," he said heavily.

Peg, looking out of the milking parlor, gave a small scream and came running. "Damn fool way to stop two stallions fighting," she said, furious, as she examined the wound.

When she had bathed and bound the arm, Peg pushed her man into their battered old Land-Rover and drove to the district hospital, where they kept Josh for the night, adding injections to his soreness.

The Jet had exhausted himself and was feeding quietly in the dusk when the Huntsman returned with the rifle. There was no pleasure in the task, and less in calling Alf Miller, the knacker, to bargain for and remove the carcass, but he killed the horse cleanly and waited for Peg's return. They waited in silence until the knacker, philosophic, came into the yard to remove the body. It was late in the night, but he came as a favor to Josh and Peg.

Josh came home from the hospital with a sore arm, a sore heart, and a sore head. The Jet had been his pride, a certain winner, a future unbeaten champion at all the shows. But worst of all, the Jet had been too young to sire a foal, for Josh would put no mare to the stallions until the stallions were four years old.

If only—the words tortured him—if only one mare were in foal to the Jet. All that splendor wasted.

"Better so," Peg said, knowing his torment. "We've never had one so vicious. His foals might have been as wicked."

Josh found the Jet's pedigree and checked back to the stallion's father, back to his grandfather, and what he saw there sent him to the telephone.

"Aye," said the Colonel, who knew the history of every Shire in the area. "That was the Killer. Killed two grooms and crippled his owner before they shot him. He was a great horse, but he was a devil. Just as well your beast never sired a foal. There's bad blood in that line straight down from Black Satan—and he fitted his name. Any of the others from the same breeding?"

"Not one," Josh said. Maybe good came out of evil, after all. Nonetheless, he was going to get the badger that had started all the trouble.

That night the men congregated in Josh's farmyard, their faces tight with excitement. Jo Needler had brought a terrier with him, a rough-haired darting creature that watched with bright eyes as the men busied themselves at the entrance to the badger's burrow.

"Is he down there?" asked Ted Wellans, looking at the tunnel that angled sharply into the ground.

"Heard him snorting down in the dark," Josh answered. He had been watching from dusk onward, anxious that the badger should not escape.

"Be better to gas him. Surer like," Bill Thatcher said. He was known to go in for illegal trapping and snaring, unlike Ned Foley, who was never unnecessarily cruel in his poaching and prided himself always on a clean kill.

Josh said, "You'll not use gas on my land." He hated gas. Never knew what leakage there might be from the ground. "We'll use the dogs."

Old Brock lay listening to the turmoil above him. Heavy boots thudded, shaking the ground. At the first bark of a dog the badger sat erect, head cocked in the darkness. He knew what was afoot. A few minutes later he was heading into the tunnel system, looking for an exit as far away from the men as possible. Long before the first terrier entered the burrow, Brock was digging through fallen earth to an exit no one had seen, far up the hill. He paused, listening, then eased himself through, and the soft soil fell in behind him.

Brock came out of the tunnel twist that led to the entrance. He paused for several seconds before emerging, and Ned Foley, lying up on the hill above him, grinned as he heard the old badger stop and grunt and scratch busily before plodding along his own trail, out of sight. Below, torches flashed, spades thudded into the ground, a dog barked. Ned hugged himself with glee.

Josh, coming home late, had a wildness in him that would not allow him to seek his bed. He looked in at the stallions, each quiet in his stall.

There was plenty to think about: the unpaid bills, and Peg nagging; the dead Shire, on which his hopes had been pinned; the announcement at the Swan that evening of a show at Horton, where beasts could be entered to win prizes, and a sheepdog trial would be held, and Peg could go in for the cake competition and the flower show.

There was talk of making it an annual event—the Colonel's idea. There wasn't much around here to interest the local farm folk, not without going a long way.

Josh faced the big thought in his head. There was to be an auction at a farm near Coniston. Old Pete Burrows had died, and all his stock was going under the hammer; house and furniture and equipment too, but it was the stock that interested Josh.

He could see the list now: Shire mare, Burrows' Sensation, in foal to Horton Steadfast King. And Steadfast King was by one of his own Shires, by Bruton Majestic himself, Supreme Champion at all the shows ten years ago. Josh could bring back the blood of a supreme winner in the foal of Burrows' Sensation.

If he had the money! It was no use going to the bank. They would not extend him credit. He couldn't even hope to bid.

In the morning he fed the Shires and took the two mares, Silver and Pearl, out to the paddock. A new mare would be a problem. She'd have to be alone at first. Silver and Pearl might not take to her. And he didn't want her chivied, not when she was in foal.

His thoughts fought like tomcats, and he went in to breakfast with a king-size temper and headache that near blinded him. Peg set her mouth. Today there would be fireworks, nonstop. She was relieved when Josh slammed the door.

Once in his Land-Rover out on the main road, Josh drove at a steady forty all the way to Pete Burrows' farm. In the cobbled yard, temporary pens held the bewildered cattle. Ted Wellans was looking them over, his eye on three Jersey heifers.

The Shire mare was tied to the old bull ring, set deep into the farmhouse wall. She was very near foaling time, and Josh sucked in his breath and stared at her magnificent gray pigmentation, her beautiful stance, her massive legs. She turned her sad head and looked at him, and he was lost.

"Going to bid for her, then?" It was Ted Wellans, standing behind him. "She's a fine mare. The knackers are here," he added.

Josh stared at Ted. "The knackers! Would they slaughter a mare in foal?"

"Nobody wants Shires these days. Cost too much to feed, no use for work, and costs the earth to show them. Only types like yourself want them, making them a hobby." Ted saw the expression on Josh's face. "Look here! I'll stake you. We've been friends for long enough, Josh. It is the money, isn't it?"

Josh nodded.

"Sell the mare when she's had her foal. Hear there's a friend of Rob

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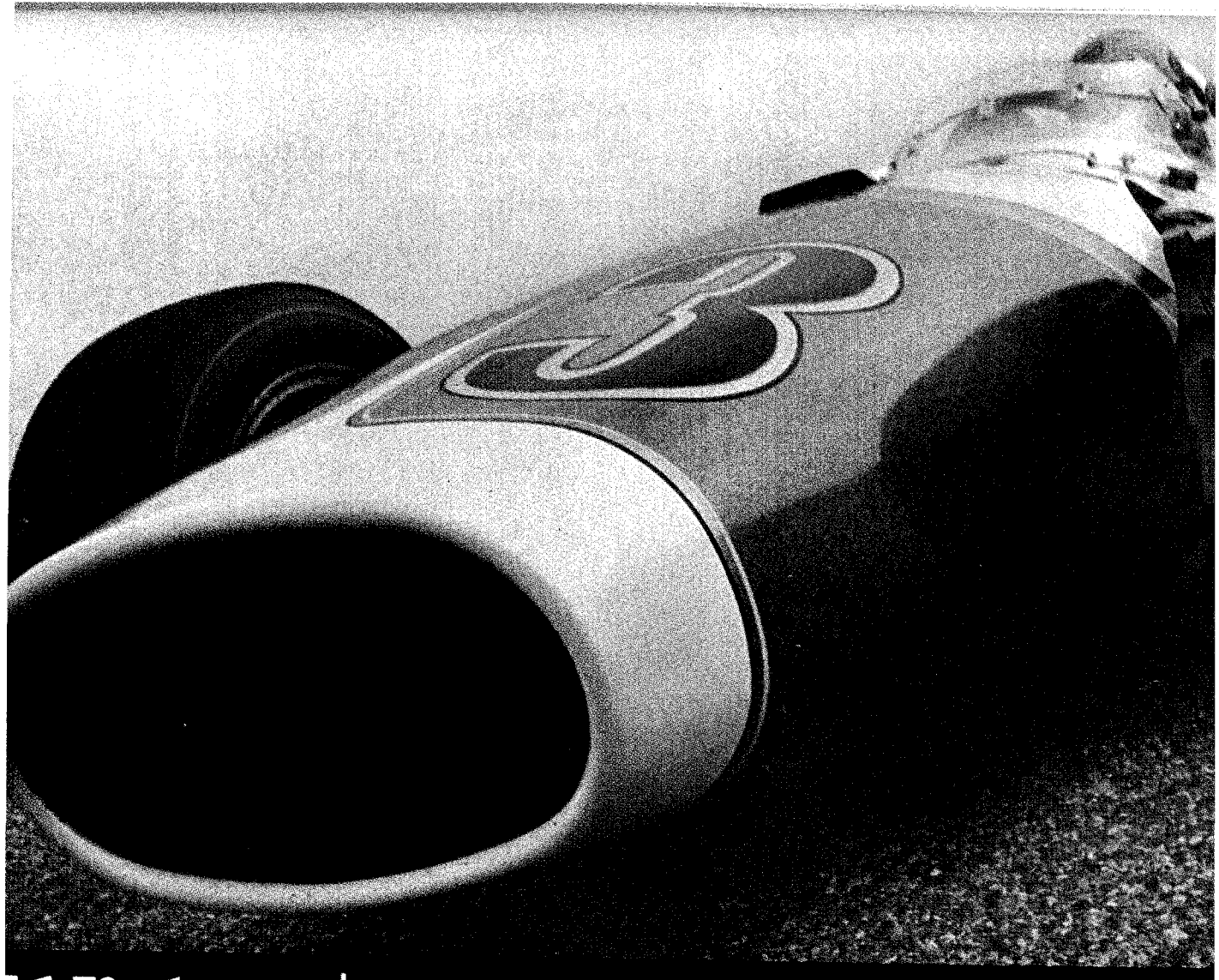

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So they got an Autolite coil. Almost a carbon copy of the one you buy. For under $10

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Hinney's American cousin, Jack, interested in Shires. Jack wrote Rob about him. Jack's friend wanted to know if there were any breeders near. He's another man who wants to keep the breed alive."

Josh said, "That mare was Supreme Champion last year. And in foal to a son of my old winner. Can't let the knackers have her."

"I'll stake you. And you can pay me a commission if you sell her well at the Beast Sale at Appledale," Ted said.

"Done."

They formalized the deal with the farmers' handshake and went down to the local pub, the Wild Oats, to have a beer and seal it properly. . . .

Later, Burrows' yard was crowded and noisy until the auctioneer, a nutcracker-jawed, brown-faced man with a fancy way about him, went to the rostrum, built from two trestles.

The bidding started slow, but livened as the better animals came into the ring. Ted got his heifers for eighty pounds apiece. Satisfied, he watched as they brought out the Shire mare.

Josh swallowed and looked ab him. The knackers were easy pick out. They were small men the most part, dressed in na suits, with bright ties. One, sta ing near him, had a thick-lip mouth that he licked and lic again, his tongue sliding out, adc like, every few minutes.

"Seventy guineas I'm bid," auctioneer called out.

"Eighty!"

"Ninety!"

Josh swallowed as the bidd went up. He heard his own voi hoarse and unrecognizab "Ninety-five." The enormity his action suddenly overcame h and his throat went dry. What earth would Peg say?

"Ninety-eight."

He clenched his fists. This wo have to be the last bid. Josh rais his hand, as if to grab the m from all comers. "One hundr and five."

The auctioneer raised his ha mer. "One hundred and five. (ing for the first time . . ."

The hammer went down a time stopped. Josh felt sick.

"Going for the second time . .

He looked at the mare. Her e met his. Faces blurred in front him.

"Gone."

The mare belonged to Josh. knew that whatever Peg mi say in the first heat of the n ment, this would be another f lorn beast to which she would g her heart.

Peg's anger died when the m came home. The poor beast's he drooped, she was miserable a bewildered, she could not und stand the journey, the strang about her, or the unfamiliar fi into which she was put. The st lions had been taken to the farth field, out of sight of the mar Josh was not risking anot fight.

Whenever Peg came into yard the mare yickered to h looking anxiously over the gate, that soon Peg was behind with the chores. She stroked the wa neck, spoke soothingly, and fered pony nuts in her open ha trying to help the newcomer set quickly. "I'll call you Polly," I decided.

Josh saw his wife and smiled himself. So Peg had come rou after all.

Peg had ideas. "Knacker's ch come for the Jet. Eighty-f pounds."

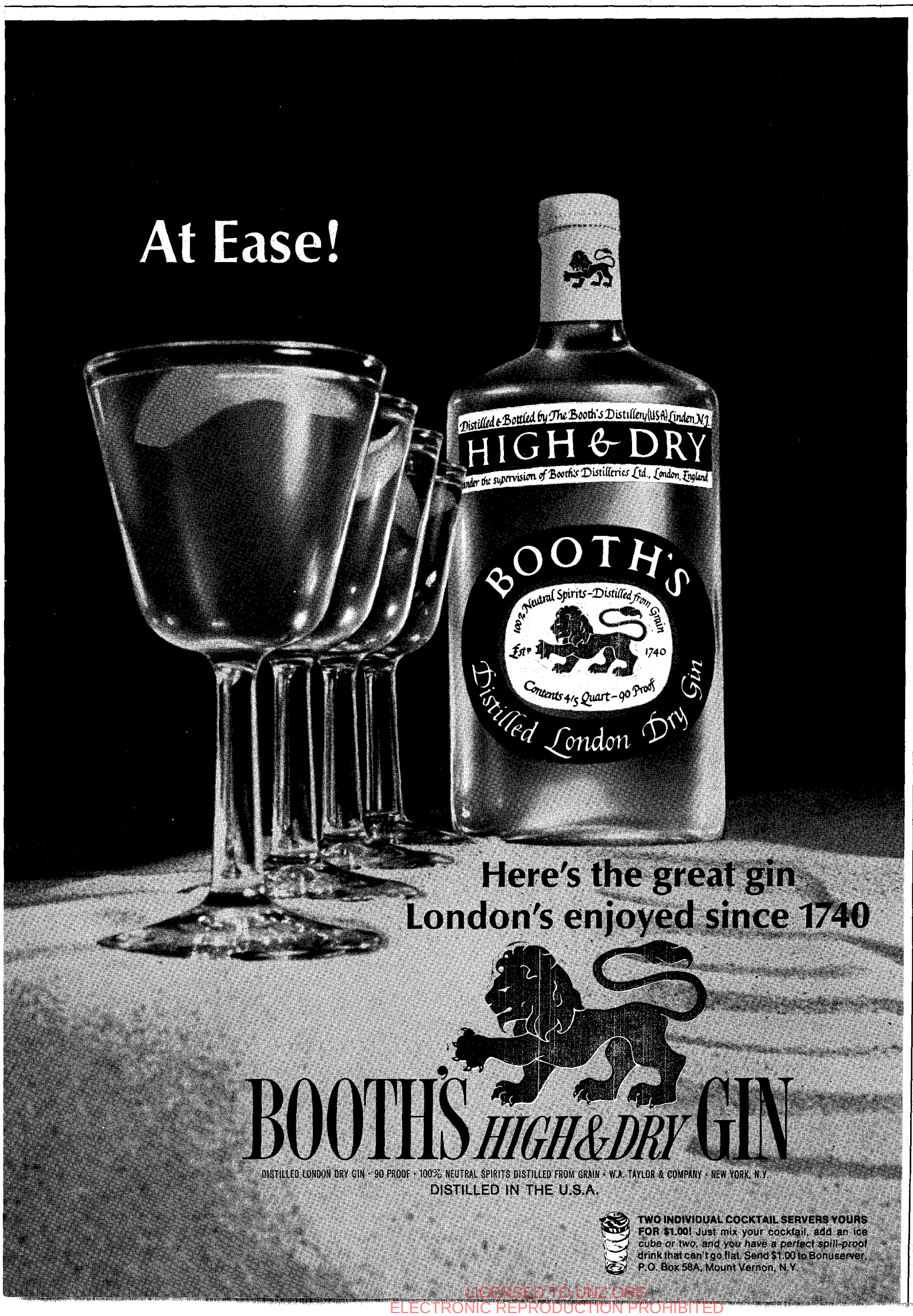
"Good. I can pay off some the feed bills." Josh considered money. Better than he'd expect but Alf Miller was always a knacker.

Peg said, "You can take check, and the chicken mon and the money I've put by fo new winter coat, and get strai over to Wellans and pay Ted that mare. We'll not be behol to anyone, least of all neighbor

"But, Peg ——"

"Get over there, right now, I'll go myself," Peg said.

Josh did as he was told. Ther be no peace till he'd done it. crashed the gears irritably, a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the old Land-Rover coughed its way out of the yard.

Peg went into the house to bake the bread. She was late, and soon it would be time for milking, which she could fit in while the dough rose. She whipped up a sponge cake, made some pastry, and put a pie in the oven too, and then walked out to look at the stallions.

When it was time for the pie to come out of the oven, and also milking time, she tramped wearily back to the farm, just as the Land-Rover shot through the yard gate and Josh stamped on the brakes.

"Done it?" Peg asked.

Josh evaded the question. "What do you think?" he said, a caustic bite behind the words. He did not tell Peg that Ted had refused the money, gambling on a bit of commission when the beast was sold. The money was in the bank and the check to Ted torn up. The knowledge that he also had banked Peg's money added an edge to the guilt that he felt in keeping the facts from her.

Josh ate his supper with his mind on the mare. "Think she might foal tonight," Josh said abruptly, after walking out to the stable for the fifth time.

"Sit down and finish your meal, man," Peg said when he stood up again. "The mare's all right. It's not her first foal."

Josh took his pipe and went into the yard without answering. He stood outside the stable, listening to the mare treading the straw. She was restless—a sure sign.

Peg clattered the dishes irritably in the sink. She could talk through the kitchen window.

"I'll have coffee here," Josh said. "Mare's coming on. I told you."

"Oh, *you!*" Peg slammed the window down, made the coffee, and took it outside. Midges were dancing in great clouds under the eaves. They never troubled Josh, but within minutes they drove her indoors again, to sit and wonder why she'd married a farmer and tied herself to a lifetime of work that went on seven days a week. She took the bread out of the oven, then went upstairs to bed.

As Josh walked into the stable the mare turned her head to look at him and then began to pull at a hay bag. He could not take his eyes off her. Old Burrows had known what he was about, breeding her. She was better bred than either of Josh's own two mares, and suddenly he thought he would sell one of his and keep Burrows' Sensation. Polly, indeed! Trust Peg.

He yawned and went back to the house for a sweater. There was a chill in the air now that the sun had gone down. He walked back to the stable, savoring the night. There was plenty of time yet, he thought, as he glanced inside. He stiffened. The mare's head was down, her eyes intent, looking at something in the straw. He walked in swiftly. The foal lay beside her, wet and only an instant born.

At once, Josh ran to the house and up the stairs, calling his wife eagerly, so that she woke, wide-eyed and terrified.

"The foal's here!"

Peg dragged on jeans and a sweater and followed him to the stable. The foal was already trying to stand. His long legs, the hoofs unnaturally big, were crossed. He tried, mystified, to sort himself out while Peg grinned fondly and Josh began to bathe the mare, washing away the discomfort left by the birth. She suffered him quietly, eyes on her son. Soon she dropped her head and began to lick the foal clean.

When at last the baby was sucking, Peg went to make warm gruel. When she brought the pan back, he held it, taking pleasure in watching the mare feed greedily, not missing a single drop.

"I'll spend the night here," Josh said gruffly. "Can't have anything go wrong now."

Peg nodded. This was routine. "It's a good job you paid Ted back," she said absently.

"Why?" Josh asked with a sinking heart.

"We can't sell her. You know that. Look at that foal. Think what would happen if we bred her with the Cloud, or even with the Sable. Now, that foal would be a sensation."

"Peg, Peg!" Josh said, exasperated. One minute on him for buying the mare, the next black-determined not to part with her. "We haven't got room."

"We can manage. Just one mare. Won't make all that difference."

"And the foal?" Josh asked. "We must sell him."

"We'll show him first and get a better price," Peg answered, her eyes dreamy as she surveyed her future champion. "We'll call him . . ." She paused.

"Best name him Bruton Hope," Josh said. "Make our fortune for us yet, maybe."

"You'll keep them?"

"Go to bed, old girl. The next foal

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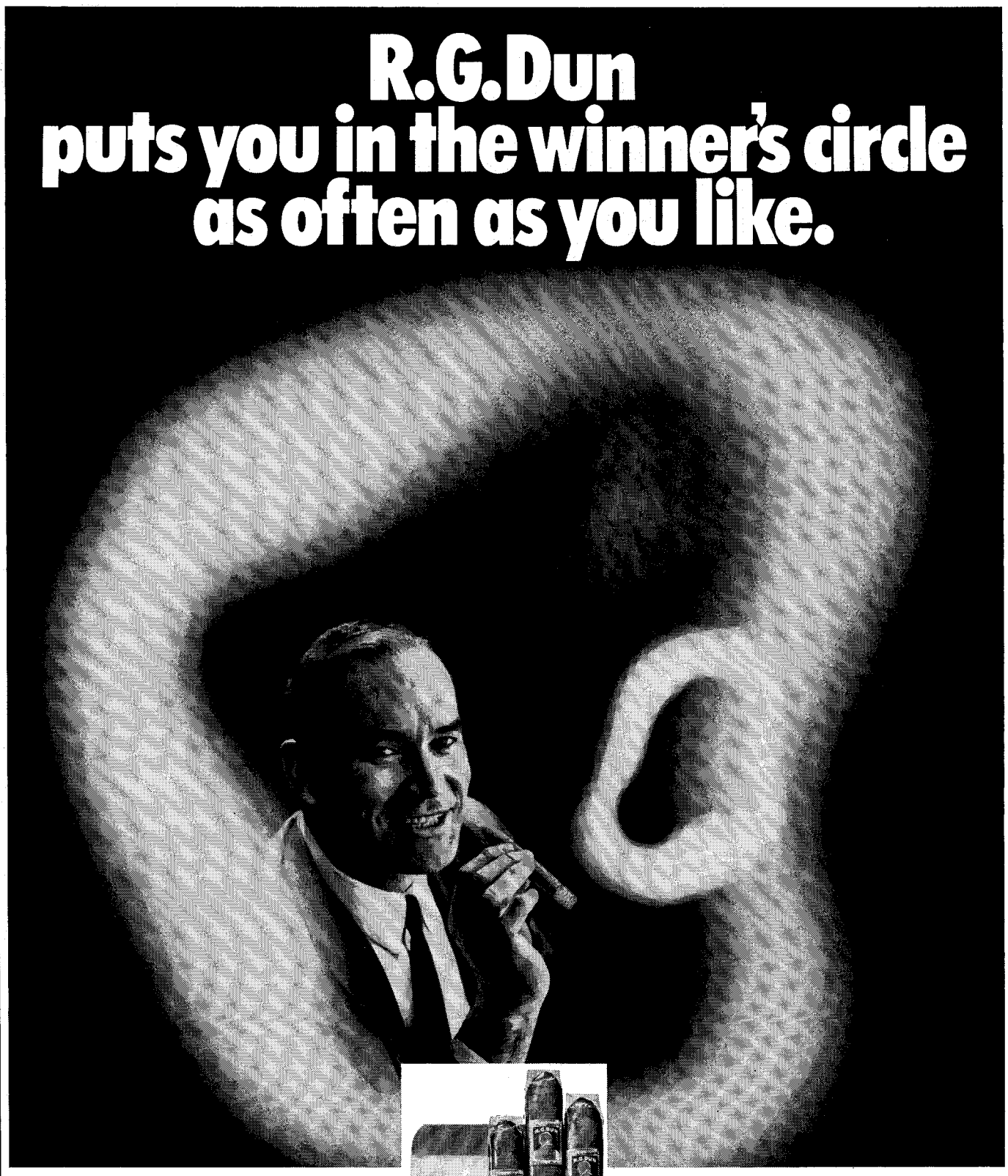

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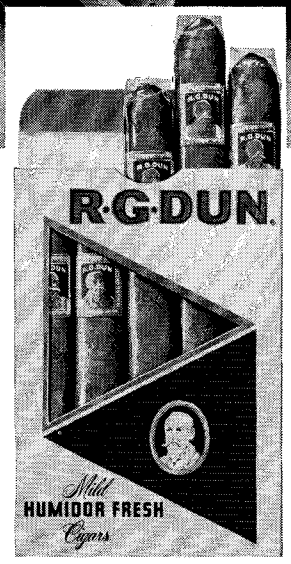

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will be called Bruton Rare Sensation."

"You're an old fool, Josh," Peg said, her eyes gentle. "We're both old fools."

Horton Show ceased to be a project on paper and became a reality. Committees met and bickered and fought. Lifelong friends became bitter enemies as ideas were torn to pieces and shelved. Slowly, out of the welter of irritation, arrangements were made.

Nobody in the village had ever organized a show before. It was soon evident that no one knew how to begin. The Colonel offered a hand and brought in three people who had experience with other shows. Resentment smoldered. Why should strangers run the Horton Show? But at last the strangers' worth was recognized, and soon the villagers from Horton and Buttonskille and Bruton-under-the-Water were eagerly entering for flower show and dog show, for beast show and cake competition, while mothers stitched frantically at fancy dresses, children collected wild flowers for their own flower show, and small girls on ponies jumped perilously over small obstacles, practicing desperately for the gymkhana.

Josh, when he knew that there was a class for Shire horses, and that five other men, old rivals of his, were entering theirs, finally decided to show the Bruton Cloud. He was the best and easiest to handle of the stallions, the least likely to be nervous in crowds.

All through the village, excitement seethed and smoldered. Jasper Ayepenny put plastic bags over his roses to keep the wet from them. The Huntsman was entering his hound, Ranger, for the obedience trial and took him daily onto the fells. Ted Wellans looked at his animals and decided to put his best milker in for the dairy class. Sheba was a fine Jersey, with every chance of being a winner.

Eyes watched the sky constantly, trying to predict the weather. They needed a fine day, and plenty of people. Expenses had mounted unbelievably. Bills for posters, which were printed with the wrong date and had to be done over. Bills for balloons, and the gas with which to fill them. Bills for the rental of tents; and for the hire of the field, which the farmer refused to have ruined for nothing; and for pens for the stock; for teacups and saucers.

Benches and tables were borrowed from the school and the Sunday school, and Mick Stacy, the schoolmaster, endeared himself to everybody by organizing the older boys into a team of messengers to cope with emergencies.

In the middle of the turmoil Jack Hinney, Rob's cousin from America, turned up with his family, come on holiday. He was mightily amused but threw himself vigorously into the preparations, offering to help blow up the balloons, lending his wife—rather to her irritation—to the Ladies' Committee, admiring Jasper's roses, bonneted like milkmaids to keep out the wet.

"Kids want to see a hunt," Jack Hinney said one morning just before the show, watching the Huntsman drill his hound, Ranger.

"But you don't hunt in summer!"

The American's bright eyes showed his disappointment. "No hunting in summer?" He couldn't believe it—all this way and the kids wouldn't even see the very thing he'd brought them for.

"Cubbing starts in September."

"Can't stay till then," Jack said glumly. "Thought it would be quite a sight for the kids."

"Tell you what," the Huntsman said. "We can put on a hound trial."

"How do you do that?"

"You drag a scent on the trail you want the hounds to work," the Huntsman said. "Might be a dead fox in a sack, or aniseed, or rank meat in a sack. Do it before you take the pack out." He busied himself with his pipe. "Pack's not been worked since hunting ended. They'll be raw."

"Kids won't know that," Jack said.

The Huntsman said, "I'll work on the pack. Tell the men in the Swan tonight. We're meeting to talk about the last arrangements for the show. Scouts've asked for a pet show, and the schoolmaster thinks it's a good idea. Means more entry fees."

"Pets? Cats and dogs?" Jack Hinney asked.

"That's the trouble," the Huntsman answered. He puffed contemplatively. "Your cousin Rob's youngest has a green snake, one of the Tanner boys has three hedgehogs. There's rabbits and hamsters and guinea pigs, and a fox Ned Foley found two years ago and gave to little Jeannie Lee. See that among the dogs and cats!"

"Never a dull moment," Jack Hinney said. "You'll fix a trial then? Be an attraction for the show, if you run it during the afternoon, you know."

The Huntsman nodded to him and went off to find the owners of the hounds and arrange for them to be brought to him for drilling. His mind went over the hounds: Bella, Painter, Flier, Madam, Ranger, Swiftsure—three couples. Maybe he could drill four, but there was so little time.

The day of the Horton show dawned fine but blustery. The wind had a way with it, tossing paper, blowing hats, teasing the corners of the big tent and the edges of the girls' skirts.

The Huntsman looked out of his window, frowning. The hounds would be wind-crazy, edgy and irritable, possibly unbiddable with so little training.

Josh cursed vigorously. Horses hated breeze and bluster, and the Bruton Cloud was no exception. Stand him in the judging ring, and if the judge was in the wrong place, as well he might be in an amateur-run show, the Shire would try to turn his tail into the wind and refuse to stand.

The Cloud had never been braided before. He shook his head irritably, trying to free his mane from the ribbons and gay standards. He wanted none of it.

It took longer than Josh had expected, and when, himself dressed in his Sunday best, and the farm locked up, and the other animals safe, he led the Cloud out into the lane, he found himself with a pack of trouble on his hands. They had to head into the wind all the way. The horse twisted, hating the feel of moving air on his face and the dust that eddied and swirled. He was not used to traffic. A car, passing too close and stupidly accelerating with a whine of gears, sent him into the hedge, trembling. By the time they reached the gates of the show field, Josh was exhausted. He had never been so thankful in his life as he was when they reached the big paddock set aside for the Shires, and he was able to put the Cloud in a temporary enclosure.

The bulk of the crowd was on the fells, where the Huntsman had four couples of hounds waiting to start. Jo Needler was bookie, collecting bets from the owners, and Bill Thatcher, a delighted grin on his face and too much beer in his stomach, called the odds.

Down in a corner of the field Mick Stacy, the schoolmaster, was coping with a far bigger entry of pets than expected. Boys had been sent to borrow cages, a cat had escaped and run home, its owner following it, sobbing. Two dogs had bitten each other, and Dai, the veterinarian, had rendered hasty first aid and advocated permanent separation on far sides of the enclosure.

The Huntsman flicked his fingers. Pete Tanner, looking across the field, saw Swiftsure leap into a flying start, followed by Painter. Tanner, a mean,

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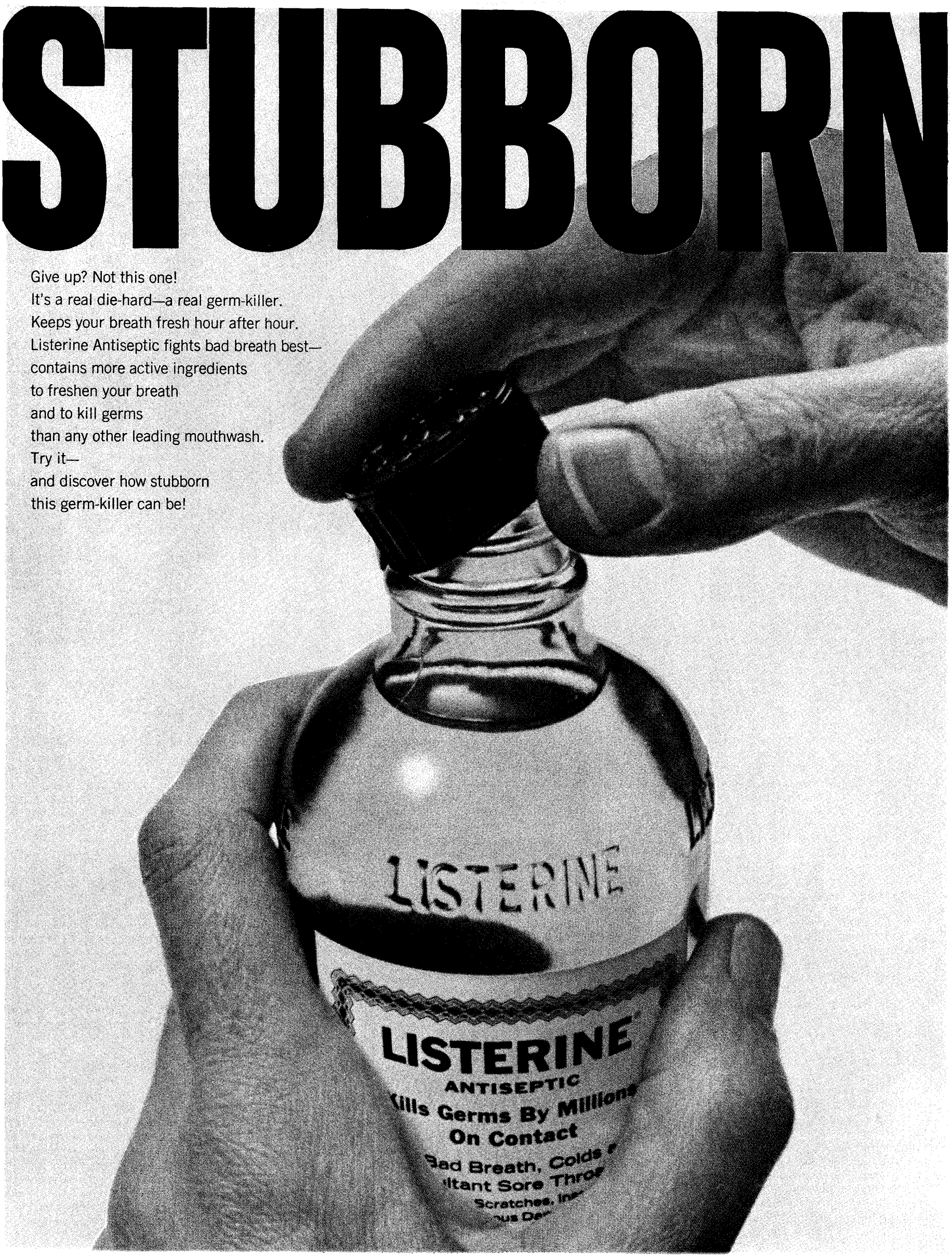

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little man, glanced at the cage beside him and saw Jeannie Lee's pet fox. Jeannie was considered a mite simple, and Tanner thought it would be fun to tease her. He opened the cage door. Foxy was free.

Foxy was a young dog fox, and he lived with the Lees, in the house, having the distinct conviction that he was a dog. He had never been shown the ways of the hills, the safe trails to take from the hounds, the places in which he might hide. He wanted Jeannie, but she was not to be seen, so he turned, seeking cover, and crept into the ditch. Unluckily, he was sitting on the hound trail, and a few minutes later Painter burst through the hedge bottom, caught his scent, and bayed eagerly.

Foxy did not know about hounds, but instinct stood him in good stead and he bolted along the hedge bottom, the pack on his heels. The Huntsman, seeing his brush and bewildered by the presence of the fox among people, tried to call the hounds off, but the pack had quarry in sight and no amount of calling would head them off now.

Foxy, aware that he could not outdistance his pursuers, decided the best thing was to face the devil he knew and go to people. He had always known kindness from people, and he might find Jeannie or her father.

Jeannie, coming away from the ice-cream cart, saw his brush and screamed. She ran toward the fox, pushing her way through staring folk who thought the child had gone crazy. People, suddenly aware that this was a fox and not a dog, moved out of the way. Some of the visiting women cried out as the scared animal hurtled among them.

Painter was catching up. Swiftsure, turning, almost brought down a man watching the Shires. Flier bowled into a table of glasses and sent them flying.

Jeannie Lee screamed, "Foxy! Foxy!"

There was a yell from the car park. The fox, feeling the hunters close behind him, ran in among the cars. These were familiar, for he often rode in the Lees' Land-Rover. Mick Stacy, with a flash of insight that baffled him when he thought about it afterward, raced to the Lees' old vehicle, climbed in, and opened the front passenger door. Luckily, the keys were in the ignition switch, and he turned on the engine, racing it, hoping for the best.

Foxy knew that engine. He heard it, a familiar sound, close at hand, and skidded in his tracks, turning until he found the vehicle that was part of home. He leaped inside and crouched on the floor, trembling, and the schoolmaster slammed the door.

Outside the car the hounds bayed, furious and frustrated. The Huntsman came to them, angry and humiliated, and gave them the rough side of his tongue. They cowered and turned, tails down, abject, and went back with him onto the fells.

The Huntsman sent them off again on the trail, but they were tired and dejected. The crowd had had more fun than it had bargained for and wanted tea and ice cream and a bit of enjoyment, so he called them off, disappointed. Jo Needler gave the money back to those who had made bets.

Only Jack Hinney, the American, was content, for, contrary to all expectations, his daughters had seen a real Hunt.

America, America

"How about you, then? Have you ever considered a career with the CIA?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Bob Lee went across to his Land-Rover, his arm round Jeannie, who was his youngest and his pet, and who, with her half-simple ways, needed more loving than most lasses. He found Mick Stacy sitting with the fox crouched against him. The fox was slowly relaxing as a warm, gentle, human hand coaxed and stroked him.

"Foxy!" Jeannie held out her arms. The little beast greeted her like a boisterous dog, jumping at her, snuggling into her arms, licking her face, unbelievably safe with his mistress again.

"You stay here with him, love," her father said. "You'll be okay?"

She nodded trustingly.

"All safe now, Jeannie," Mick Stacy said gently, and Jeannie looked up at him gratefully, her eyes wide. She liked this schoolmaster who was never cross with her, who spent long hours explaining to her just what the strange things at school really meant. Soon she would be able to read, like the others, he said, and she knew he meant it.

The schoolmaster, going over to the tea tent for a drink, stopped to look at the Shires. He had never seen them in such numbers before. All beauties.

The judge nodded, his face impassive, as a farmer from the other side of Hortonmere led out his mare, a splendid gray. She walked regally, trotted nobly, stood quietly, and at the end walked off with immense dignity.

It was Josh's turn.

The Cloud was uncomfortable. He was nervous, and pain had been needling him off and on all day. The wind was maddening him. He was facing into it, as Josh had feared, and although aware that he must be quiet, he was desperate to turn his tail. He gave a shrill yicker and rolled.

Josh jumped out of the way, his face suddenly white. He pulled at the headrope. "Up, boy. Come boy. Good boy."

The Cloud was on his feet again. He was unhappy, bothered, pushing his head into the crook of Josh's arm for comfort. There was a sigh from the crowd. The judge nodded, eyeing the horse with interest. The Cloud was young and would improve. He was going to be a winner.

The Cloud rolled again, pain filling his mind with fear. His hoofs flailed the air.

Dai Evans ran forward. Josh stood mutely as the vet examined the horse, who had struggled to his feet again.

"It's colic," Dai said. "Sorry, he'll have to be disqualified as unfit. Don't think it's a bad attack. Possibly nerves. Keep him walking. I'll look in on my way home."

Sadly Josh began to walk the Shire off the field. The big horse plodded beside him, the agony easing a little as he moved.

The judge, compassionate, walked over to commiserate. "He's a fine horse. It's bad luck, but he'll be a winner in a year or two. Mark my words."

It was small consolation.

The telephone bell, echoing from the amplifier in the yard, called Josh as he was watering the horses. He put the bucket down and went into the house.

"Alf Miller here," said the familiar voice of the knacker at the other end. "Doing you a favor."

"A favor?" Now Josh was suspicious. What favor could the knacker do him, unless, as he sometimes did, he was trying to sell him a horse sent to him for slaughter, and a damned bad buy for anyone, as a rule.

Alf said. "A real favor, Josh, cross my heart. Went south to a sale last week. Stopped by a little farm. Rennie's—you know it?"

"Of course I know it," Josh said irritably. Rennie had bred the Supreme Champion four years ago, Rennie's Magnificence. That had been a horse! Sold to an Australian for breeding, more's the pity, but he'd sired a foal or two before he went.

"Rennie's dead," Alf said.

Alf never went straight to the point but walked all round it, like a hound on a false trail, before he ever told you his business. It annoyed Josh, but he felt a small twinge of pity for old Rennie; he'd been a nice old boy.

"Bought Rennie's Beauty. Got by Rennie's Magnificence. Know him?"

Know him? The significance of what Alf was saying dawned on him. "You bought him? A three-year-old? For slaughtering?"

His voice jarred Alf's ears, and the knacker held the receiver away from him, grinning to himself. The conversation was going his way. "Nobody else bid for him. Got him for fifty pounds."

"You can't kill him!" Josh shouted.

Alf said, "You can have him for fifty-five pounds."

"What's the catch?" Josh asked, knowing the catch, knowing that he had not yet repaid Ted Wellans, and there was money owing for feed—there was always money owing for feed—and the blacksmith was due, and Dai needed payment for the treatment of the Cloud's colic.

He looked into the big field, where the new mare grazed with her foal. "I can't pay you, not now," he said.

"No need. Keep him till Appledale Fair and then auction him. There's buyers from all over, and I've heard they're after Shires. Some foreigners too—they like the old breeds and want to keep them going."

Josh was still suspicious. "What's in it for you?"

"I don't like killing young healthy beasts," Alf said, not adding that he had been pushed by his father into a trade he despised and, having no other bent, had to keep at it. Knacking got him down. He wanted the horse alive, roaming free, not dog meat on a slab, but he wasn't telling Josh that. A soft knacker! What would people think?

His deep feeling showed in his voice, and Josh took him at his word, but a new thought occurred to him. "Haven't got room."

"Put him in Huntsman's paddock," said Alf, who was local-born and knew the place well. "Give the old boy something to do. Looks as if he'd had news of the end of the world, lately."

A twinge of regret stirred Josh. He ought to go and see the old man and find out if he could do anything for him. Besides, the Huntsman was needed. Nobody else could school the hounds.

"All right," Josh said, knowing it was far from all right, knowing he was

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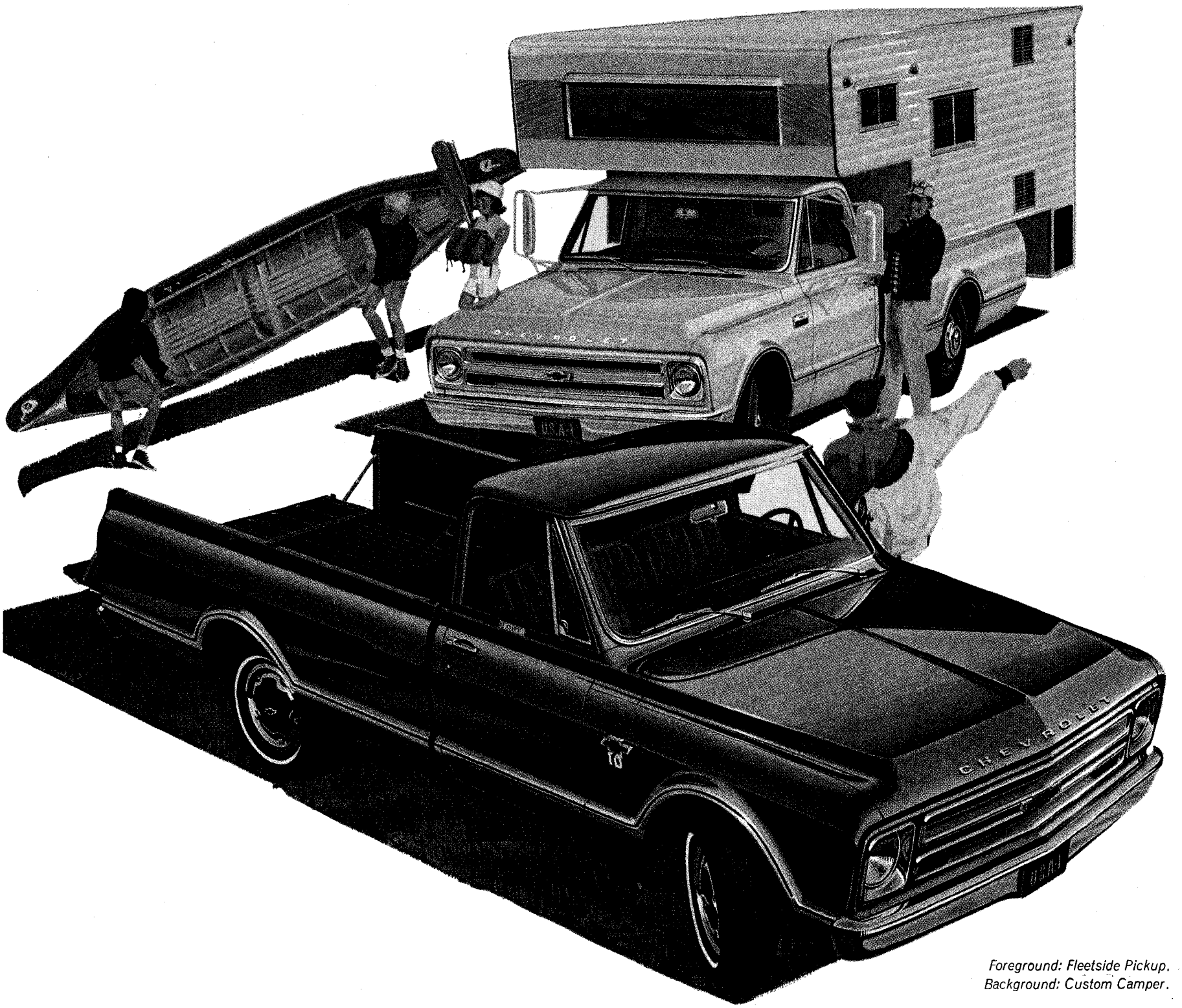

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uneasy about the whole deal, knowing that Peg would have plenty to say, knowing that he was too soft by half when it came to the big horses. And suppose the Huntsman said no?

His thoughts milled as he went back to his jobs, and then, his conscience still uneasy, he put on the kettle, and when Peg came home from the village on her old rattletrap bicycle, he put a cup of coffee in front of her.

"Old Rennie's dead," Josh said.

"That's a shame." Peg had liked the old man, who had a flair for breeding.

"Alf's bought a Shire from there. Rennie's Beauty."

"That's the foal we saw three years ago. He's only a baby. Alf can't slaughter him!" Peg stared at Josh, horrified.

Josh poured more coffee and smiled to himself. For once he'd done it right. "Gave me an offer of it," he said casually. "Told him I'd no room."

"Room or no room, you can take that horse. How much?" she added hastily, not quite bereft of sense.

"Fifty-five pounds."

"We'll get more than that for the pigs. Nearly time to sell the baconers. Just tell Alf we'll take the horse." Peg stood up and went into the yard. Time for egg collecting.

"Going to see the Huntsman," Josh called.

"Huntsman?"

"See if he'll have the horse in his paddock. There's good grazing there. Besides, it'll give the old man something to do. Proper down-in-the-mouth he's looking lately."

He strode off into the lane and cut through the path that separated his land from the paddock and orchard that went with the Huntsman's cottage.

The Huntsman was sitting in the shadowy kitchen. He listened quietly as Josh told him about the Shire.

"Aye. He can come. I'll see to him for you," the Huntsman said, glad to have something to do, and a more demanding beast to care for than a dog or cat, who were so little trouble he only had to put food down for them when necessary. "Let's make sure the fence is sound."

The prospect of work was a tonic, and the Huntsman straightened his shoulders and managed a smile.

Next day Josh went off to Wellans', to see Ted and give him his money back, now they'd decided to keep Burrows' Sensation, the mare that had foaled.

Rob Hinney, the cowman, met him at the gate. "Best not come in," Rob said tersely. His face was grim.

"Why ever not?"

"Because boss says so. That's why. Nobody's visiting here just now."

Josh stared at him. It was not like Ted to turn a neighbor away.

"Look, if Mr. Wellans won't let me in, mebbe he could come out," Josh said reasonably, wondering if Rob was suddenly ill, or even drunk.

"He won't come out, and nobody can come in," Rob said. "Look, Mr. Johnson, I'm not being awkward. It's just that I've got my orders."

"Anyone would think you'd got plague here," Josh answered angrily.

To his dismay, Rob's face went gray.

"Happen we have," he said, and turned roughly on his heel. . . .

Dai Evans, the veterinarian, braked to a standstill on the high curve of the winding road that bisected the fells. Two buzzards circled high, brown wings beating in unison. One of them plunged. A moment later the second joined it, and Dai let in his clutch and sighed. Even here, peace was an illusion. He wondered what small beast had suffered sudden death.

The police car outside Wellans' was familiar, and so was the man who sat in it, shoulders hunched and face brooding. Sergeant Henty, from Horton.

"Waited for you," Henty said, disentangling himself from the vehicle.

Dai merely nodded, thanking him for nothing.

"Let's get it over, for God's sake," the sergeant said.

The house was deserted. There was no fire in the kitchen, no sign of Mrs. Wellans or the children. There were no cattle in the milking parlor; their plaintive note could be heard from a field behind the house.

Ted, unshaven, unkempt, his face gray and exhausted, met them. "All right. Get it over. No need to tell me. Guessed a couple of days ago."

Dai went into the stall where Ted's best milker, Sheba, lay, eyes glazing, strings of saliva hanging from her mouth. Her coat was harsh with illness. She had turned the corner, heading straight downhill to death.

"It is, isn't it?" Ted asked, his eyes on his prize Jersey. Why had he exposed her to danger at the Horton show, for the sake of a piece of paper and a silver cup? "That damned show," he said bitterly.

"You couldn't know. I rang Derry's farm. Foot-and-mouth was confirmed there two days ago, but Derry forgot that Sheba was next to his cow at the show. He didn't think his winner was affected, but she must have been."

Ted had no heart in his voice. "His cow must have been infected. How else could Sheba have got it?"

"Man who handled Derry's cows could've carried the virus. Or feedstuffs. That's often how it gets from farm to farm. Ministry men will be here soon, and two slaughterers." Dai wanted to be miles away. "Your sheep are up on the fells, and your shepherd doesn't come down here, does he?"

Ted shook his head.

Rob Hinney, the cowman, came into the yard. His normally red face was redder than usual, his voice thick, and the sergeant, looking at him, realized that, early as it was, he had been drinking. Not like Rob.

The cowman stared at them, tense with anger. "Kill every beast, that's the Government, isn't it, never mind whether they're sick or well."

"Can't argue, Rob," Dai said. "It's got to be wiped out, and this is the only way we know."

"The only way you want to know." Rob came forward, fists clenched. "Don't care, do you? Only cows, and not your cows. I've looked after those cows since they were born. Nursed 'em, fed 'em, milked 'em. I know every cow, every last one. And now you're going to kill them all. Just in case."

"Come on, Rob. Best come home," the sergeant said, and to his immense surprise found himself on the ground, with Rob driving a fist toward him, ready to lash out again.

Ted grabbed at the cowman, who stood, suddenly deflated, his hands

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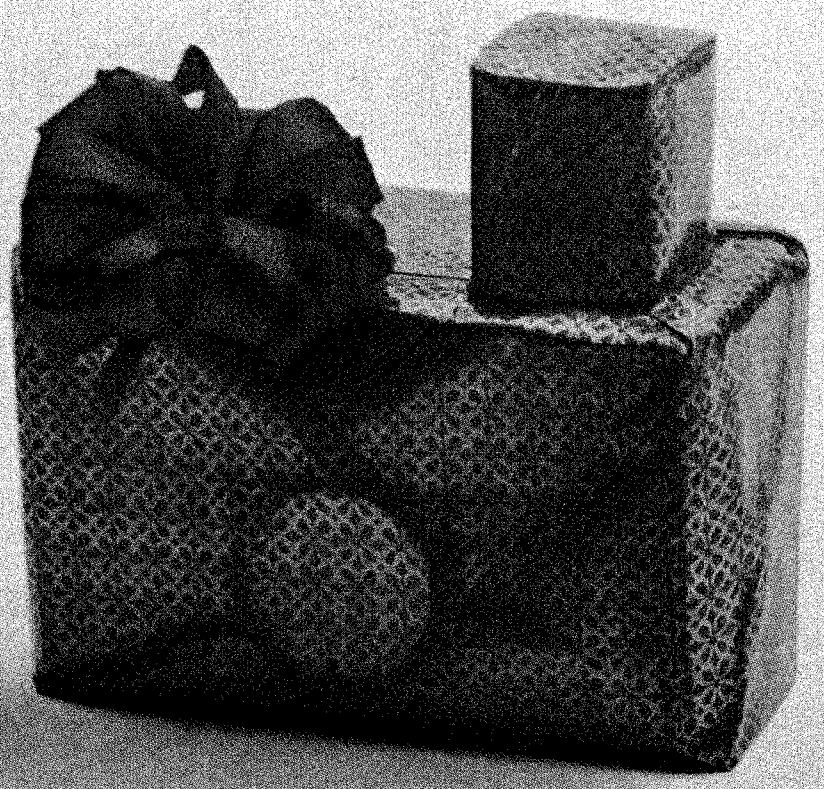

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hanging by his sides, his face sullen.

The sergeant had scrambled up. "Come on, Rob. Home to bed." He spoke as if to a small child, and the cowman followed him meekly, the fight gone from him.

"Can't think what's got into Rob," Ted said, knowing perfectly well. Rob had not been sober for two days.

Ted walked away from the house and the sight of the cows, taking his gun up on the fells, where he blazed off at rabbits. He did not wait for the slaughterers with their humane killers; nor did he return until it was time for lunch. He found the gates chained, with notices which read KEEP OUT, the beasts dead, and smoke blackening the sky.

Peg, going down to the village, found the women standing, grave-faced, in the store. This could affect all of them, for scarcely a household lacked one or two cows, and many had small herds. Even Mrs. Jones at the Swan kept two Jerseys in her big orchard, for milk and for cream. And pigs were vulnerable. And sheep.

Peg came back with her purchases. Josh was standing beside Bruton Silver. "They've foot-and-mouth at Wellans'," Peg said without preamble.

Josh stared at her, his own face whitening, thinking of Ted's cattle. Fifty Friesians, all pedigree. Dear God.

"That accounts for it." He was thinking of Rob's refusal to let him in at Wellans' and his gray face when Josh mentioned the plague.

The diseased cattle at Wellans' were burned. The smoke died away, but fear remained. The gates were closed, the chickens shut up, even the dogs and cats had to be isolated, lest they take the virus from infected ground on their paws and contaminate others.

Ted Wellans, with the help of men sent by the Ministry, disinfected everything, cow barns and yard and stables; the stacks from which the cattle had fed were burned, the clothes that he and Rob had worn destroyed. When all was done he took his family abroad for the first holiday they had had in years. He was unable to face the empty fields and the silence. Dai took the dogs and cats and isolated them at his home. Rob fed the chickens and brooded.

The village brooded too. Worry had only just begun for them. The virus could be carried by bird and by beast, by hedgehog, stag, or visiting dog. The atmosphere at the Swan was sullen, each man worrying that he should have stayed home. If his neighbor's cattle were already sickening he might carry the germ home.

Until at last only the Huntsman sat by himself in the chimney corner with his dog, Ranger, beside him. Mrs. Jones, relaxing for the first time in weeks, eased herself into the big chair. "Been thinking," she said.

It was not an easy thing to say. She was an independent woman and not given to asking help. And the Huntsman might resent her words.

"There's the annex. Not used. Make a cozy home if you'd a mind. And I need help here. Too much for me, with me bad back. Doctor says I'll have to lie up and take things easy."

The Huntsman stared at her, startled. "You want me to move into the annex?"

"Only if you've a mind to. It'd not be like your own home, but you could keep your animals and have a bit of peace. Better than the Home in town."

The Huntsman could find nothing to say.

"You could still lead the hounds," Mrs. Jones added, afraid he was offended, afraid he would turn her offer down, afraid that she would lose her last chance of keeping on as landlady of the Swan.

The Huntsman could still say nothing. Life had seemed desolate, with nowhere to go but the Home in the town, away from the fells and the hounds and the men he'd lived with his whole life.

"Dunno what to say," the Huntsman answered at last. "You sure it's all right?"

"Spoke to Mr. Betwick, the owner of the Swan, himself. He thought it a good idea. Three rooms, and there's gas laid on in the little room where the sink is. You can have that for your kitchen. And Mr. Betwick says if you'll help out he'll forget about the rent."

The Huntsman managed a smile. It was not much of a substitute for his own cottage, with the view over the fells, and the garden he had cherished for years. But it was better than leaving the village, better than one room in a home full of old men. It would be a place of his own, where he was needed. As he stood to go, his smile was heartfelt.

The Huntsman promised to come in next day and make a start on cleaning the annex, and also to give a hand at lunchtime, and clear up for Mrs. Jones so that she could rest in the afternoon.

His step was light and his head held high when he met Josh, who was coming over to look at Rennie's Beauty.

"Going to move into Mrs. Jones's annex and help out at the Swan," the Huntsman said.

Josh stared at him and then grinned. He could think of nothing apt, but the Huntsman knew his thoughts. They stood side by side, smoking companionably, watching the Shire graze.

"Good job you took him on," Josh said. "If I'd had him home, I'd never've had the heart to sell him."

"You're still selling him?"

"Aye," Josh said. "Hope to get a good price for him. Take him to Appledale to the Beast Sale. Rob Hinney's cousin, Jack, says there's some Americans coming over, wanting a Shire stallion. Was going to sell one of mine but can't bear to."

"Cattle well?" the Huntsman asked.

Josh nodded, his fingers crossed. "Dai says we'd better count another fortnight before we're sure the foot-and-mouth disease is over."

"Time the luck changed," the Huntsman said, thinking of his good fortune and wishing that the whole village could participate; wishing that old Jasper Ayepenny might also find a way to avoid going to the Home. The old man was becoming even crankier and had no good word for anyone, not even the Huntsman, his oldest friend.

Old Brock left the burrow on Jasper's land and climbed to a new home on the fells, one left by badgers many years before and tenanted at intervals by foxes. Brock spent the night enlarging the entrance and clearing the earth. It took him a long time to make his home to his satisfaction.

The next night, feeling hungry, he left his new home and quested high among the tussocky heather. He found little and went lower. He came upon a recently killed, well-grown lamb, which Ruff, the wild collie, had taken the morning before. The dog, vicious with frequent hunger, a sore shoulder that had not healed properly because there was still shot festering inside, and an ever-growing pain in his head, was becoming fiercer. Now, not bothering to hunt fresh quarry, he returned to his previous kill.

Ruff saw the badger and snarled.

Brock turned swiftly, head lowered, and growled angrily. He was hungry too, and he had only just begun to feed.

The dog circled, aware that this beast would not prove such easy game as helpless lambs and small rabbits. Stiff-legged, growling, he walked slowly forward, hoping that the menace in voice and appearance would scare the badger into running.

Brock's small head weaved from side to side. The dog raced in, bit, and backed away, but not before a heavy paw had slashed down on his shoulder, the claws ripping through fur and skin, so that pain maddened him. Ruff attacked with a loud bark.

The badger turned clumsily. The dog sprang for his shoulder, and took a grip that in any other animal would have meant a death wound. But Brock's fur was thick, and he was experienced and cunning. He moved quickly as the teeth met, so that the bite was superficial. He shook himself wildly and twisted, and the dog fell back, puzzled.

Ruff did not lack courage. He circled again, watching for an opening. As the dog jumped again, Brock turned, and this time Brock's savage paw gashed the dog's head, slashing to the bone.

Ruff jumped and found a grip on the badger's neck. He hung on, although Brock shook and stamped and turned and tried to swing away. The dog had gone, instinctively, for the jugular, and he clung grimly. Old Brock died gamely, his eyes glazing, as the morning star pricked out of the misty sky. The collie relaxed his grip and lay exhausted, panting with pain, blinded by blood, too weary to claim the lamb that had caused so much trouble.

Ned Foley came upon the two of them, stretched side by side, the lamb's carcass mute evidence of the cause of the dispute. The dog did not even scent or hear the man, and Ned saw at once that the killer had little chance of living, so that his guilt at shooting a dog was less.

Later that day Ned took the two bodies to Dai, knowing that the vet liked to examine dead animals whenever he had the chance. Dai did a quick post-mortem on the collie, finding that the dog had not only an abscess in his injured shoulder but also a tumor in the brain.

That night, sitting in the smoky kitchen at the Swan, Ned told of the death of dog and badger.

"Now the luck'll change," Josh said.

The doctor had at last persuaded Mrs. Jones to take to her bed for a long-needed rest, and the Huntsman was officiating, amused by his new role and teased by the men, all of them glad to hear that he would be staying among them.

The schoolmaster, about to say that the badger's death could make no possible difference in the local luck, changed his mind and wisely held his peace. He could educate the children but it seemed useless to try to inform the parent who clung to the old beliefs in a way h found extraordinary in the twentiet century. He had discovered that Jaspe Ayepenny went nowhere without lump of coal in his pocket as a specif against rheumatism, that Ned Fole had a lucky penny and worried sick he mislaid it, and that Peg Johnso rarely made any statement of futu plans without touching wood.

"Bet you ten bob the luck's changed, Josh said exuberantly. His mind was o the summer shows that could still b held. He was so jubilant that he nearl ordered drinks all round, and then re membered that only that morning Pe had been carping about the bil again.

Old Bess Logan, who had called in t take Mrs. Jones her meal and bring he some magazines to read, put her hea round the kitchen door and called t the Huntsman. He was surprised, a Bess had little time for him, hating th hunting and fox-killing.

"Been thinking," she said to him.

The Huntsman waited. "Can't mak ends meet," Bess said, her voice sud denly quick and nervous, not liking t talk about money, but the Huntsman knowing that she had nothing but he pension and was kindly under he carping ways, gave a sympathetic nod

"I thought," Bess said, hesitantly "well, my cottage is too big for me Need a lodger. He could be quite pri vate like . . ." She stopped.

"Mr. Betwick's letting me have th annex here," the Huntsman said, un comfortable, his voice gentle.

"Aye. Mrs. Jones told me. Though of you first, but you and me'd not ge on," Bess answered matter-of-factly "Be getting at you for hunting, all th time, and mad on Hunt days. Though of Jasper Ayepenny. Be a bit of com pany for me, and he's always been help ful, like. Only"—she hesitated again— "thought I'd ask first. Not liking to pu it to Jasper straight."

"Better than going into the Home,' the Huntsman said. "Solve everything that would. Be company for you, anc your paddock'll take his animals, anc someone to see out for him in his olc age."

The Huntsman beamed at Bess anc impulsively took her hand. "Put it tc Jasper. He'll jump at it. And thank you, Bess. We'll never agree, you anc me, but you're a good woman, for all your sour tongue!"

Bess stared at him and suddenly blushed. She went off to her own home, her mind made up. It had taken a power of thinking, but she hadn't the heart to see old Jasper done out of a place to live in the village where he'd been born. And the money he'd pay would help keep her out of the Home too. Not entirely unselfish, she hadn't been, but it was warming to know that Huntsman thought she was.

Bruton-under-the-Water was coming back to life, and so were all the other villages. Ted Wellans, newly home from his vacation, was resigned and philosophical. The area had been given the All Clear, and his was the only herd that had suffered. Rob Hinney's suspicions, his own swift action in quarantining the farm, and the Ministry precautions had completely isolated the outbreak.

"Can't have all the luck all the time," Ted told his wife as they watched the

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chickens scratching in the dust; it was strange without cattle on the farm.

Rob Hinney had bought all the farming papers he could find. Notices of coming sales filled them, and the cowman sat in his small cottage and studied every page, until he'd built, on paper, as good a herd as they'd had before. Appledale Sale was only a week away, and the Wellans fields had been empty for over six weeks and safe to stock again.

Mag Hinney, Rob's wife, picked a large bunch of roses to take to Mrs. Jones, who was much more her usual self, now that her work at the Swan was eased and she could rest her back. The Huntsman was managing well, tidying the annex and fixing shelves. A mood of optimism came over him, and his small whistle was joyously audible.

He broke off his task when Mag called in and promised to see to the bar, and he went with Ranger high on the fells. He took his horn too. It had been a long time since he had had the urge to practice, and as the hound ranged delightedly after scent of rabbit and hare, the full notes sounded over the village:

View halloo! View halloo! View halloo!

Jasper Ayepenny followed his hound, Nell, to his cottage door and looked up over the maze of green and purple, broken by gray rocks, toward the Huntsman's figure, dwarfed and gnome-like, high above them.

View halloo! View halloo! View halloo!

Hunting! Autumn was coming, with the fall of leaves in a flame of red and gold, the crisp bite of frost, the slither and slip of paws as the first fox cub fled over the scree, the hounds in full cry behind it, and the men, their plodding lives filled with sudden excitement, following the call of the horn and the flying pack.

View halloo! View halloo!

Jasper listened with a stony face. That was a sound he would never hear again.

Bess, coming up the hill, with her offer ready but her courage failing, saw Jasper's face as the long calls keened from the fells. She did not know how to begin.

She paused at the gate, and then, from nowhere, a sudden sharp pain hit her. It had come and gone in the same way before, but this was worse than usual, and she gasped, and Jasper heard her and turned quickly.

The pain vanished as swiftly as it had come, leaving her shaking and clutching the gate.

There was concern in Jasper's eyes. "Bess!" He had forgotten his own troubles, and his voice was anxious. "Come sit down and have a cup of tea."

The kitchen was clean and comfortable, the furniture shabby and well loved. Bess sat thankfully in the creaking wicker chair. Jasper brought the tea and looked at her thoughtfully. "Better?" he asked.

Bess nodded. "Doctor says I ought to take a lodger. Somebody as would do a bit of wood-chopping and fetch the groceries and help out," she said. "But where does an old woman like me find a lodger like that? And I'm not easy to live wi'."

"We're both getting on, and uncommon cranky," Jasper agreed.

"Cottage always was too big for me," Bess said, stirring her tea. "Vicar says he thinks perhaps some of that old furniture of mine'd fetch a big price in the town, and it'd help. But can't bear the thought of empty rooms."

Jasper looked at her, his old eyes shrewd. "Out wi' it, Bess," he said. "What's on your mind?"

"You and me's been neighbors a long time. All my life, and most of yours," Bess said. "Know each other's ways, and don't intrude. I could do wi' the money for that old furniture, and you could bring some of yours to fill the rooms. Be a bit of cat-fighting, I don't doubt, but it'd settle down. And I do need a bit o' help, Jasper. The bit extra for your lodging'd help a lot. And I'm a good cook."

Jasper looked at her over the rim of his teacup. It was a solution, and a sight better than the Home. He could keep the beasts, and stay in the village among folk he knew, go down to the Swan at night, have a fire of his own where he could toast his old bones. He would see autumn come to the fells, and snow lie thick, and the new lambs when winter released its claws. He would see the summer bloom, the autumn haze, and hear the call of the horn and the music of the hounds. *(continued)*

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It wouldn't be easy, not him and Bess, and it wouldn't be his own place, to do as he liked. But he knew he would pine and die in the Home. He made up his mind. "Suit both of us," he said. "Might rub a bit, now and then, but who doesn't? I'll come, and thank you, Bess. Means more than I can tell."

Appledale Sale was the biggest event of the year. Josh was up early to groom Rennie's Beauty, the Shire that had been kept in the Huntsman's paddock. Josh washed him down and began the long, patient currying. When the Beauty shone, Josh led him into the stable, tied him firmly, and put a bluff over his eyes to keep him quiet. He wanted to pretty him up, Shire fashion, for the sale, and he brought the long ribbons and small flying red and yellow standards that were to glorify the mane and tail, and began, his fingers nimble.

The Shire bore it well, but he did not like the horse van that would take him to the Appledale Sale, and at first stood foursquare, his hoofs as firmly planted as if they had roots, refusing to enter the dark unknown.

Josh brought the bluff again, fastened it so that the horse could not see, and finally persuaded him to trust himself to the ramp that gave beneath his weight and to the swaying floor.

Peg came down in her best dress and hat. Josh whistled as she climbed into the Land-Rover beside him.

"You!" Peg said, quite pleased.

"Good job we've a beast for sale. Look at that car park," Josh said as they drove past the overcrowded field to the one reserved for buyers and sellers.

"All those horses!" Peg was looking at the ponies that were walking, and the hunters that were trotting, showing off their paces, all about the enormous cobbled yard.

Josh went to fetch the Beauty out of the horse van. He was due for auction just before lunch. The Shire came quietly, and many passersby stopped to stare at him and admire his eighteen-hand magnificence, his whole presence enhanced by the ribbons that glittered against his sleek, shining coat.

Josh led the Beauty into his stall and stood beside him, talking. He could feel the Shire trembling.

A piebald pony in the next stall lifted her head and stared up, transfixed, at the Shire. The Beauty huffed at the pony amiably, and her owner, a girl, almost in tears, selling her childhood companion so that she could buy a horse that would take her now considerable weight, looked at Josh and gave him a watery grin.

"Know any of the horses here?" he asked, aware of her need for distraction and knowing how she felt.

"There's a mare, a racehorse. There are some Americans over, and they've a reserve of a thousand guineas on her," the girl said with awe in her voice.

Josh whistled.

"Look. She's coming up now. Isn't she a beauty?"

Josh stood on a bale of straw and looked over the partition into the wide lane, between empty sheep pens, in which the horses were showing their paces. The little mare pranced down the central aisle toward the auctioneer's rostrum, in an atmosphere that was electric.

"Here's our piece de resistance," the auctioneer said, Anglicizing the phrase, raising a grin. "Bred from a Derby winner. Look at her. There's breeding for you."

Peg, coming in to find Josh, missed the first bidding. "Shh!" Josh whispered. "Come and look."

"She's perfect," Peg said, clambering up beside him. The little black mare pirouetted, an elegant and graceful creature.

"Fourteen hundred guineas . . ." The end of the sentence was drowned in noise. The auctioneer's eyes were here, there, and everywhere, watching keenly. "Fourteen hundred and fifty . . Sixty . . . And seventy . . ."

A whip flashed. "And eighty . . ."

A program flickered. "And ninety . . ."

"Fifteen hundred," a voice said, a rich twang to it, and heads turned, craning, to look.

"And fifty . . ."

The signal had come from a dark man with an expression of barely contained excitement on his face. Dressed in dark olive-green trousers, a shining white mackintosh flung back to show the scarlet lining, he looked out of place among the breeches and hacking jackets, the best suits of the farmers.

"Sixteen hundred guineas," the auctioneer sang, and a man stood forward, a bull of a man with iron-gray crinkled hair, a powerful face with a massive chin, a man who would stand no rivals.

"And fifty . . ."

The crowd had thickened, catching the excitement.

"Seventeen hundred *guineas*." The auctioneer emphasized the last word. "Any advance on seventeen hundred guineas? Any advance on seventeen hundred guineas? Going for the first time for seventeen hundred guineas . . . ."

The auctioneer looked round at the watching crowd, pausing for effect, delighted with such good business. "Going for the second time for seventeen hundred guineas. Gone!"

The hammer flashed down, and the huge man walked forward and took hold of the mare.

The silence exploded into incredible noise.

"Bidding's daft," Ted Wellans said. "Hope the heifers don't fetch that sort of price after lunch."

"Probably just the horses," Josh said, with a wild hope that made him talkative. "Those Americans—wonder where they come from?"

"Oilmen," Rob Hinney said, coming out of the shed where the tea was sold. "Like to bid against each other, they say. One of 'em's after Shires, and the other'll probably run him up for the devil of it. They breed horses as a sideline, both of them, and crazy with money. Might stand lucky, Josh."

"And might not," Josh said, to propitiate any gods that might be listening.

"Twenty-one," they heard the auctioneer call.

"Horse before mine." Josh turned and shouldered through the crowd. He paused at the end of the alley.

A brown pony trotted down the aisle, a small girl, face set, on her back.

"A lovely little pony, a winner," the auctioneer called out. "Put the baby between her hoofs, she's so gentle. Who'll say thirty guineas for a child's riding pony?"

"Thirty-five," said an unidentifiable voice.

"Thirty-five guineas I'm bid, I'm bid—any advance to forty? A bargain. Come on, gentlemen . . ." His voice died away as Josh went to fetch the Shire.

Josh led the horse out and down to the end of the alley.

There was a murmur of admiration. The Beauty was regal. Every muscle rippled, every inch of him shone as if he had been polished, and he moved proudly.

"Now!" The auctioneer loved his job, and he loved horses. There was immense pleasure in getting a good price for a really good beast, and this was a beauty. He could put all he had into his voice and mean every word of it. "Rennie's Beauty. A winner, a real champion, gentlemen. Three years old. Winning foal at Derby when he was first shown. A winner last year, and a winner this. Only sold because his owner died, and Josh here has more horses than he's land for. He's an eye for a horse, has Josh. You want to see the Bruton Shires if you're keen on the big horses."

The gray-haired American had moved forward and was gazing at the Shire with unconcealed admiration.

"Just under eighteen hands," the auctioneer said. "And his father was a champion too. Rennie's Magnificent. Supreme Champion, four years ago. A fine stallion, and this one has his breeding. Now, what am I bid?"

"One hundred and fifty pounds," the big American said, his voice casual, and Josh swallowed, stroked the Beauty's neck, and almost choked, his thudding heart so loud that he wondered that those standing near did not hear it.

"One hundred and eighty."

"Walk him. Show his paces," the attendant whispered, and Josh turned the Shire, walked him down the line, and turned again, so that the horse stood nobly, his dark eyes watching the crowds, his ribbons gay in the sunshine.

"Two hundred . . ."

The gray-haired man dared his compatriot to outbid him.

"Two hundred and fifty." A stranger, a slender man, walked forward. His hands rested momentarily on the Shire's neck. "You beauty! You beauty!"

The bidding came faster, voice following voice. The bidding topped five hundred guineas. Josh felt lightheaded.

"Eleven hundred guineas."

It was the man who had stroked the Beauty. His voice was full of excitement as he looked from the gray-haired man to the man in the white mackintosh.

"Going for eleven hundred guineas. Any advance, gentlemen? Going for the first time . . . Going for the second time . . . Gone!" The hammer crashed.

The buyer turned and grabbed Josh's hand. The successful bidder was named Dick Lucas, an Australian, and his father, who had started life as an English farmer, wanted to found a Shire stud.

The buzz of voices was so noisy that the Beauty backed and turned to Josh, looking for reassurance. His new owner took the headrope. "All right, old boy. I'll take you where it's quiet," Lucas promised.

"How will he travel?" Josh asked, wondering if he would be expected to pay the horse's fare, which would, he knew, be something in the region of six hundred pounds.

"I'll fix all that," Lucas said. "We'll take him to my groom, and then I'll stand you a drink, if you can hang on. Then we'll have to go and settle up."

As Josh led the horse outside, people from the far end of the field, who had heard of the big price paid, came running to see the Shire before he went. A camera flashed, and the stallion turned away, worried by the sudden flare. Dick Lucas led Josh to the car park, where a resplendent new Land-Rover stood, with matching horse van, the groom beside it, waiting.

Josh eyed the groom sharply. He wanted to be sure that the Beauty would not be ill-used. His fears were stilled at once, for the groom looked up, and saw the Shire, and an expression of deep contentment settled on his face, succeeded by admiration. His voice and hands were gentle, his movements relaxed, and the Shire had no hesitation in accepting his new handler.

"Burr thinks like a horse. Reckon he was one once," the Australian said, as the Shire was given a welcoming pat, and a handout of carrots, which he munched happily.

Josh was speechless. He would have more money from the sale than he'd seen at any one time in his life. He could pay off all the bills, and Peg could stop worrying.

Josh took the Australian to the Wild Goose, where half of Bruton seemed to be congregated round the bar. The noise was tremendous, and Josh was confused by handshakes and backslaps, while the Australian grinned happily.

"Showing Bruton Gray Cloud tomorrow," Josh said, giving the horse his full name for once. "Appledale Show comes day after Appledale Sale. Will you be here?"

"I'll be staying for that. Won't get Burr away if he knows there's a show," Dick Lucas said. "By the way, can we keep the ribbons? And will you show Burr how to fix them? Not seen horses fancied up like that before."

Josh nodded, remembering May Day parades, when all the horses were dressed in their best, with polished harness and shining brasses that had taken the men half the night to clean to perfection. The other half of the night had gone in grooming and dressing the horses. There was something of the old excitement back again.

Bruton was awake before cockcrow. Even the vicar found himself, long before matins, standing beside Rob Hinney and Ted Wellans, admiring the new Jerseys that thronged Wellans' fields. They had been delivered late the night before and were restless in their new surroundings.

"It's good to see the cattle back again," the Vicar said as he was leaving, and Mary Wellans, hearing his voice, changed her clothes and slipped across to the church, to offer up her own thanks.

It was a gray dawn with a thin drizzle, but a promise of fine weather later. Josh drank his coffee hastily and went out to braid the ribbons into the Cloud's mane and tail. His fingers were busy with long colored streamers when the smart green Land-Rover and matching horse van drew up at his gate, Dick Lucas, the Australian, climbed down, followed by Burr, the groom.

"Nothing's wrong?" Josh asked anxiously, wondering if the Beauty had come to grief overnight.

"Not a thing. More we heard of your horses, the more we wanted to see them," the Australian said.

Two more horse vans drew up in the

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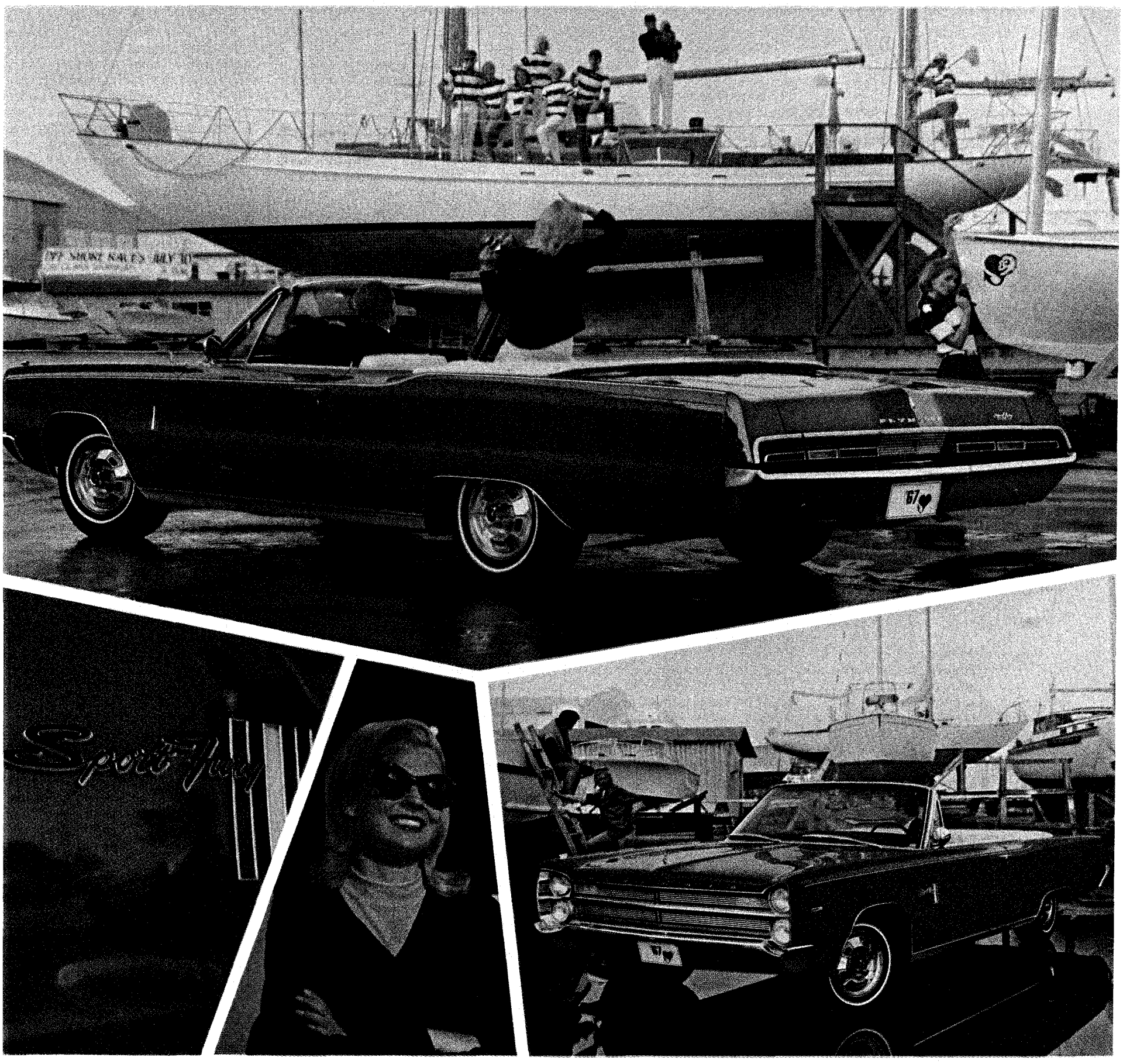

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iane, and Josh stared, startled. The gray-haired American and the dapper antagonist who had bid against him at the Appledale Sale came through the gate.

"Heard you'd only one van and thought maybe you'd like to show your other Shires. Down at the Wild Goose they reckon you stand to win all entries," the big man said.

He walked over to the field, saw the mares, and whistled. "I want a mare," he said. "Want her badly. Will you sell me one?"

Josh looked at him, looked at his mares, hating to part with them, feeling he had enough money to make him rich for life, yet thinking of lean times to come again.

The big American said, "I'll equal the price that Lucas paid for the stallion yesterday. And she'll be well cared for, I promise you."

"Dunno." Josh was bewildered. It was too early in the day to make big decisions. "Peg?" he called.

Peg thrust a comb through her hair and ran downstairs, having changed hastily when she heard strangers in the yard.

"Mr. ——?" Josh looked at the big American.

"Nichols. And this is John Dennet."

"Mr. Nichols wants to buy Sensation."

"Our Polly?" Peg looked at the mare. She had a very soft spot for her. The foal was growing daily. He was crazy now with the joys of summer, his long legs kicking wildly.

"She's exactly what I want," Nichols said. "I breed horses, powerful hunters, and police horses for the Mounties. Sell them across the border. A Shire crossed with a hunter is fine for police work. They've tried it over here."

"We'll still have her foal, Peg," Josh said.

Peg nodded. She would be sorry to lose the mare, but it was too good a price to turn down, and Polly would be going to a good home.

Nichols noticed Peg's questioning glance at the horse vans. "Mr. Wellans thought you'd like a chance to show all your Shires, or at any rate the stallions, your mare, and this foal. We came over to see. We'd like to help. Be something to talk about at home."

Josh said, "None of them's ready, and there's entrance fees to fix."

"Many hands," Lucas said, taking off his coat. "Mr. Wellans said he'd see to the fees. You can pay him later."

And pay him that check for Sensation, Josh thought, plus the commission on her. Over a hundred pounds. Good thing for Ted I haven't paid the debt, Josh decided, pondering on the queer way things could turn out.

The sky was clear, the sun brassy by the time they arrived at the Appledale Show. Josh watched as his Shires were unloaded. The men had put in a rare bit of fast work, and the stallions gleamed, the ribbons glittered, the harness shone. Josh was leading Silver himself, and now Ted Wellans was leading the foal, Bruton Hope.

The Australian looked across at the Betwick farm entries and whistled. There were four stallions there—Betwick Brigadier, Betwick Major, Betwick General, and Betwick Colonel—all veterans at the shows, all champions, all handsome blacks with white socks and silken hair.

Josh looked over to the other side, where Paget, a large, untidy man, waited with Poppet, Peach, and Popinjay. Beyond him were the Green entries—Green Ginger, Green Glow, Green Grace, and Green Glory.

The sound of a fairground organ dominated the noise, clangorous above the shouts of children. Josh looked at Bruton Hope, dancing impatiently as Ted held him, and he knew with utter certainty that none of the other foals could beat him.

The judge was waiting, a small man with a knowledge of horses that no one in the country could beat. He came forward now, aware of nothing but the magnificent beasts in front of him.

Josh held Silver, who submitted patiently. Lucas, his hand on the Cloud, thought he had never seen a finer Shire. The Cloud was better than the Beauty, which he had bought yesterday, but not much better. Every line of Bruton Cloud showed his breeding, and he was lighter built and cleaner-legged than the Green and Paget horses.

Nichols, the big American, held Bruton Sable, chuckling to himself at the thought of being part of an English Show. His friend Dennet was quietly content, still amused by the way that he had forced old Nichols yesterday. He had had no intention of buying, himself, but he could never resist pushing Nichols higher and higher, and then dropping out at the critical moment.

The Shires moved majestically. One by one, they went slowly around the ring, showing off their paces, the movement of proud, strong muscles, the shape of shoulder and hock and head, the finespun hair on their legs, the broad brows. Breed of Giants, last of the Great Horses, warrior horses of England.

Paget, his stomach spilling over the top of his trousers, led his mare, Poppet. The judge came forward to examine Poppet's hoofs, hidden by the long grass. The mare flicked her ears.

The waiting seemed endless, and Josh was itchy hot as he stood quietly by while the judge checked the Cloud, seeming to go over him inch by slow inch. The judge nodded, his eyes measuring the Cloud's height and breadth and depth of chest, noting conformation and bearing. A perfect stallion.

Watching the man and the horse, the judge, well into his seventies, remembered the old days, when several hundred Shires entered every show, and the farms had them for plowing and for pulling, and the brewers' wagons toiled up the icy, cobbled hills, the horses slipping and straining, the men calling and encouraging, and the children running up with bread and sugar and carrots and apples, gaining something that the modern child would never know.

The class judging was ended. Bruton Cloud was winner of the three-year-olds, with Bruton Ebony second. The Sable had won the two-year-olds, with Paget's Popinjay second. Bruton Silver had won the class for mares, and Paget's Peach was her runner-up, while the foal, Bruton Hope, as Josh had expected, won on every count.

The class winners were lined up on the field for the final judging. The Cloud tossed his head irritably, surrounded by flies. It was thunder hot, and all the horses were restless, so that the judge took pity on them and this time made a shorter inspection. He already knew the result in his own mind but wanted to check, to be completely fair to each beast.

Waiting for the prizewinners to be announced, in the expectant silence, Josh felt a lump in his throat, and his mouth was dry.

The announcer's voice was quiet. It was difficult to hear him. "Champion, Bruton Gray Cloud."

There was a singing in Josh's ears.

"Reserve champion, Bruton Sable, tied with Bruton Ebony."

Josh could scarcely breathe as the voice, dispassionate, went on. "Champion mare, Bruton Silver. Reserve, Green Glory."

And the champion foal was Bruton Hope. The sounds were real. Peg was laughing and half crying. The visitors were slapping Josh on the back, and Ted Wellans was shaking his hand.

That evening the men went off to the Swan, anxious to share their victories with Mrs. Jones, now up and about, and more than thankful for the Huntsman. Tonight he was serving the beer, carrying trays, while the landlady rested in her big wicker chair.

"Funny how the luck changed when that badger, Old Brock, died," Josh said, contemplating the beamy ceiling of the Swan and his changed fortunes through a wreath of tobacco smoke.

Ned Foley, quiet in a corner, smiled into his beer mug. His hand felt down and patted a baby hedgehog deep inside his pocket. It sucked his finger hopefully.

"What's up with you?" a neighbor asked, catching the sly grin and knowing Ned.

Ned was not saying. Only three nights before he had watched a little badger sow trot down the fells and excavate the far entrance of Old Brock's burrow. She had worked assiduously, bringing out stale bedding, armful after armful dragged to the surface, held close against her chest, as she toiled backward, snorting and puffing.

Ned had watched with delight as she bit bracken and grass, and brought it, shuffling clumsily, to line her new home. Just before sunup she was joined by a big boar, who greeted her enthusiastically. Next year there would be plenty of badgers in Old Brock's earth, but Ned had told nobody but the schoolmaster. He caught Mick Stacy's eye and saw that the other man had followed his thoughts. Together, they lifted their beer mugs and silently wished the newcomers well. As if a wild beast could bring luck, good or bad!

"Reckon it was the killer dog did all the damage," Mrs. Jones said.

Josh brooded over the badger. "Mebbe so." Perhaps he'd done it an injustice. Silly to believe in luck, but a man could judge only by what he saw.

It was late when he got home from the Swan. Peg had finished seeing to the animals, and Josh had a momentary twinge of remorse. Poor old Peg—dull for her all alone while he was at the pub. She had a pot of tea ready for him, and a secret expression on her face that he could not fathom.

"Look like a cat that's pinched al the cream," he said at last, puzzled "What in the world have you beer up to?"

Peg merely smiled.

The mystery was not solved until the morning paper came, the farming paper that everyone took in those parts. Josh read the first page and stared. "Peg!" he shouted.

She came, meeker than watered milk

There they were. All of his Shires Splendid pictures of Bruton Gray Cloud and Bruton Sable, of Bruton Ebony and Bruton Silver, and the others. And the story of the sale, and the prices that had been paid. Underneath was a full account of the bad luck that had dogged him all summer through, until at last it was changed, and he savored triumph.

While they were reading the paper, five men who had also seen the story telephoned, wanting to hire the Shire stallions next season for stud. Not local men either. One lived over fifty miles away.

"Who gave the paper the story?" Josh asked.

Peg smiled at him. A reporter, scenting a first-class story, had grabbed a photographer and driven over, delighted to find Peg at home alone. He had spent most of the evening with her, getting the details right.

Josh stared again. "They're beautiful pictures," he said.

That night he took the paper to the Swan with him, just a look in and home quick, he promised Peg. As he showed the paper to Jasper and the Huntsman and Mrs. Jones, his pride in the horses was so great that his pipe went out and lay forgotten on the table.

He stood up, his red hair once more wild. The money for the Beauty, and for Sensation, who were both already on their way abroad, was in the bank, and Peg was busy paying bills, an air of pleasure surrounding her. He had left her at the desk.

Now Josh's promise to Peg to hurry home was forgotten. "Drinks all round!" His voice was a trumpet sound, an exultant flourish, and the village men were glad to share his triumph.

"The Bruton Shires!" The Huntsman lifted his mug, his smile taking in the room and the men and the hounds lying nose on paws, waiting for action. The Swan friendly, smoky, smelling of rank tobacco and beer and men and dogs, had become a haven to him, and tomorrow he was moving in, without too many regrets for his own cottage. Jasper Ayepenny was moving too. He had many doubts about how he would get on with Bess Logan, but at least he would remain part of the village.

"The Bruton Shires!"

The voices rang through the old building and sounded in the street outside. The hounds, sensing the men's unusual mood, sat up eagerly, expecting a hunt to start there and then.

At home, Peg went to fetch the stallions and found them placid, dreaming, and she took them to the stables, quite unaware that underneath their paddocks the two new badgers were lying nose to nose. Soon they would amble to the fells to find good hunting under the moon that spilled its light generously over rock and grass and ferny hollow and stared down at its reflected image, gold beneath the silken water of Hortonmere. □

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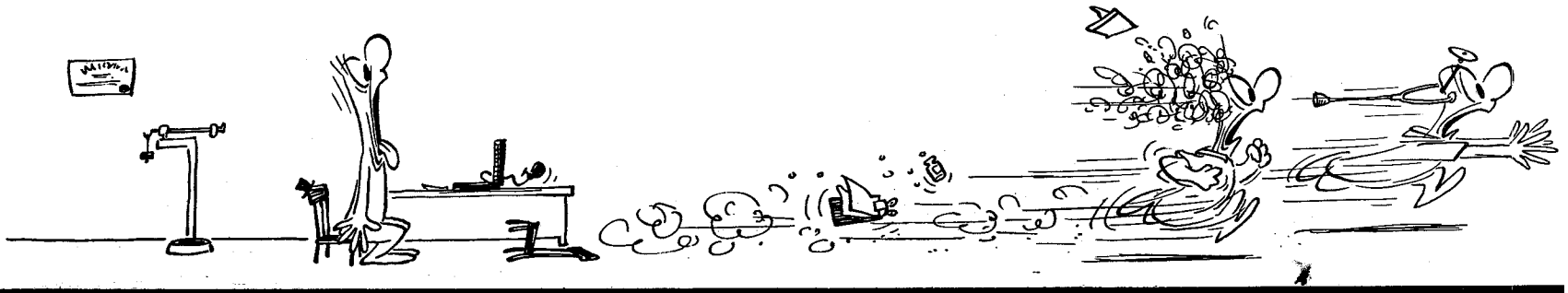
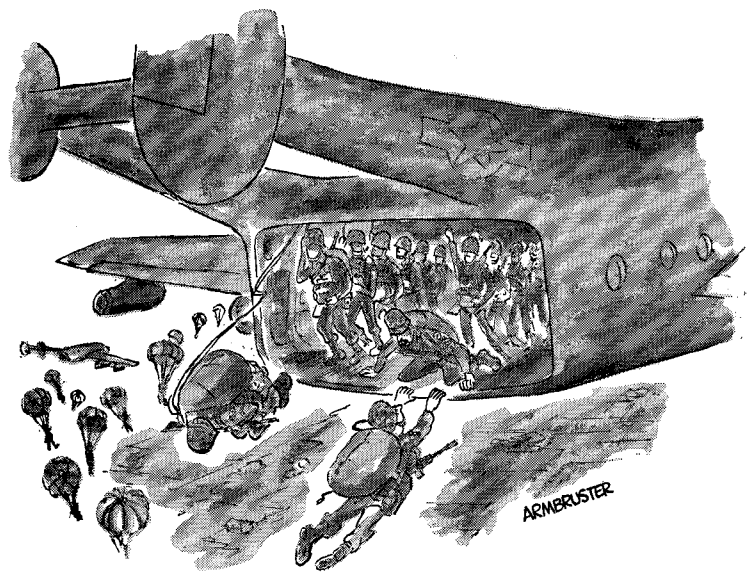
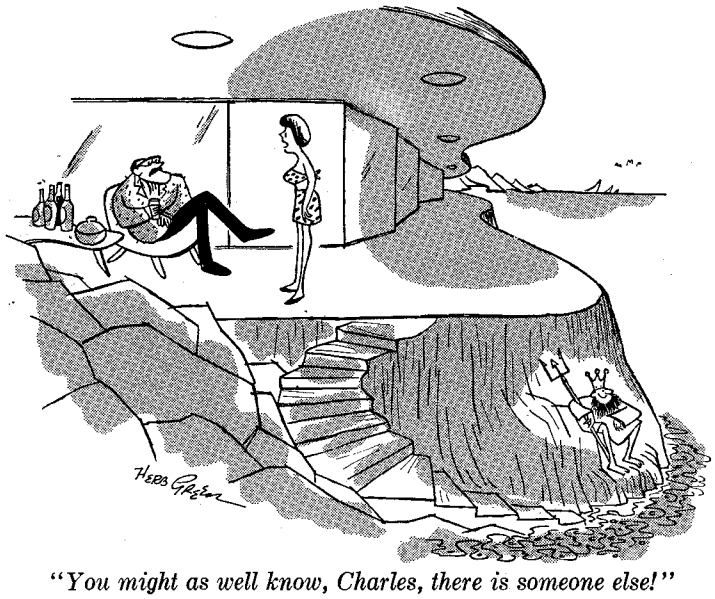


Post

"We must try harder. We're still only number two."



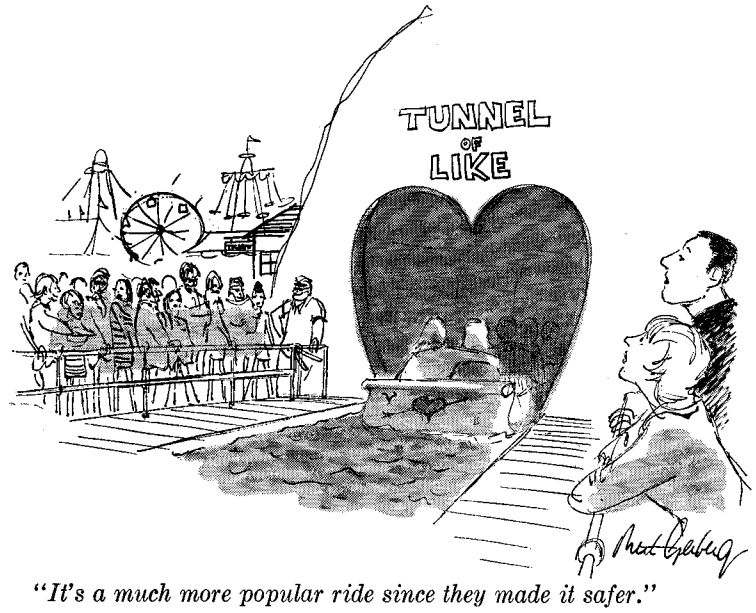
"Gersch, do you have any idea what it cost to train each man?"



"You might as well know, Charles, there is someone else!"

"Well, Maynard, I for one am delighted that you've given up protest songs."

"Oh, Dean Wilcox, would you mind posing for a snapshot—just you and Stevie with your arms around each other?"



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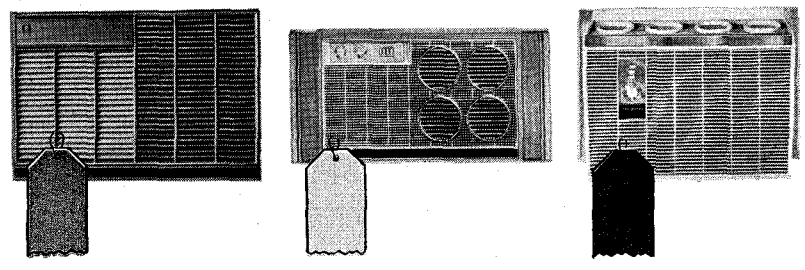

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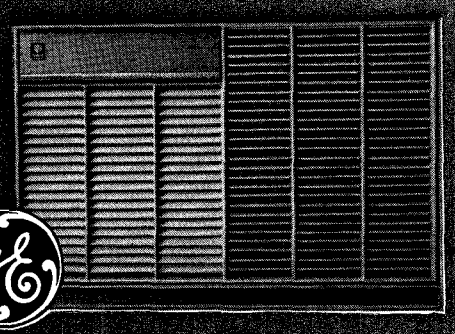

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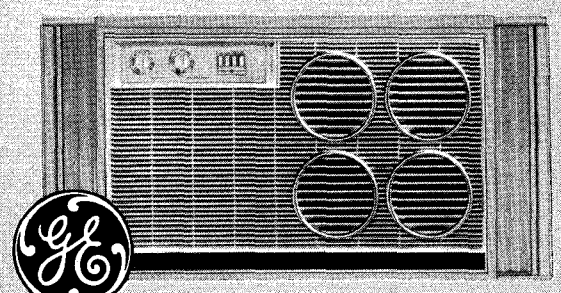

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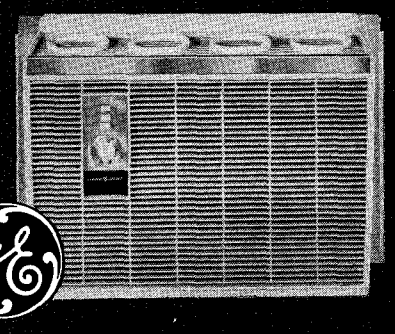

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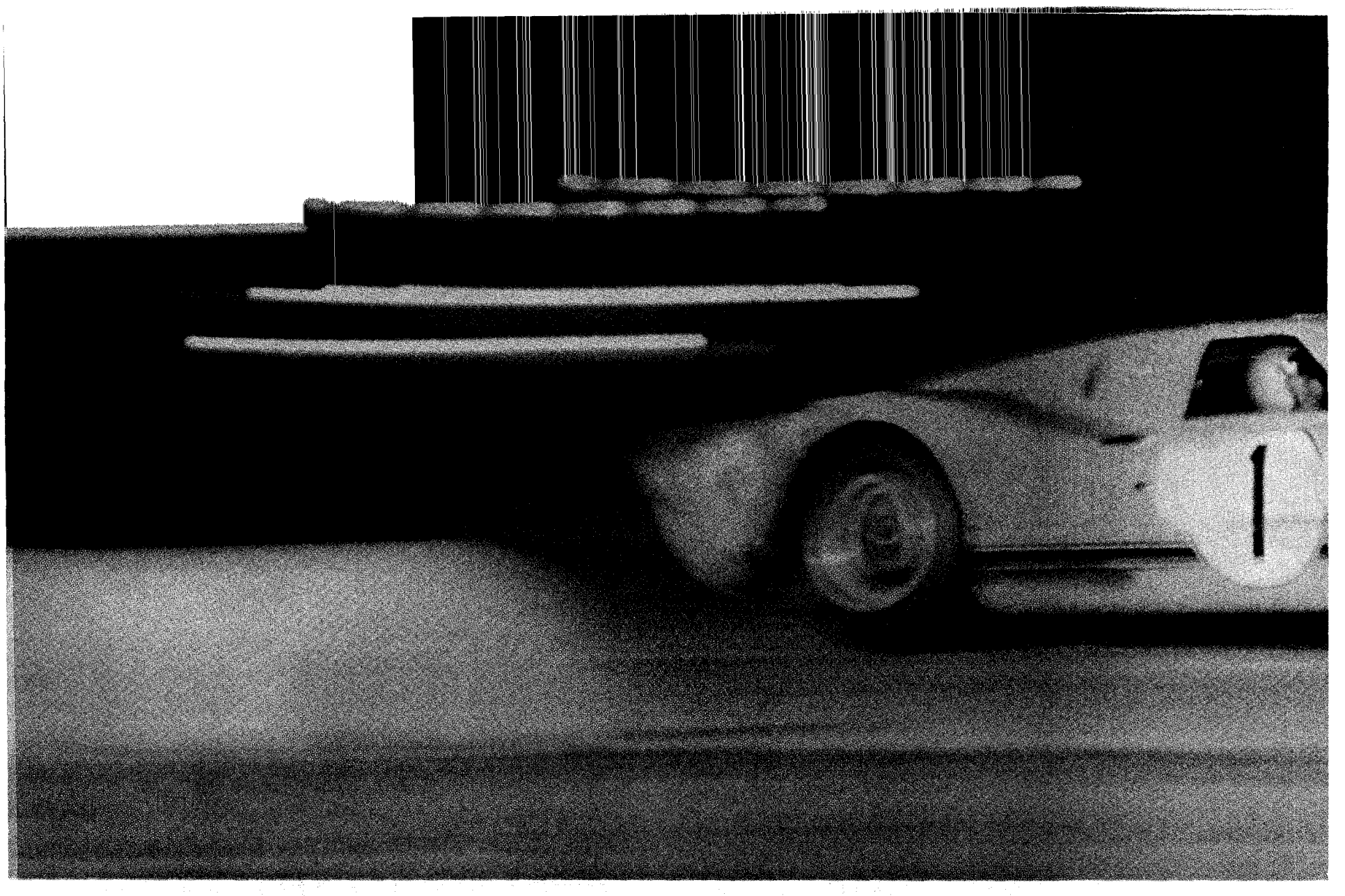

DUELING WITH SLINGSHOTS AT 180 MPH

Stock cars, sports cars, Indianapolis cars—he masters anything on wheels. In the Memorial Day 500, the man to beat, as always, will be Mario Andretti.

By JOHN SKOW / Photographs by Dan Rubin

A drowsy afternoon in Phoenix: Not much is happening; a half dozen drivers are still running test laps for tomorrow's race, and a few writers and photographers have climbed up into the empty stands to sit down. Practice is almost over. In another half hour everyone will drive back to the motels for a swim before dinner. Until then, it feels good to sit, tired, absorbing the heat and the hammering engine noise.

The routine hustle in the pits across from the stands does not shake the afternoon's easy monotony. Now and then a car will coast in from its practice laps, its driver blipping his engine so that the sparkplugs won't foul. The driver stops in front of his pit, which is merely a supermarket-style angled parking place. Since the car has no reverse gear, the mechanics have to roll it backward into the parking slot. One of them leans down to the driver to hear what he has to say about the handling or the engine. A few minutes later the machine is rumbling down the pit road for more laps of testing.

This has been going on since morning. Mario Andretti, the driver I am interested in, has been in and out of the pits more often than most. His car has been troubled with water in the fuel line. As I watch, I notice that Andretti's white car is out on the track again.

Andretti's car—painted No. 1, because he is, for the second year in a row, United States Auto Club champion—is a small, rear-engine alcohol-burning single-seater, slung low between fat little tires. Like the rest of the racers here, it is designed for the Memorial Day race at Indianapolis. This year Andretti will be the favored U.S. entry. The Indy cars are not much bigger than good-sized power lawnmowers, but at speed, on a larger

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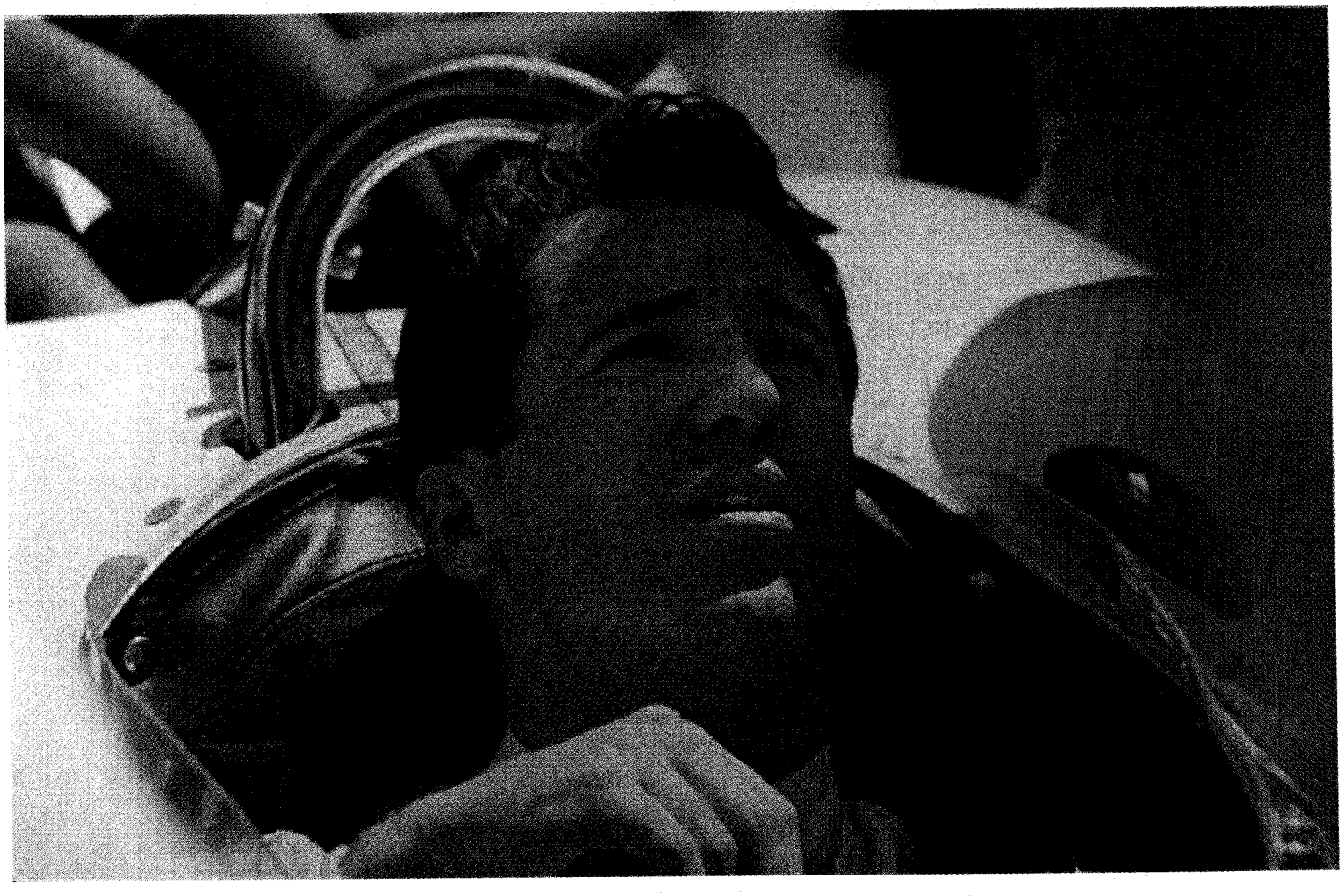
At speeds up to 170 mph, Andretti screams his Ford Mark IV over the track at Sebring on the way to victory. Below, he sits in the tight cockpit of an Indianapolis car, the kind he will drive in the Memorial Day 500.



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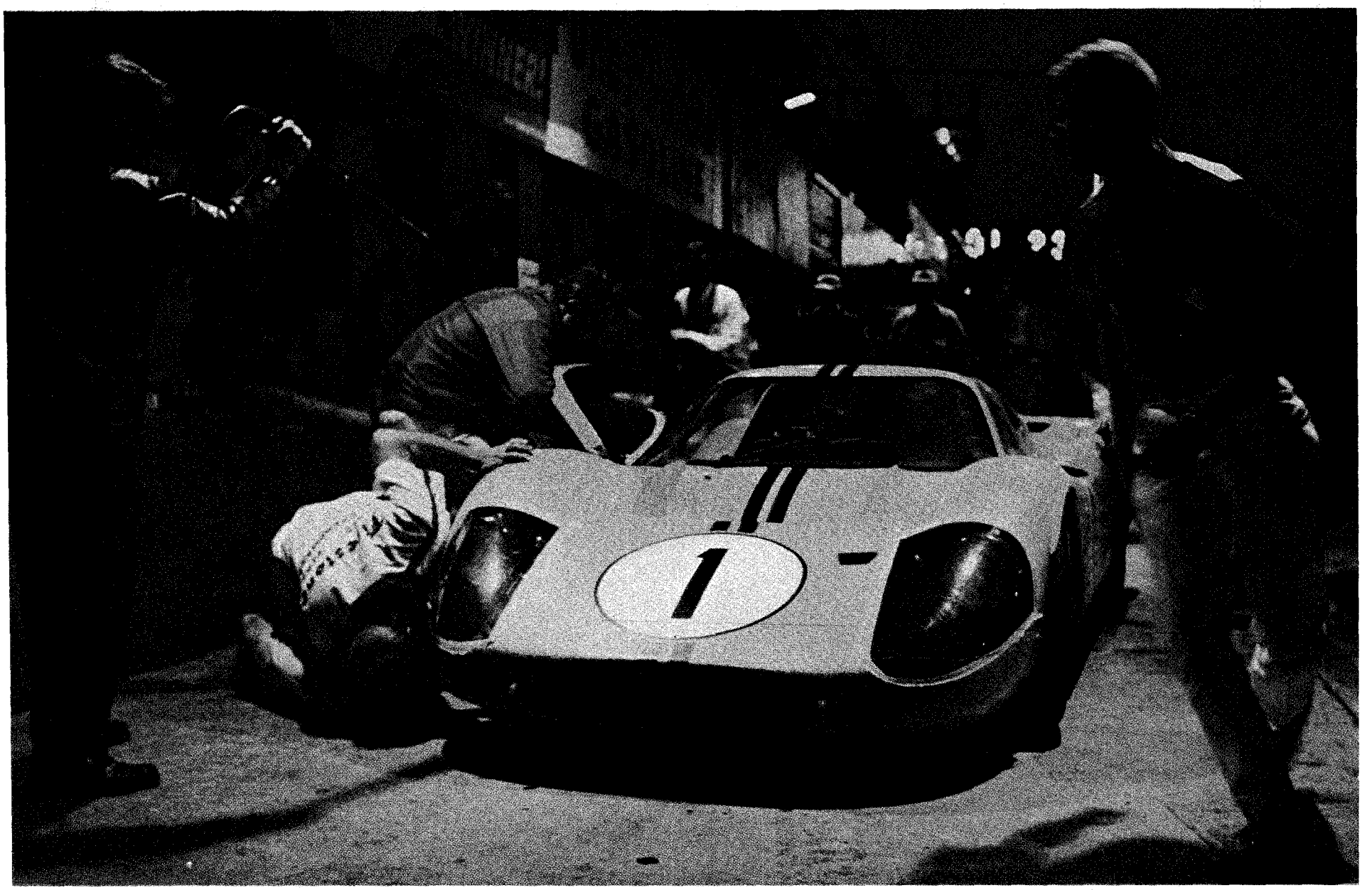

In the garish night at Sebring, Andretti's racer pulls in for a pit stop as his skilled mechanics scurry into action.

track, they can hit better than 170 mph down the straights, bellowing, and even now at Phoenix they are averaging 120, turns and all. That should be awesome enough, but for some reason it is not. Today's runs are only practice, of course, and there is no mad-dog passing and repassing. Since each car goes by neatly and punctually every 30 seconds, and is in sight for the whole of its circuit, what the viewer senses instead of a howling 120 mph is a slow, regular, two revolutions of the track a minute. After several hours the eyes unfocus. The grandstand seats are hard. "Let's eat Mexican tonight," someone says.

And then: "Spin out, he's off the wall," the same man says without any urgency in his voice. "Isn't that your driver?" Across the track, a white race car is stopped on the third turn. It points the wrong way. People are running.

When we get there, the car is lying broken on its belly, and Andretti is being helped across the track. He walks like a man with a bad stomach ache. He sits on the tail gate of a station wagon and says his chest hurts. A doctor says, "All right, son," and unzips Andretti's fireproof suit to feel his chest. Andretti is a small man, five feet five inches tall, but he has never looked small before. Now he does. His face is blurry and white.

The doctor is saying that he wants Andretti to go to the hospital for X rays. "I don't think there's anything broken, son, but we better check." The doctor has used the right words. Andretti, who is 27, and makes a lot more than a quarter of a million dollars a year driving race cars, looks like someone's scared little son now. Of course, the moment passes. He is very strong, and he gets his face working again. It's crooked-nosed and handsome, and as he eases himself into the ambulance, it wears a look of complete disgust.

A cold day in Daytona six weeks earlier: Wearing iron crosses, knitted Peruvian ski masks, Appalachian troll hats, straw stetsons, quilted Chinese infantryman parkas and Indian blankets, the fans pack against the chain-link hurricane fence keeping them out of the garage area at the Daytona International Speedway. They clutch at the wire, holding their breakfast hotdogs, and stare through at the mechanics in their snappy Firestone or Pure Oil or Goodyear jackets. It is 8:15 A.M., and the fans have been on hand all night, sleeping in their cars.

"Real animals, ain't they," says a mechanic, who is warming his hands over a fire fueled with eight quarts of his bosses' engine oil poured into a drain can. The mechanics have been here all night, too, getting their 600-horsepower, 190-mph Fords and Plymouths and Dodges ready for the Daytona 500, the big stock-car race that will start in four hours. Some of the crews have done all the work they can think of, and now there is nothing to do but polish their cars. Sixteen-year-old kids in cowboy hats rub away, holding in their heads the mad notion that their fathers or uncles, the drivers, can beat the factory teams and the hard, quick men who drive the factory cars.

What happens if you have to stop fast? 'You drive into the car in front of you.'

Mario Andretti's Ford Fairlane is very much a factory car—Ford as in Ford. Mechanics of Holman and Moody Inc., speed specialists hired to give Andretti's sedan the little touches necessary to make it go 190 mph, have just installed their seventh engine since practice began at Daytona some weeks ago. Nothing was wrong, necessarily, with the other six, but at Daytona engines are pulled on hunches, and when it is Ford against Chrysler, you do not have to get three estimates before starting a repair job.

Andretti, wearing a red Firestone jacket, is leaning against his car in the Holman and Moody garage, chewing a toothpick. The toothpick (which he chews with a flair that would make any small boy who saw him begin to chew toothpicks) is optional dress, but the Firestone jacket is a declaration of allegiance. Andretti could live grandly on what Ford pays him to be its top team driver, but it is his contracts to use and test Firestone tires that are making him wealthy. The most dramatic improvement in racing cars in the last few years has been in their tires, and Firestone and Goodyear are fighting to claim the credit. Their war "makes things very sweet" for Andretti, a happy mercenary who drives all year—as a tire-test pilot when he is not actually racing—and who rarely spends seven consecutive days at his home in Nazareth, Pa.

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He says hello politely, calling me by name, possibly because the idiocy of my questions in the last few days has burned itself into his mind. The day before I had asked him innocently why he always got into his car by climbing through the window. Stock-car doors, of course, are bolted shut for safety, as he explained gently. Sure, he says, his car is in good shape, no problems, and yes, he feels fine. He seems amused at the thought of having problems, or of not feeling fine, on the morning of a big race.

Race drivers do not commonly give the impression, just before takeoff, of men lying in fields of daffodils. Perfectly good drivers will hold one gloved hand with the other as they sit waiting in their cars, and when they let go to wipe the sweat off their foreheads you see why; both hands are shaking. Not Andretti. He is sunny and calm. There is no impression of iron self-control; merely one of great contentment. Talk to him; his manner is easy, friendly, untroubled.

It takes a while to realize what sort of rarity you are dealing with. An attic-full of race-driver stereotypes must be cleared away. Obviously Andretti is not a thick-minded chance-taker, or a neurotic seeking his own death, or—although he is short—a Napoleon compensating for his size by straddling tall horsepower. He is not angry at anything.

Eventually the Andretti-watcher realizes what it is. Take it or leave it, Andretti is simply a man blissfully and innocently in love. All's right with the world, people are marvelous, methanol fumes taste fine, failure and traction splints are laughable lies.

The love affair started in Italy, where Mario and his twin brother, Aldo—a race driver who has had only indifferent success—were born in 1940. Their father hated racing, but an uncle took the brothers to see the Mille Miglia, Italy's great cross-country road race. The late Alberto Ascari was their hero. They were just 15 when the Andretti family came to the U.S., but both Mario and Aldo were already veterans of sports-car racing.

In the U.S. the brothers raced modified stock cars on tracks within weekend-driving distance of their home in Nazareth. Then in 1959 Aldo cracked up, and was left with a bad concussion. When he was able to return to racing, his brother was an unbridgeable distance ahead.

Mario has never had a serious accident. Some people suggest that this is why he is fast. At any rate, he talks with mild wonder, and an interesting choice of words, about drivers who have compromised with their fear: "There are a lot of guys, name drivers, who aren't out there killing themselves to win. They're happy coming in fifth. Hell, if I drove that way, I could last until I'm eighty.

"I don't know, though," he begins to say, "I'm beginning to think more and more. . . ." What he is thinking about he doesn't say. Perhaps that he can imagine the end of the love affair, perhaps not. Twenty-seven years old is not 15, and it is not even 25. But in the six weeks I spend with him Andretti gives no other suggestion of doubt.

Now, at Daytona, Andretti begins to explain the special difficulties of driving passenger sedans at three miles a minute. One of the things that can happen, he says, is that a driver forgets that he is going that fast. "You wouldn't think it, but you get used to the speeds, and then maybe you oversteer, or hit the brakes, and you're in trouble." Brakes are not much use stopping the huge, heavy cars on the steeply banked oval at Daytona. What happens if you have to stop fast? "Yeah, well, you drive into the car ahead of you."

Tailgating, or drafting, is a technique by which a slower car, or one whose driver wants to save fuel, is sucked along in the partial vacuum created by the car ahead. All racers use drafting occasionally, but on the Grand National stock car circuit, whose big race is the Daytona 500, drafting is what starts the aborigines in the crowd pounding their knees and yelling, and the men from the tire and oil companies signing checks. "You can pick up turbulence two, three hundred yards back. Then you get tucked in, right behind him, and you can run with forty percent throttle and maybe save a pit stop," says Andretti.

The drafting nicety that rouses the paying guests, however, is called slingshoting. It is performed on the turns, which are so steeply banked that a man in leather-soled shoes cannot stand on them. "You're tucked in, say, a foot behind the other guy. You get high on a turn and then cut down below him. You go by like a striped ape."

Daytona is a standard-issue Florida beach town—that is to say, a flat and dusty clotting of plaster architecture, which even at high season looks like a closed-down carnival—except for one thing. Some decades ago it was discovered that the receding tide left the sand as hard as pavement. For years the beach was used for auto races and speed-record attempts, a number of which ended in sea voyages. When the racers left for a big, new speedway a few miles inland, and the speed-record cars went to the Bonneville salt flats, it seemed that nature's own dragstrip might be left to driftwood collectors. No fear. They still drive cars on the Daytona beach, and you, Clyde Spectator, may drive there too. The speed limit is 15 mph, and all the senior citizens obey it as they motor inscrutably up and down, windows sealed, air conditioners on, eyes ahead, both hands on the wheel.

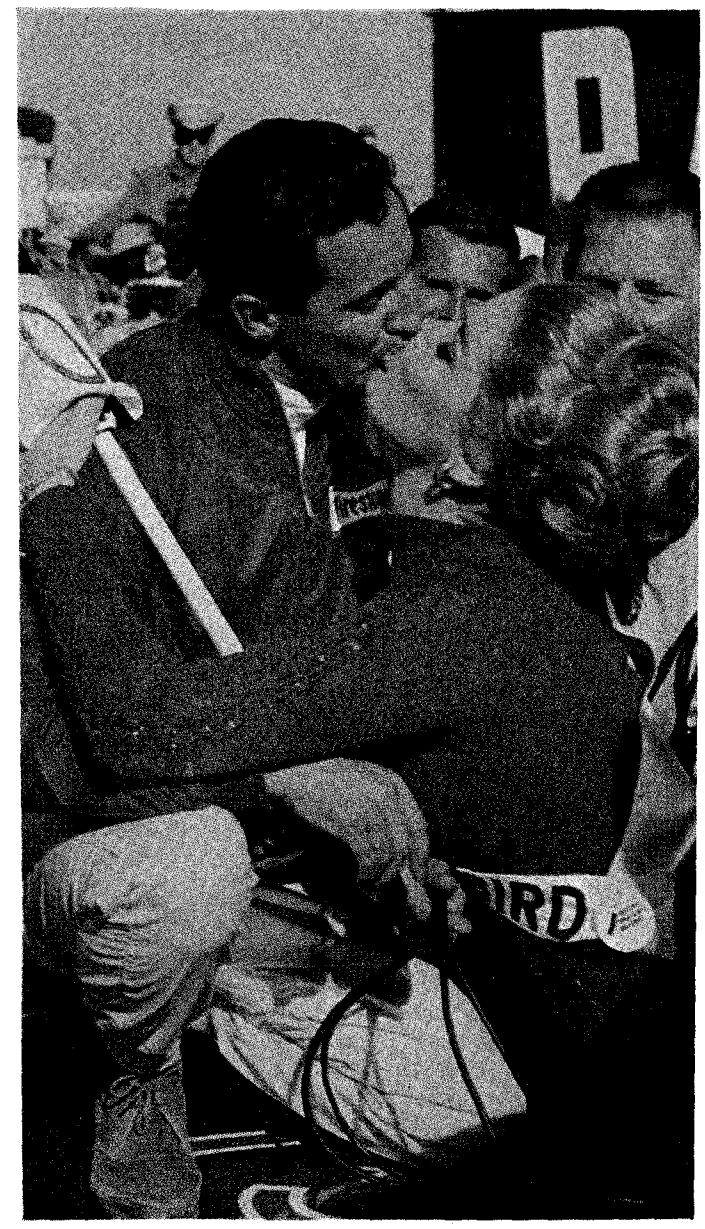
The mood follows some such profitless turn at least once during any race week, resort towns and races being what they are. The whole circus seems absurd. When the public-address system before the race directs, "a mechanic from each car to the field hospital to donate a pint of blood," the cynics gloom about the uses to which the blood is put. The people who hang around racing—semi-journalists, driver-worshipers, checkbook Siegfrieds, auto-industry pooh-bahs playing at death in the afternoon—seem not merely silly but obnoxious. Firestone jackets are childish, and the cars are a bore. What is the point of a 600-horsepower automobile? Why drive one in a circle for 500 miles?

The distemper passes, although not because there are sound, rational answers to the questions it raises. It passes because the emotions get churned up, which is the only thing—except, of course, for money—that racing is about. Andretti walks off cheerfully to the drivers' meeting where the officials say that cars too crippled to do at least 145 mph will be flagged off the course. Someone drives his car, its engine rumbling like a washing machine full of bricks, to the starting grid. The start is an hour away. The day quickens like a rockslide.

Band music. Blather. Half an hour. Convertibles roll by toting girls who grimace and blow kisses: Miss Firebird, Miss Hurst Golden Shifter. Hey there, Miss Hurst. Now the drivers are being introduced. They are old stockers, and look it; no director would cast them in a hero-driver movie. Old Curtis Turner, who drives in cowboy boots; A. J. Foyt, twice a winner at Indianapolis, and twice the victim of near-fatal crashes; Tiny Lund, who at six-four and perhaps 280 pounds is just small enough to make it through the window of his car. Forty others, soldiers of the Confederacy's dirt tracks. Andretti, who does look like a hero driver, gets a good hand, but Curtis Turner, from Charlotte, N.C., gets a better one. Ten minutes. The engines detonate.

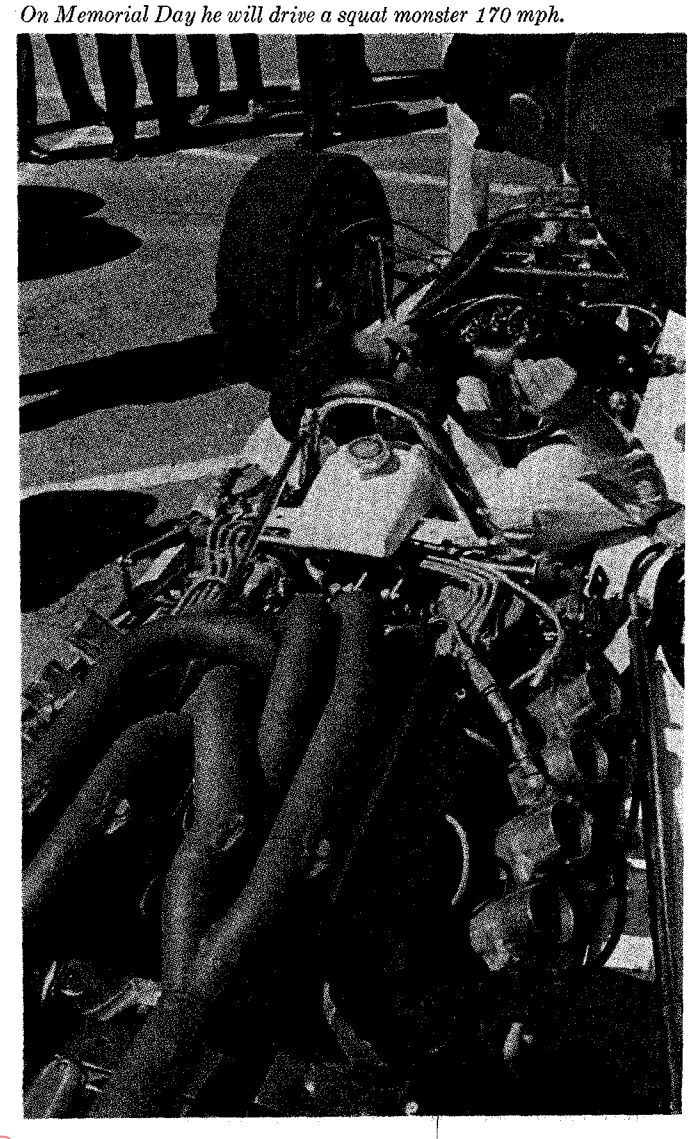
The sound of the cars rises past the level at which it is perceived by the ears as noise; it is felt in the skin of the face and the bones of the feet. The race has not yet started. Then there is a further, impossible rise of sound, and the cars are down the track and into the banked turn, where sweat is pulled off the drivers' faces with a force of about three g's. For a moment there is relative quiet. Then the leaders are around again.

If the whirling is violent enough, the viewer is sucked up. Nothing more complicated than that, no question of interest or lack of it. A point of



Andretti's spectacular fringe benefit is the victory kiss.

On Memorial Day he will drive a squat monster 170 mph.



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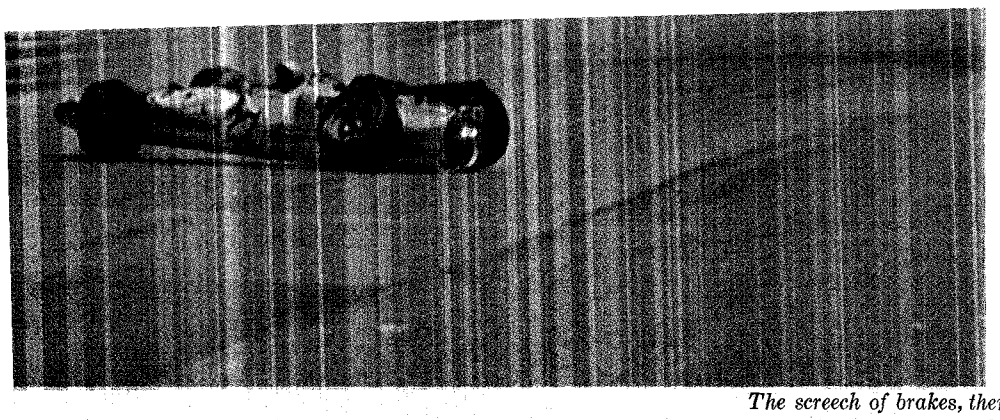

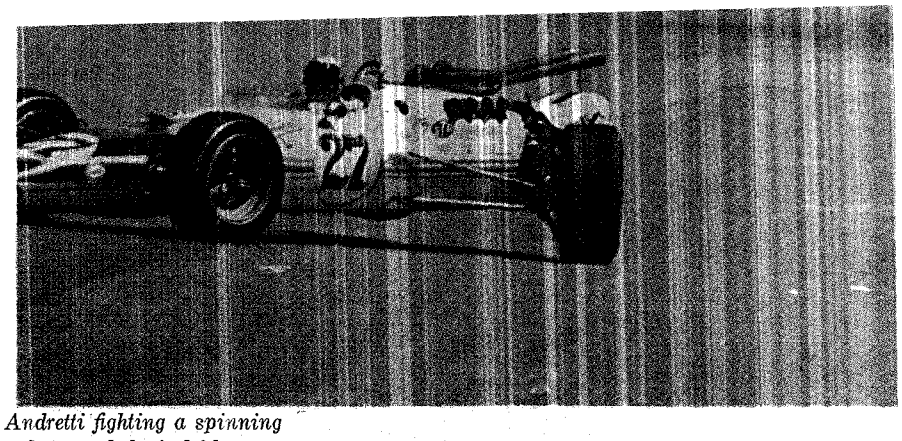

The screech of brakes, then Andretti fighting a spinning car as it comes apart and heads toward the infield grass.

view is impossible; Bertrand Russell, or Ralph Nader, set down at the Daytona speedway, would breathe the agitated air as helplessly as the correspondent from *Hotrod Magazine*.

Andretti, who started 12th, is soon running first. For all his talk of drafting to conserve fuel, he is not looking for anyone to hide behind. There is another way to win, and that is simply to go very fast and hope the engine takes the added strain, and that enough seconds can be hoarded to allow the extra pit stop that a front-runner has to make.

At about 90 miles Andretti gets a break. Driver Paul Goldsmith, pushing hard in second place, and hitting 160, spins on the fourth turn. The pack is 50 yards behind him. His broken Plymouth blocks half the track. Cars veer wildly toward us, 200 feet away. Cale Yarborough is forced onto the infield grass. Much too late, I think about jumping for cover. Then Yarborough is past. Everyone handles himself well; no metal is bent. But the racers are flagged down to a fuel-saving 90 mph while the derelicts are cleared away. Andretti makes his first pit stop six laps later than he had expected. Now he might not have to make that extra stop.

At lap 161 the end game begins. Andretti pits. So does Fred Lorenzen, a shrewd percentage player who has been lying back a few hundred feet in second place. By chance the two cars are Holman-Moody Fords, so the pits are side by side. Both crews are fast and sure, but Lorenzen does not need a tire change. He is away first, his car fishtailing through the knots of mechanics. Andretti gets new tires and loses perhaps three seconds.

He passes Lorenzen, who tucks in and begins to draft him. Now it is sticky; Andretti's car has 39 laps to go, and gas for only 37 at flat-out speed. Lorenzen, by drafting, will be able to squeak through. Then Andretti's luck shows up again. Someone spins, a caution light is out for several laps, and Lorenzen's fuel advantage is wiped out.

But he is still on Andretti's bumper in a matched car. For minutes they run the course that way, wheeling through traffic at 180 like one eight-wheeled locomotive.

Near the finish line the advantage is with the drafter; it is hard to prevent him from slingshoting on the last turn. With 14 laps to go Andretti slips past Tiny Lund's Plymouth, traffic closes in, and Lorenzen can't make it. The draft is broken. Ten minutes later Andretti is accepting a victory kiss from Miss Firebird.

Later, Andretti's wife, Dee Ann, a pretty, quiet girl from Pennsylvania, says what drivers' wives always say to what they're always asked. "You try to adjust. No, you never quite get used to it." Two small Andretti boys frown at photographers. Their father drinks beer. "Only once it was a little hairy," he says, in answer to a question. "There was smoke ahead, and I thought there might be a car I couldn't see. I would have hit it. But there wasn't."

A dusty week at Sebring: Five weeks after his Daytona victory, and a week before he was to smash up his Indy car at Phoenix, Andretti stands in the Ford garage at Sebring outlining his plans for the week. Thursday he will qualify the new Mark IV sports car for Saturday's 12-hour race at Sebring. Friday he will fly up to Atlanta in a Ford Company jet to qualify his stock car for a 500-mile race there on Sunday. Saturday he and Bruce McLaren, the New Zealander, will co-drive the Mark IV, finishing the Sebring race, if they finish, at 11 P.M. The next day at noon Andretti will be strapped inside the stock car in Atlanta.

Andretti seems, as usual, completely at peace. The schedule is a little crazy, he says, because there isn't enough time for practice, but no, he can't think ahead to retiring; "I like this too much." He did confess one ambition for his sunset years; he would like, he said, to "taper off to Formula Ones." That is like tapering off to Channel swimming; Formula One competition is European Grand Prix racing at its grandest and most difficult. What is at stake is called, correctly, the World Driving Championship. Juan Manuel Fangio won it, and so did Jim Clark and Graham Hill and one American, Phil Hill. Sterling Moss never won it, which says something about how hard it is to win. "I'd need a couple of years," says Andretti, half to himself.

Even at 27 Andretti has only a year or so to make the decision. The United States is where the racing money is, and he is automatically the favorite in any U.S. race he enters. He is the only driver to switch with great success from sports car to stock car to Indy racing. He can stay in this country, picking up his Indianapolis wins this year or next (he finished third in 1965, his rookie year, and last year went out early with engine trouble). Finally, which means no more than three or four years—during which time he will have had, on the odds, at least one bad accident—he will realize that he is both rich and worried. Then there will be a sour season during which he tries to find a way to let himself retire. That is what seems to be happening now to A. J. Foyt, a burly hardcase who was the best driver in the U.S. until he crashed and burned last year at Milwaukee. Foyt, at 32, is also a Ford driver, but he ranks below Andretti at Sebring.

The attraction of Grand Prix racing for Andretti, who at this point has never even driven a Formula One car, is simply that of proving that he is the best and most versatile driver in the world. The money is not spectacular, but Andretti is on the point of having enough money. Then there is the possibility, dazzling for any driver and unimaginably glorious for one raised in Italy, of driving for Ferrari.

He is rich and happy and only 27. But he knows his time is always growing shorter.

"You enjoying this?" Andretti asks suddenly as he shows me around the Ford garage. I say yes, which is true, and he seems pleased. The bright yellow Mark IV, he says, is "as perfect a sports car as I've ever driven." It is 300 pounds lighter than the old Mark II that Foyt and Lloyd Ruby will drive, he says. (This, of course, means that Foyt and Ruby cannot win unless the Mark IV crashes or breaks, a fact that cannot please A. J. Foyt.) The Mark IV chassis is essentially two aluminum honeycombed gas tanks cradling a seat in which the driver reclines, bent to the shape of a banana. Geared for Sebring, its top speed is about 170.

That is about 70 miles an hour faster than the slowest of the cars that will be racing Saturday, which is one reason the professionals do not like Sebring. Tiny Triumphs and Austin-Healey Sprites are permitted to race with such monstrous autos as the Mark IV, which means that the Triumphs and the Sprites are in constant danger of getting run over. The other complaint is that there are people in the cars, playing race driver, who should not be allowed on the Jersey Turnpike. The amateurs are allowed in because of a clubby tradition dating from the time when sports-car drivers wore funny hats and waved at each other. This year there are to be several girls' teams, and I asked Andretti if the women aren't actually fairly good drivers. His expression is that of a man whose wife has asked him to carry her handbag. "No," he says, "they're not."

The Ford people are not happy at Sebring this year, because there is not much to win. Their enemy is Ferrari, whose cars came in one, two, three earlier this year in a much-publicized 24-hour race at Daytona. The Ford Mark II's took sick with drive-train troubles, and only one came in at all. Now, with the ferocious Mark IV ready, there are no factory Ferraris to race. The Italians, having all the publicity they need, have decided not to show up, and the big shoot-out is postponed until the LeMans 24-hour race in June.

On the other hand, it is quite possible for Ford to lose. The threat is a weird moon-crawler called the Chaparral, a home-built contraption with slab sides, a square tail, an automatic transmission and a great wing held three feet above the chassis on pylons, whose function is to force the car's tail down for better traction. The most astonishing thing about the Chevrolet-engined Chaparral is not the wing; it is that the wing really works. So does the heretical automatic transmission. The Chaparral's builders, Jim Hall and Hap Sharp, like to masquerade as two guys from Texas, although it is clear that they get some help from General Motors. The trouble for Ford is that although a victory over the Chaparral would be Goliath beating David, a defeat would be a loss to Chevrolet.

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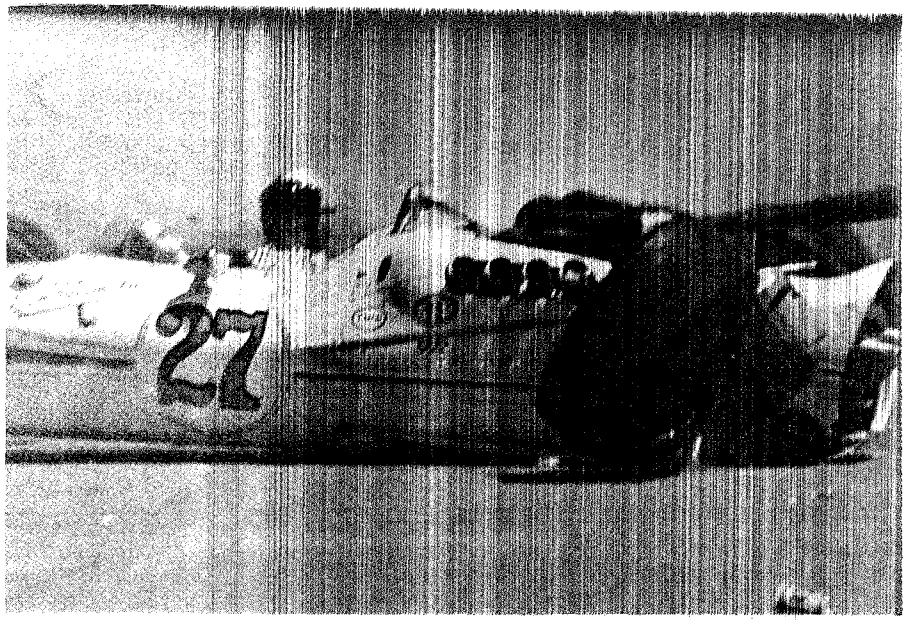
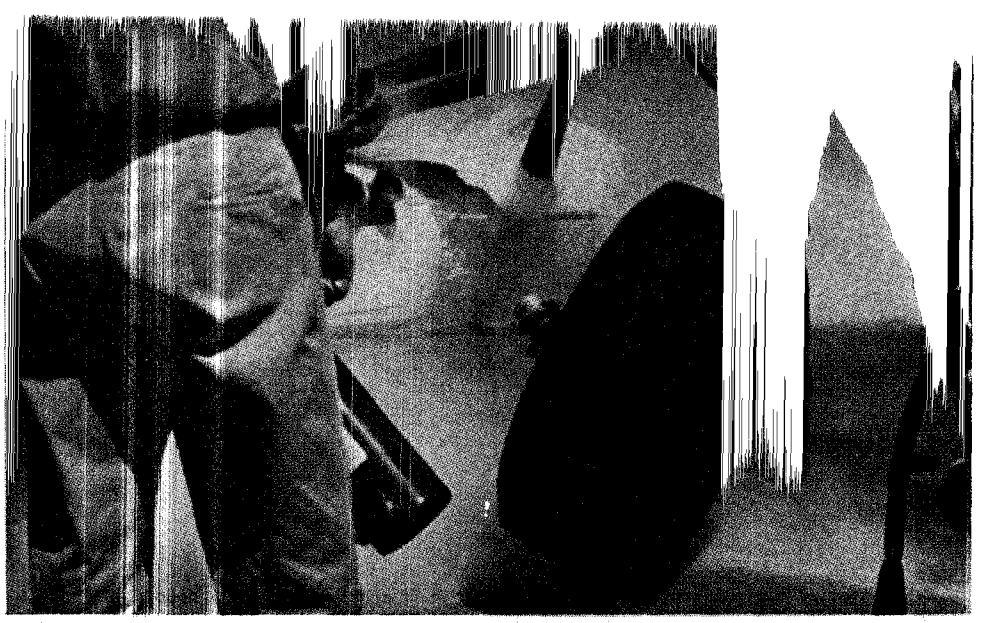




Andretti and Bruce McLaren, the New Zealander who is his co-driver, toss a coin. McLaren loses, which means he must run the short footrace, or LeMans start, that precedes the long road race. "Ridiculous," he says. But McLaren lines up with the other drivers and scuttles across the track to the Mark IV when the gun is fired. By the time the cars have come by twice, he leads the pack. The Chaparral, which flooded and refused to start for a full minute, is two miles behind.

This is very nearly the last time for 12 hours that anyone except the timers and the pit crews knows who is ahead. For spectators along the twisting road course, which zigs for 5.2 miles up and down the runways of an old World War II airfield, everything is dust and rumor. It is clear early in the race that McLaren and Andretti are gaining perhaps four or five seconds a lap on the Chaparral. Later, after a confusing number of pit stops, a stopwatch check gives the Chaparral a steady 10- to 12-second gain, but is it ahead or behind?

The spectator gives up and goes girl-watching. It is good this year, as it always is at Sebring, but it is not great. There are lots of real, actual girls, who look just fine, but there are none of the exotic wildfowl who fluttered around the pits a decade ago when Sterling Moss and the Marquis de Portago were driving in the event. Where has all the crumpet gone?

A 12-hour race allows time for such deliberation, and for chess games, naps in the car, and fistfights. But the cars continue to circulate, and toward sunset, with five hours to go, the Chaparral challenges Andretti. They go by; 100 yards separate them. On the next lap, it is 50 feet. But is the Chaparral smoking slightly? One lap more and it does not appear. "He was trying to break me," Andretti says later. "I didn't know what his limit was, but I wasn't going to go faster than mine."

The Chaparral driver, trying to panic Andretti into blowing his engine, had instead blown his own. There is no car left to challenge the Mark IV. Four hours later, Andretti is flagged to a win.

A half day later, at Atlanta, he cuts a tire on some debris and has to withdraw.

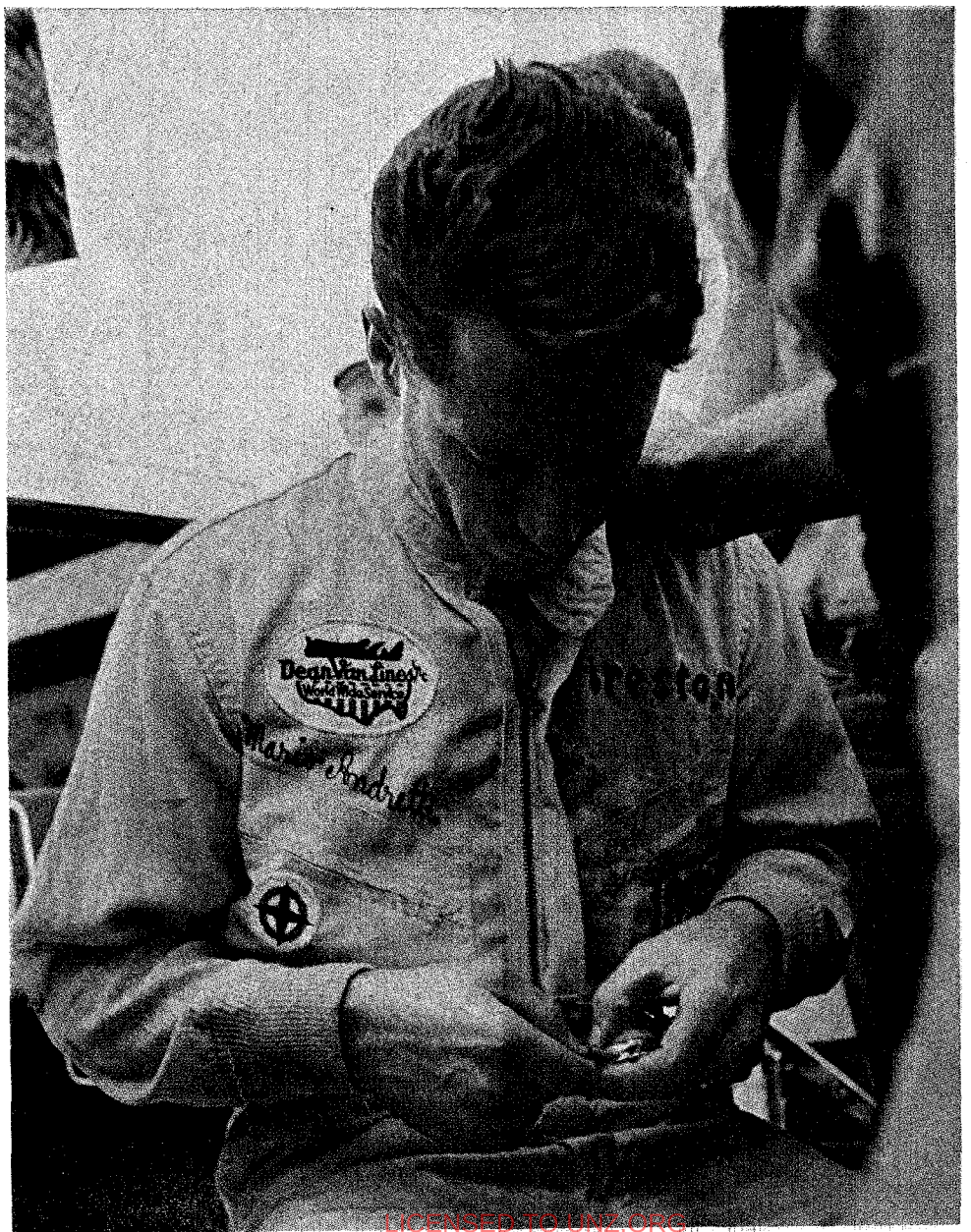
Phoenix, the morning after: When Andretti wrecked his car and hurt his chest during the trials, Lucien Bianchi, a Belgian driver, offered to lend him his racer. The two men were old friends and, the Belgian explained, the Phoenix race might mean the championship to Andretti. No one could recall any driver giving away his car before.

The next morning Andretti said he felt "not real good." No bones broken, but his chest was stiff. He wasn't going to drive.

Two hours later, when pre-race practice began, Andretti was not there. With 15 minutes to go, Andretti walks into the pit in street clothes, explaining to an escorting reporter that he doesn't feel like driving.

"Take it," says Bianchi, who is sitting in the car. Andretti, who had been walking like an old man, turns and runs for his station wagon to change into his driver's suit.

The near-disaster at Phoenix left Andretti shaken. Despite his frantic pace, he has never had a serious accident—yet.



They stuff rags and sponge rubber around him so that he won't rattle—the seat had been made for Bianchi, who at five-seven is a size larger than Andretti—and out he goes. The third and fourth laps he takes are 30 seconds flat, only a few tenths off his own lap record. Everyone grins as he coasts in.

Aldo Andretti, Mario's twin, helps his brother out of the race car and smiles. Aldo looks like Mario, with a little of the starch left out. He would like to drive Indy cars, and Mario is worried that he is not ready. Aldo gently takes his brother's sunglasses, polishes them, and hands them back.

It is time for the qualifying laps, and everyone is feeling good as Mario rolls out. He takes one lap flat-out and whines into the next. The track announcer gives the first lap time: a qualifying record. As he finishes the announcement a roar begins at the far end of the grandstand. Brake noise. Then the race car is spinning backward past the timing stand. Men with fire extinguishers are on it before it stops. A wheel flops loose. The car's shell is crushed. Now that the engine is dead, the nature of the grandstand roar can be understood. The fans have been whooping and cheering. They have seen some action.

Andretti stands up in the seat, slowly, and steps out as the applause subsides to a few jeers. Someone says he saw the suspension break.

"Yeah."

"You OK?"

It takes a moment for the answer. "Yeah, I'm all right." He speaks to Bianchi and then walks toward his station wagon to change clothes.

There is nothing at all to say. I am a civilian, not part of his war. Witlessly, I ask him what he is going to do now. He looks me up and down, and then says, "Well, one thing sure, I ain't going to drive any — race car this weekend." There is a small grin as he finishes this.

When he is dressed, he goes off to find his wife, who has been watching from the stands. □

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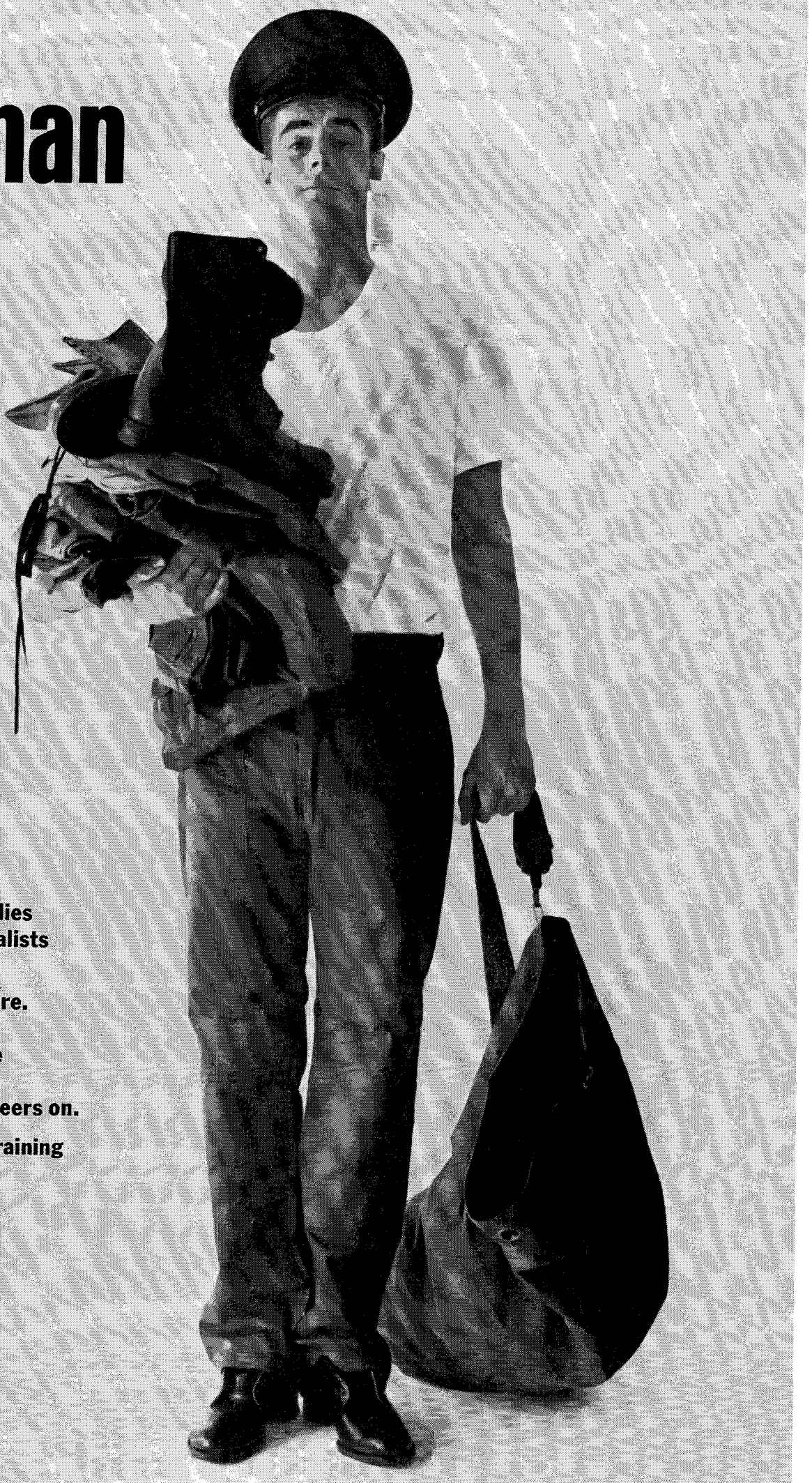

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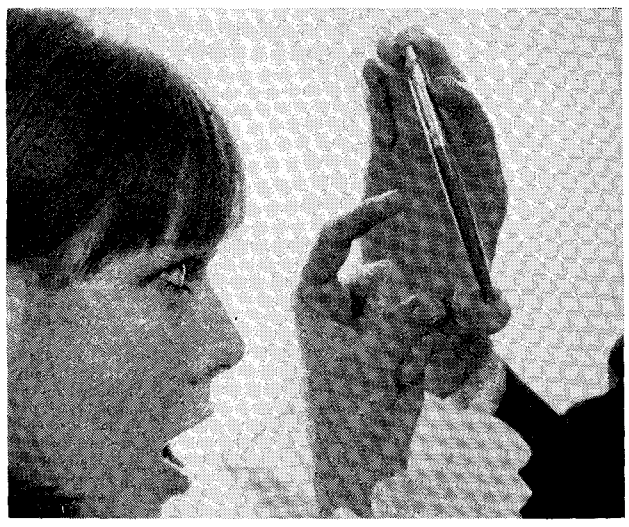

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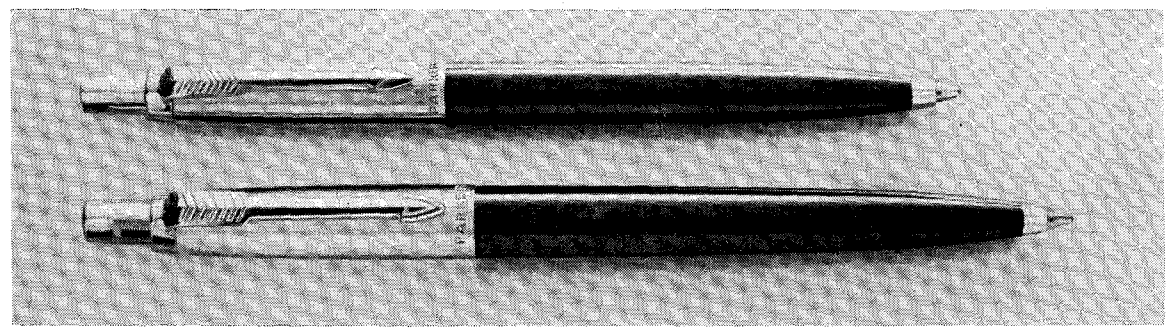

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THE REVOLT AT TREBLINKA

(*continued from page 40*)

is not only for our people that we must succeed, but for the whole world, which does not know and which may never know. We must set a new date for the revolt."

Djielo looked at Adolf and replied, "Begin again? Yes! But this time Camp Number Two must be included. That's where the death chambers are. And that way the failure of the first attempt will serve some purpose."

Everyone looked at him.

"How?" asked Galewski.

"There's a way," replied Djielo. "I have talked it over with Adolf. We must go there."

Thanks to the strange premonition of failure that Galewski had had about the revolt, and his insistence on keeping the revolt date secret from most of the prisoners, the committee had succeeded in saving the situation *in extremis*. If the prisoners had known, their explosive force would have been difficult to turn off. But in order to be able to begin again afterward it was necessary to keep the Germans convinced that the Jews believed that the camp would not be liquidated.

Meanwhile, Kurt Franz, "Lalka," methodically pursued his policy of sedation. To divert the attention of the prisoners while awaiting deportees, he initiated a program of major construction designed to put the final touches on his masterpiece and to lull the suspicions of the Jews. It was an old Technicians' principle to make the Jews believe that work equaled life, and its logic had long deceived the Jews. The Technicians said, "Work and your life will be spared." The Jews thought, "They need our labor, so they will let us live." The Technicians gained on two grounds: The Jews not only worked for them, but this work, which they saw as security, disarmed them morally and psychologically. Since work was to insure their salvation, they did not bother to look for another path.

Faithful to this old ruse, therefore, Lalka began to build. Treblinka was suddenly transformed into a giant construction project. A main street was laid out from west to east. The main gate was reconstructed in the style of a medieval city gate. It was flanked by two towers connected by a fortified footbridge. The southern tower was converted into a guardhouse and was also decorated in the medieval style. Treblinka was becoming a fortress of Teutonic knights.

They even built a zoo. It was a park with lawns and flower beds and little paths covered with fine white gravel. In a shady corner of the park an ornamental lake was dug and in the center was placed a stone frog, sculpted by prisoners, from whose open mouth a fountain was made to spout. In the center of the park was a hexagonal building covered with little birch logs. On each side of the building were the cages: a cage for the birds, a cage for the squirrels, and so on.

The construction was almost finished when one day the heavy gates opened to admit a procession of seven cars. In the first, stiff as a ramrod, sat a little man who looked like a fanatical schoolteacher and who wore a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles on his ferret-like face. It was S.S. *Reichsführer* Heinrich Himmler himself, patron of the Technicians. He inquired at length into the functioning of the "factory" and seemed pleased with what he heard. He wanted to see everything. He would demand explanations, nod his head and walk away. Occasionally a faint smile would distort his face. He left before dark, followed by his long cortege.

A few days later an acrid black smoke began to rise from Camp No. 2.

The committee met at once. They had to know. Since Lalka had initiated his policy of extensive construction, Yankel Wiernik, the carpenter from Camp No. 2, came to Camp No. 1 every day. He was the first man to return from hell. He was very closely watched, and at first they did not want to risk talking to him. But when the thick black smoke began to poison the atmosphere, they approached him.

In a whisper, Wiernik revealed, "They are digging up all the bodies and burning them."

When the committee met that night Galewski said, "Djielo and Adolf are right. We must get into Camp No. 2 at all costs. We must find out how fast they are burning the bodies. When we know that, we will be able to determine almost precisely what day the camp will be liquidated."

Djielo and Adolf carefully finished the preparations for their transfer to Camp No. 2. Their plan was simple. While working on a shipment of the clothing and personal possessions of the deportees, they would deliberately make a mistake in counting the bundles. The Germans attached great importance to bookkeeping, and Adolf knew they would be furious over the mistake that he was preparing. They would punish Djielo and Adolf by sending them to Camp No. 2.

While they waited for the propitious moment, they worked out a system for communicating between the two camps. The "road to heaven," that long path down which the deportees were led to the gas chambers, began in Camp No. 1 and continued into the territory of Camp No. 2. This path, which was covered with white sand, was raked and cleaned every day. But to keep the two camps separate, the Germans had entrusted the cleaning of the road in Camp No. 1 to a gang from this camp and the other part to a second gang from the other camp. In this way no prisoner from one camp ever entered the other camp. The gangs were each accompanied by two guards who had been instructed to keep them at least 10 yards apart.

"You can't say that they don't take precautions," commented Galewski. "But strong as they are, there is a way to outwit them. Of course it requires the complicity of both gangs. That of the gang from our camp is certain." He turned to Adolf and Djielo. "Your job will be to obtain that of the other gang. The dialogue will take place indirectly. The man who has a message to deliver will address it to a member of his own gang, shouting loud enough to be heard by the other gang. The message will be contained in an apparently innocent statement. The answer will then be delivered in the same way."

The problem of the date of D-day was brought up next. The committee did not know the situation in Camp No. 2, and since they would have to wait until it was mobilized for the attack, they decided that Djielo would send word when he had completed the preparations. They would decide then.

To facilitate their task the committee decided to ask Wiernik the carpenter, who seemed to be a personality in Camp No. 2, to find some way to have them appointed *kapos* or foremen.

The committee had already replaced Djielo and Adolf. Two new members had been elected, the engineer Sudowich, and Rudek, head of the garage.

An opportunity came a few days later for Djielo and Adolf to get themselves transferred to Camp No. 2. There had been no convoys for a while, and the Germans had to send for a special train to come and pick up the belongings collected from the dead prisoners. To know in advance how many cars would be required, Djielo and Adolf were ordered to find out how many bundles were available. They deliberately gave a figure that was much higher than the truth. The train came and was loaded; five cars went back empty.

The next morning Djielo and Adolf, their faces swollen, their bodies raw, were led half conscious through the "road to heaven" to Camp No. 2. Only by a miracle had they escaped death. The Germans had reacted much more violently than they had anticipated.

The sky darkened as Djielo and Adolf got closer to Camp No. 2. Nothing that they had seen up to then could be compared with the hell which they suddenly discovered before their eyes. To the left yawned an immense ditch, and moving around it were three excavators, mechanical giants which jerkily plunged their long jointed arms to the bottom of the pestilential pit and lifted them more slowly, loaded with dismembered bodies. The bodies seemed to lean forward as if to escape or to dangle their heads like drowned men. Each long steel arm ended in a monstrous set of jaws which closed gradually as they rose, inexorably eliminating anything that was too long, severing heads, torsos and limbs, which fell heavily into the ditch. Then the arm would describe a wide circle, pause, shudder and open its jaws, hurling to the ground its cargo of corpses.

A few dozen yards away, immense bonfires roared. As the flames reached them, the faces of the dead suddenly came back to life. They twisted and grimaced as if contorted by unbearable pain. The liquid fat and lymph that suddenly exuded covered their faces with a kind of sweat that further reinforced the impression of life and intense suffering. Under the effect of the heat the belly of a pregnant woman burst like an overripe fruit, expelling the fetus, which went up in flames.

Between the ditches and the fire scurried the slaves, carrying corpses.

What the early days of Camp No. 2 were like, no one remembers. The prisoners had become wild animals. All day, while they were busy carrying the bodies from the gas chambers to the ditches, they were beaten; not just occasionally, but regularly. In the evening they fought among themselves for food, and at night for a place to sleep.

Two men played a leading role in the moral rehabilitation of the prisoners. First, Pinhas Alter, a fanatical Hasid, and later Dr. Zimmermann, a physician who was *kapo* of the "dentists" who removed gold teeth from the executed Jews. Pinhas Alter, whose physical stamina matched his moral strength, spent his nights taking down the bodies of hanged men and separating brawlers. Alone, inspired by an extraordinary faith and a fierce love for God and for life, he slept only a few hours in the morning when the prisoners, prostrate with fatigue, had fallen every which way on the floor. Before falling asleep himself, he would pray at length, praising the Lord for the interest He showed in His people, thanking Him for the ordeals with which He tormented them, assuring Him that His wrath was even dearer to them than His kindness. Eventually Pinhas Alter died of exhaustion.

Dr. Zimmermann, who carried on his work, resembled him in nothing except determination. The son of a family of poor artisans, he had worked his way through medical school to become one of the most celebrated doctors in Warsaw. In the presence of doctors, even Jewish ones, the Technicians felt a kind of uneasy respect. Dr. Zimmermann took advantage of this respect to obtain more tolerable living conditions for the prisoners. Meanwhile, for long hours in the evening he urged them not to despair. He forced them to bathe when they had finished work and to clean their shoes, which were covered with shreds of skin, blood and rotted flesh, before re-entering the barracks.

Life was following its deadly course when Himmler came with Treblinka's death sentence. The Germans wanted to wipe away all traces before closing shop. A few days later the earth opened.

But it is one thing to kill and another to burn, as Lalka would learn. The soil of Treblinka contained 700,000 bodies, or an approximate weight of 35,000 tons. Thirty-five thousand tons is the weight of a battleship. The task was gigantic, superhuman; the problem apparently insoluble. With an output of 1,000 bodies per day, you would have to allow 700 days, or almost two years, without stopping a single day; provided, moreover, there was not a single convoy more to process. The future was dim. Lalka, however, set courageously to work.

He began by having one ditch opened. The bodies appeared, arranged in an orderly fashion, head to foot, and emitting a pestilential odor. Lalka then had several dozen quarts of gasoline poured on the bodies and gave the order to light the fire. A huge flame burst forth with a roar, and a thick curl of black smoke began to rise. Rolling back on itself, it almost engulfed the spectators. The fire rumbled for a long time in the artificial haze of its smoke, then began to die down. Finally the smoke whitened and thinned, and the fire went out. The S.S. approached anxiously. The bodies were still there, barely singed by the blaze.

At the German mess that evening there was consternation. But Lalka's fertile brain conceived another method. Arriving at the yard at dawn, he had the excavators dig a very wide and shallow ditch to which the prisoners carried 100 bodies, forming a pile as tall as it was wide. After the gasoline was poured, the pile was ignited. Flames, smoke, haze, anticipation,

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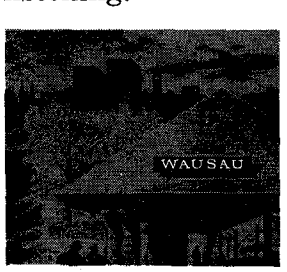

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hope: the fire subsided, the smoke lifted, the bodies were still there.

As days passed, the experiment was repeated by varying the shape of the piles, the quantity of gasoline and the position of the fire, but the results were just as disappointing.

Then an S.S. officer remembered having heard through a colleague in one of the small local camps that you had to alternate layers of bodies with layers of tree trunks. Several cords of wood were ordered and a new start was made. At first gasoline was used sparingly and the trunks did not have time to ignite. Then the wood was soaked with all the inflammable liquid available. The match was applied, the flame burst out, the smoke rose, fell back and dispersed. All rushed forward; the fire continued to roar. When nothing was left but a little heap of ashes, a great ovation arose. Congratulations, cries of long life to the beloved *Führer*.

Tired, the celebration over, the ashes cool, the Germans added up the figures. The cost turned out to be exorbitant: besides gasoline, they needed as many tree trunks as bodies. It was not feasible, for even if they could contemplate cutting down the forests of Poland, gasoline was becoming increasingly scarce. A German army had surrendered in Stalingrad, and the rich oil fields of the Caucasus had vanished.

The next few days were devoted to a number of experiments in which the quantities of gasoline and wood and the diameter of the wood were varied, but it soon became evident that the enterprise had failed, that Treblinka was unable to solve the problem. After a night of agony Lalka decided to report his defeat to his superiors.

Help arrived one fine morning, in the person of Herbert Floss. Blond and slight, with a gentle face and a retiring manner and a little suitcase, he was a specialist in the cremation of bodies. Floss had perfected his art in the little local camps to which the vagaries of fortune had taken him. This was a promotion, a great opportunity.

He reported at once to the administrative director of the camp, who, after wishing him good luck, sent him to Lalka. The cremator listened attentively to Lalka, then asked to be taken to the spot without delay.

Once there, he asked for information about the placement of the ditches and their approximate capacity. He seemed to attach particular importance to the age of the bodies. At each detail that was given him he replied, "*Tadellos*" ("splendid"), with a pleased little smile. He submitted his plan in the evening.

That night a group of prisoners from Camp No. 1 left under heavy escort to unbolt the tracks of a nearby railroad. The next morning the masons received the order to build, not far from the ditches, four cement pillars two and a half feet high to form a rectangle 20 yards long and one yard wide. Floss supervised the work. He shouted a great deal, but he was very awkward and seemed incapable of striking a prisoner. Running in all directions, shouting, explaining, gesticulating, he fell down several times. The prisoners did not dare laugh, but they gave him a nickname: "The Artist." When the cement of the columns was dry, Floss had the rails laid on them, with much shouting and fuss.

The first bonfire was prepared the next day. Herbert Floss then revealed his secret: All bodies did not burn at the same rate: there were good bodies and bad bodies, fire-resistant bodies and inflammable bodies. The art consisted of using the good ones to burn the bad ones. According to his investigations the old bodies burned better than the new ones, the fat ones better than the thin ones, the women better than the men, and the children not as well as the women but better than the men. It was evident that the ideal body was the old body of a fat woman. Floss had these put aside. Then he had the men and children sorted too. When 1,000 bodies had been dug up and sorted in this way, he proceeded to the loading, with the good fuel underneath and the bad above. He refused gasoline and sent for wood. His demonstration was going to be perfect. The wood was arranged under the grill of the pyre in little piles that resembled campfires. The moment of truth had come. He was solemnly handed a box of matches. He bent down, lit the first fire, then the others. As the wood began to catch fire, he walked back to the group of officials who were waiting a little way off.

The mounting flames began to lick at the bodies, gently at first, then with a steady force. Everyone held his breath, the Germans anxious and impatient, the prisoners dismayed and terrified. Only Floss seemed relaxed. Suddenly the bodies burst into flames. Then the flames shot up, releasing a cloud of smoke; a deep roar arose the faces of the dead twisted with pain and the flesh crackled. Even the S.S. men were petrified for a few moments, contemplating the marvel. Floss beamed. This was the finest day of his life.

When they had recovered, the Germans gave expression to their joy and gratitude. Herbert Floss was a hero. An event like this had to be celebrated in a worthy manner. The Germans sent for tables, which were set up opposite the fire and covered with bottles of liquor, wine and beer. The dying day reflected the high flames as the sun was disappearing with a show of fire.

At a nod from Lalka, the corks popped. An extraordinary party began. The first toast was made to the *Führer*. Then came the songs, songs of hatred, songs of fury, songs of glory to Germany the eternal. The party lasted until the funeral pyre died.

The next day the S.S. men became once again the conscientious, busy meticulous Technicians. The experiment had been conclusive. Now they had to translate it from the experimental to the industrial realm.

An organized man, Floss divided the task into proper fuel and proper combustion. The first point was in turn divided into two parts: extraction, and carrying and loading. Combustion was limited only by the number of fires, which could be increased at will. The rate of production would therefore depend on the possibilities of extraction, carrying and loading. Floss innovated until the operation was practically flawless.

Then at roll call one day Floss made a speech.

"Today we burned two thousand bodies. This is good, but we must not stop here. Tomorrow we will do three thousand, the next day four thousand, then five thousand, then six thousand and so on until ten thousand. Every day we will increase the output by one thousand units. I count on you to help me."

Floss pressed them so hard that finally the prisoners reacted. Three prisoners were responsible for counting the bodies. Their comrades, feeling that they were about to die of exhaustion, asked them to make Floss happy and give him the 10,000 bodies that he demanded. The next day Floss was informed that the goal of 10,000 bodies had been reached. He thanked the prisoners for their zeal.

The first message from Adolf and Djielo came a month after they left: "Arrived safely in hell, starting the job."

Carried along by its own momentum, Camp No. 1 continued to sink into insanity. Like a mad machine, or a runaway horse charging toward a preci-

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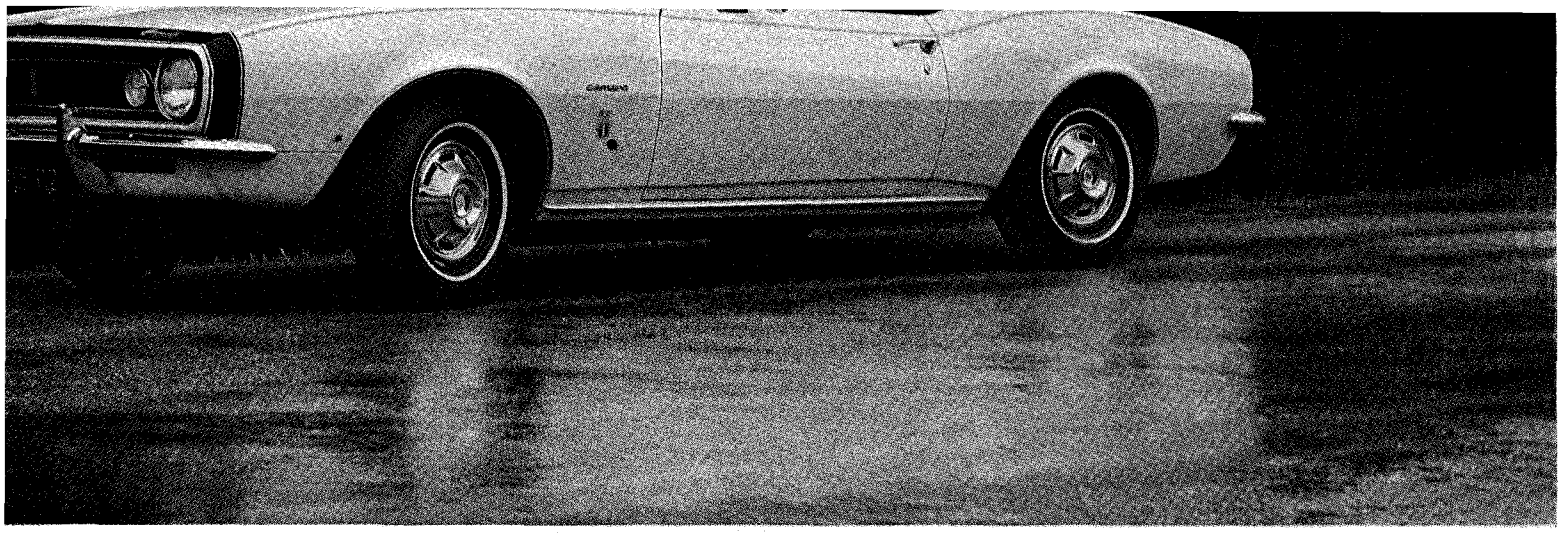

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pice, the camp was rushing toward its end. Everyone knew it—the Germans, the committee and the prisoners—but everyone also pretended not to know it: the Germans pretended in order to reassure the prisoners; the committee and the prisoners who knew the secret of the revolt, in order to reassure the Germans, and finally the other prisoners, who knew nothing, in order to reassure themselves. There were still a few convoys, but everything happened in a dreamlike atmosphere.

Treblinka had its own orchestra and entertainments—an infernal gaiety; it now needed only one thing: women. The next convoy corrected this situation. It was from Grodno and was bringing the last Jews in town. Contrary to custom, the women undressed in the yard. When they were naked, Lalka made them line up and inspected them. He wanted them young, fresh and pretty. Twenty girls and young women who found grace in his eyes were set apart. They were ordered to dress and were conducted to the Ghetto, as Camp No. 1's barracks were called. Half of them stayed there and the other half were taken to Camp No. 2. The 10 who stayed in Camp No. 1 were lodged in a room constructed especially for them, an extension of the barracks of the *Hofjuden*. During the day they worked in the German laundry, but in the evening they were allowed to stay with the prisoners in the yard of the Ghetto.

Their arrival transformed the camp. Fights broke out around these frightened and helpless women, who did not yet understand what had happened to them. Everyone at Treblinka who was any kind of *kapo* or privileged person began to dress meticulously, to bathe and to show off.

When Lalka felt that the prisoners had risen to the bait, he decreed that deserving *kapos* and *Hofjuden* had the right to marry. There would be both a civil and a religious service. The couples would be entitled to private rooms. Candidates were to apply to him.

The case of Dr. Ribak sheds light on the atmosphere of Treblinka at that time. It shows what had become of this world of death and delusion, abandoned to the double intoxication of the Germans and of the Committee of Resistance.

Dr. Ribak had arrived with his wife and two daughters. He had survived them because life is a duty. Working during the day, tending the sick at night, he had undertaken to assuage the pain and suffering of his brothers.

When the women arrived, the doctor began to dress with more elegance. He was seen at night in the yard of the Ghetto, in conversation with Dr. Irena, a young widow of about 30, who had arrived in Treblinka with her two children. Some time later Dr. Ribak officially announced his candidacy.

After the religious ceremony a reception was held in the tailor shop. The Germans provided the buffet, and Lalka opened the ball by dancing with the bride. The party lasted well into the night, flinging its laughter and its waltz strains into a sky that glowed from the huge bonfires of Camp No. 2.

Carried along by its own impulse, the "great life" continued to expand. Cautiously at first, then more and more openly, a kind of cabaret had opened in the Ghetto. The idea had appeared after Dr. Ribak's wedding. At first Arthur Gold, the orchestra leader, had formed the habit of coming to the tailor shop to play every evening before lights-out, and privileged persons who had certain liberties had stayed with him. One day someone brought his wife; then all the wives came. There were couples and music, and people began to dance. Insanity fed itself. Summer was coming and the dancing made people thirsty, so they brought drinks.

When Lalka heard about what was going on, far from forbidding it, he provided the drinks himself and encouraged the S.S. men to go there. In addition to the dancing there were night-club acts. There was social conversation between the Jews and the S.S.

It was July; Treblinka was one year old. Born out of chaos, Treblinka was sinking into madness. More than 700,000 men, women, children and old people, beautiful and ugly, short and tall, had been exterminated. Their bodies were almost all burned. The curtain was falling on the next-to-the-last act of the drama. The adversaries were fraternizing before the showdown.

In Camp No. 2 the "great life" had also been organized. While Djielo devoted himself to the military organization of the revolt, Adolf had helped the camp become a kind of insane picnic. All day the men dug up, transported and burned the bodies, but when the work was finished they sang, danced and played under the approving eyes of the Germans. Later, because the heat of the day made work in the ditches impossible, the prisoners began at four in the morning and stopped at one. Then they were shut inside the barbed-wire fence that surrounded their Ghetto and were free to do as they liked.

But unlike Camp No. 1, where the distractions were generally the privilege of a minority, at Camp No. 2 everyone took part in them. Whereas Camp No. 1 contained 800 persons, Camp No. 2 counted only 200, all of whom lived in the same barracks. Being less numerous, they were closer to each other. Furthermore, they could follow the progress of the cremation from one day to the next. Every corpse that they carried or burned brought them closer to the end, and they knew it. If the distractions enabled them to confuse the Germans, they also served as an outlet for anxiety. The afternoons of Camp No. 2 were simply an uninterrupted succession of parties. Singing, dancing and games succeeded each other until evening. The women, affected by the madness around them, threw themselves into this frantic life, and soon their quarters lacked only a red light over the door.

Adolf and Djielo encouraged these excesses. Djielo, not content to encourage them, even participated in them. Her name was Masha; she had an awkward boy's body and a fiery expression; and she had arrived, at the end of April, with a convoy of rebels from Warsaw. The story she had told of the city in flames, dying with sword in hand, had played a major role in the moral awakening of the prisoners. As a member of one of the Zionist youth organizations, she had personally taken part in the uprising. For these slaves who were prisoners of Camp No. 2 she became the symbol of revolt.

The first time Djielo spoke to her of the revolt, she rushed weeping into his arms. After that she became his warlike muse, then his mistress. Hesitantly he mentioned her to Adolf one eveing. Adolf encouraged him.

"First of all, because you love her, and it is an extraordinary thing to be able to love here, and next because it fits in with our plan."

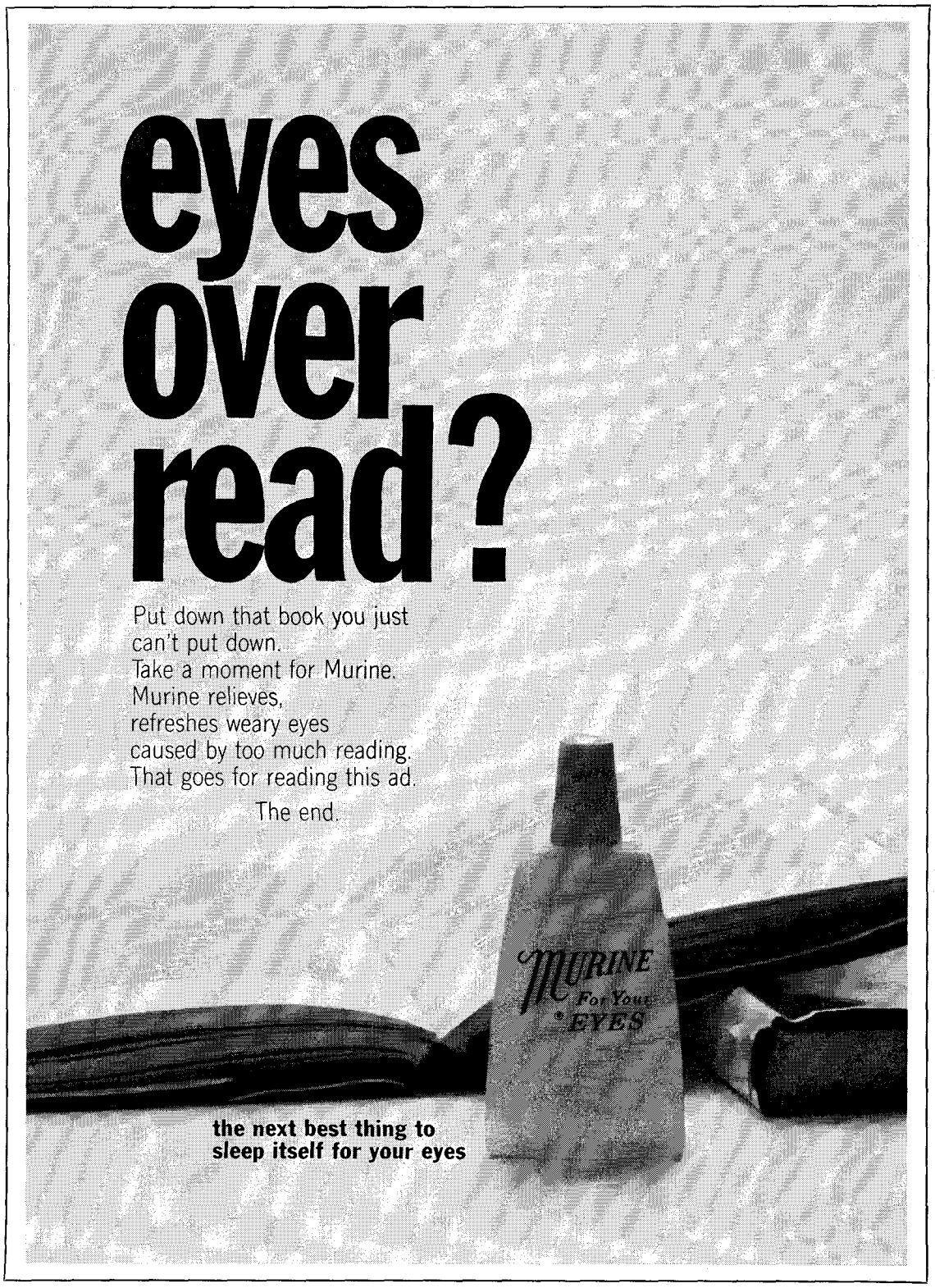
But Djielo had an officer's last reflex: "What will the men say?"

"That you are lucky," Adolf replied.

Summer succeeded spring. As the ditches emptied inexorably, to the beat of the orchestra, the cry to action arose. Near the end of July, 1943, Camp No. 2 delivered an ultimatum:

"We are starting the last ditch. In two weeks the camp will be liquidated. If you have not given us a final and irrevocable date within forty-eight hours, we will launch the revolt."

While festivities continued at a faster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and faster pace, the machinery of revolt was set up in Camp No. 2.

As soon as they had recovered from their first shock, Djielo and Adolf had begun the work of organization. They managed to rally a few men, but the majority did not follow. One of their first recruits was Shlomo Finkelstein, head of the commando in charge of sweeping the "road to heaven." Then there had been Wiernik the carpenter. But most of the prisoners were apathetic. It was then that Masha had arrived from Warsaw, and her account of the revolt had inspired the prisoners of Camp No. 2.

The catch was sprung. At night in the barracks everyone was told the story of the great battle of the Warsaw Jews. Djielo felt the atmosphere vibrate with hope and longing. He began to prepare a plan. Since Camp No. 2 did not have to play the leading part in the revolt, the strategy was simple. The important thing was that every man be ready to escape as soon as the revolt was launched. Djielo, Adolf and a few specially selected men would have the job of destroying the weak garrison. Any Germans and Ukrainians who would be in the yard would present no problem. There were never more than a dozen of them, and they would be taken care of by carefully synchronizing the operation and by the surprise of the attack. The watchtowers were trickier. There was one in each of the four corners of the camp, and their machine guns covered the whole yard implacably.

"They will have to be eliminated at all cost," said Djielo, "or it will be a massacre. The watchtowers must be our first objective."

Wiernik had an idea. "I'm sure that a Ukrainian would come down from his watchtower to get a gold piece. He might hesitate at first, but he could not resist the temptation."

They decided to try, using gold they took from Jews who had been sent to the gas chambers. The results were completely satisfactory. Djielo demanded the go-ahead from the committee. It was refused.

At Camp No. 1 the Germans were reinforcing their surveillance as a precautionary measure. The committee forced itself to be cheerful to calm the impatience of the prisoners. It even made a few improvements on the original plan: Rudek would seize the armored car, and Yatzek, his assistant at the garage, would blow up the gasoline supply.

At Camp No. 2, Djielo had worked out the final details.

First, the group from the kitchen would ask permission to go and get water from the well outside the wire enclosure in which the prisoners were penned when they were not working. On that day Adolf would leave with the group, which would be composed of reliable men. Second, they would have to see to it that all the corpses were not loaded in the morning, even at the price of the worst beatings. After lunch Djielo would volunteer to finish loading the fires, along with a group of determined men. This way the door would remain open to allow the mass of prisoners to flee. Djielo advised Camp No. 1 that they were ready.

The committee's answer: "The date is set for Monday."

Camp No. 2 acknowledged the message and reported everything ready.

The ditches were still being emptied.

Sunday passed in a whirl of merrymaking. Nobody slept that night. Monday morning the prisoners were leaving for work when the mournful whistle of the locomotive was heard. Galewski was on the platform when the deportees got off the train. Many were wounded; some were burned. The Germans and Ukrainians treated them with terrible brutality, killing off the wounded with the butts of their rifles and mutilating the able-bodied. These were the last rebels from the Warsaw ghetto. The Germans were so afraid of them that the train was accompanied by an armed guard of 100 men. Galewski decided to postpone the revolt again. The forces would be too unequal.

That day the savagery of the S.S. and the Ukrainians knew no limits. On the "road to heaven," Ivan, an enormous Ukrainian brute of 20, slashed open the bellies of the women with a huge sword. Other women were thrown onto bonfires alive. First their children were thrown on, then they were told to join them. Some jumped on of their own free will; others hesitated. Those who hesitated were told that they lacked the maternal instinct, and were thrown on too. The tension mounted among prisoners of both camps, and the secret organization had trouble restraining them.

The next morning Djielo sent an urgent appeal: "Hurry, we can't control the men." The committee replied

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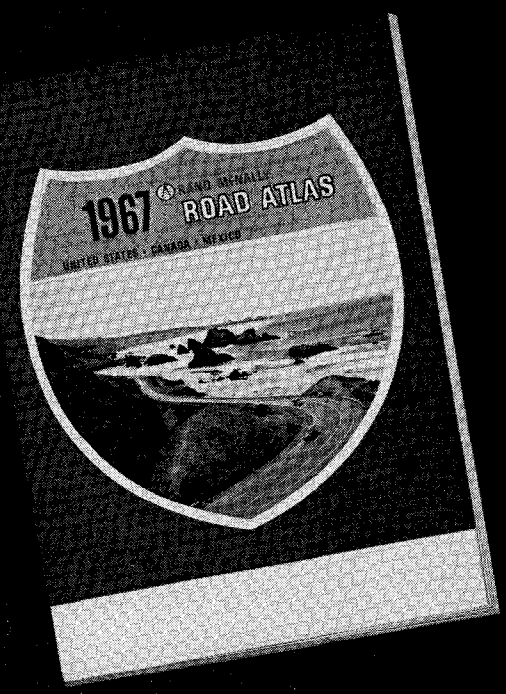

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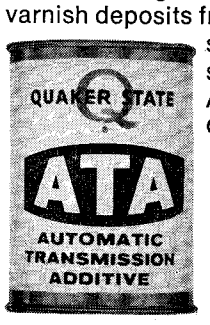

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I told you not to touch anything."

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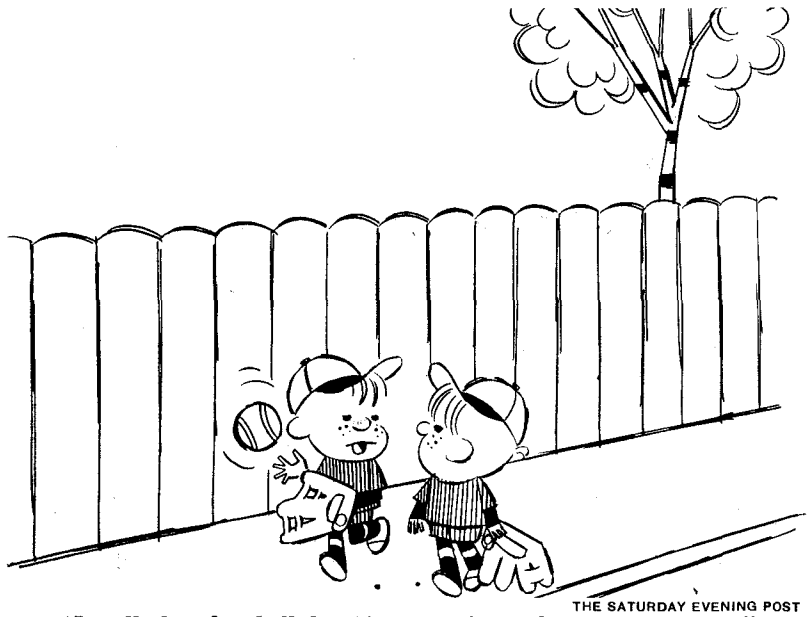


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I really hate baseball, but it's a vicarious release for my father."

that it had to let things calm down.

Life resumed, slowly at first, then more and more frantically. Pain and agony had abolished memory at Treblinka. There was a new anguished message from Camp No. 2, and a new dilatory reply from the committee: "Two weeks maximum."

The ditches were still being emptied. Panic slowly overtook the prisoners. One day in the forest the camouflage commando began to march slowly on their guards. Kleinmann, their *kapo*, had a hard time stopping them before the guards noticed them. Not a word was spoken; everything was done by expression. Kleinmann won out, but he knew that next time he would not be able to control his men. That evening he came to the committee.

"The men are at the end of their rope. This thing may explode any day. We are no longer in control of the movement we have started."

At Camp No. 2 things were even worse. At night in the barracks the men talked only of the revolt. Adolf, who had kept control of the situation up to now, was losing it. To ward off the terrible impatience of the men he multiplied the distractions. Everything became permissible.

The women were now strolling half naked in the yard while the prisoners joked. In the laundry where they worked they took off all their clothes. They drove the prisoners crazy. Every day Djielo requested the committee more and more urgently to set a date.

Still the ditches were being emptied, and still the committee wanted to wait. In Galewski's opinion it would be madness to launch the revolt now. The surveillance was too strict and the atmosphere too tense. Repeatedly he answered that it was necessary to calm the men, whose nervousness was increasing the Germans' suspicions.

But the Jews could not be calmed. The unreality of the world, their impatience for the revolt, and the proximity of death combined in them and transformed them into firebrands.

At Camp No. 2 the ashes from the corpses, after being screened and reburned, were mixed with sand, and the ditches were filled in with the mixture. On top, grass was planted and white gravel paths were laid out. Wooden benches were set up, as in a public park. Every trace of Treblinka's function was disappearing.

The last ditch was open. In two weeks, Treblinka would be liquidated.

It was Friday the 30th. Lalka had just gone on leave. Djielo sent an ultimatum. Next day the answer came:

"Monday 2 August 1943. Will confirm that morning as planned. The rallying cry will be 'Revolution in Berlin!'"

Six o'clock. Roll call begins. Galewski comes forward, holding himself erect by sheer force of will, walking firmly to keep from falling. He stops before his men, gaunt and tired.

"A new day is beginning," he says. "It will not be the last. I hope that every man will try as always"—change of tone—"to do his job to the best of his ability." His face brightens and all the prisoners see him wink. "Our masters the Germans have kept their promises, and we who have been here a long time know what they have done for us. It is up to us to keep ours, to do our work well."

He turns to the Germans and salutes.

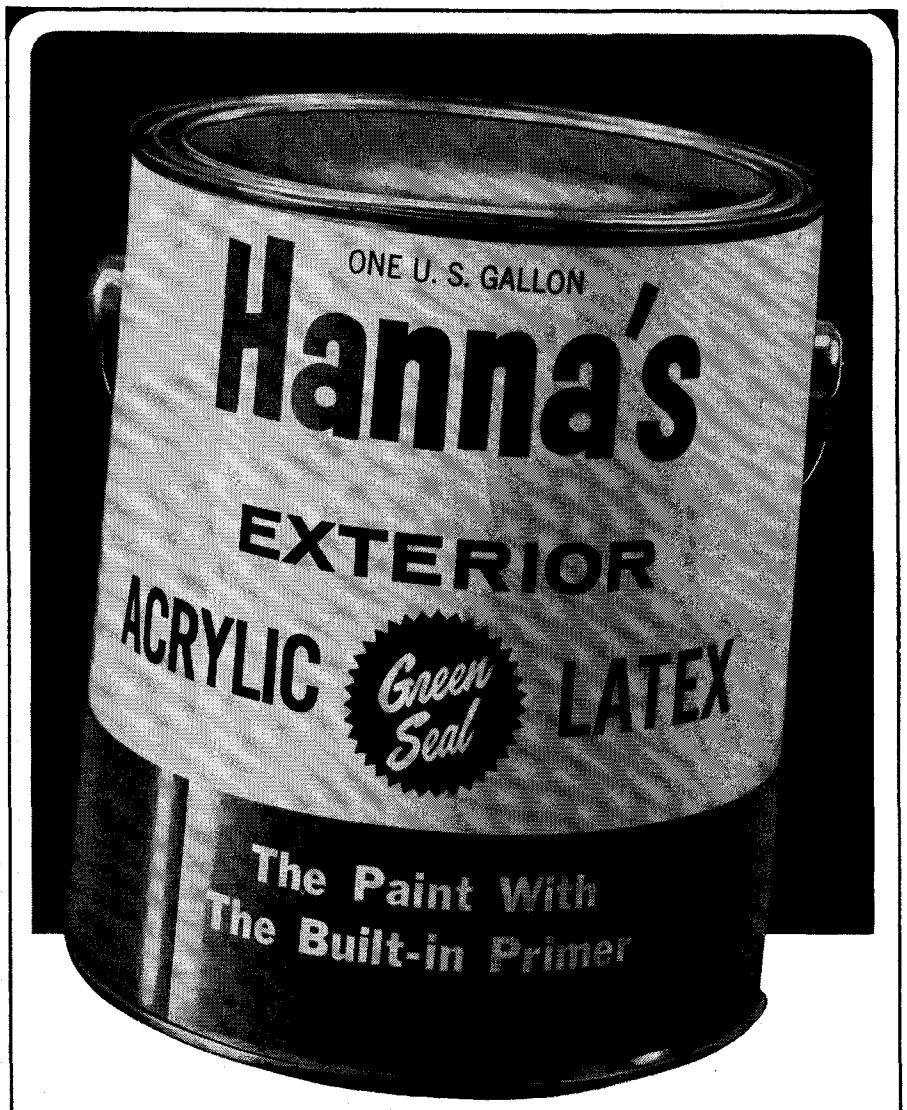
Nine o'clock. Young Heniek turns his cart into the path to the armory. Nothing has changed since the other time. The months have passed quickly.

In the fresh clear air the wheels creak on the gravel, hesitate and stop beside the armory. The window is already open. All three cases of grenades appear at once. With a single movement the prisoner sets them in the bottom of the cart. Heniek, watching first one sentry, then the other, feels the cart shudder three times. The committee has decided to take guns too. Heniek sees the butts appear one by one. They rise, tip and disappear. A hand appears and signals blindly. The window closes again. The cart starts off.

According to the new plan the guns will be divided between two points of distribution: the potato cellar and the garage. As he comes opposite the garage Heniek slows down. A prisoner walks up to him. "Five guns," Heniek murmurs, without turning his head. The cart stops in front of a pile of rubbish. Three prisoners are waiting motionless. Suddenly they bend down, pick up as much of the rubbish as they can carry, and hurry away. Other prisoners have appeared and form a kind of chain to the door of the barracks.

The weapons pass through the chain like a shiver, and the cart leaves again.

The main street is quiet. Turning



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into the Street of the Deportees, Heniek meets a German. The German looks at him and Heniek is afraid, but the S.S. man suddenly smiles at him.

The potato cellar. New chain, new shiver. Heniek sees Galewski walk over and disappear into the cellar. He thinks he saw a smile on the chief's face as he passed. Happiness thickens his blood and makes him suddenly numb.

Ten o'clock. At Camp No. 2 work has long since started. Djielo has spread the word: Work as slowly as possible, even when you are beaten.

Adolf moves from group to group, now burning, now loading, now pouring bags of ashes into the screen; he checks everything, encourages the men, reminds them of their instructions. But as the time passes with no confirmation from Camp No. 1, he sees a single question dawn and deepen in the eyes of the prisoners: Is today at last the day? The day of our death or of our victory?

Eleven o'clock. The commando in charge of sweeping the "road to heaven" was not sent to work today: contact with Camp No. 1 is broken.

Everything seems threatened. Only one man can still save the situation: Wiernik, the carpenter in Camp No. 2.

On the pretext that he requires several pieces of lumber of particular sizes from the storeroom in Camp No. 1, Wiernik persuades a guard to take him there. In the storeroom, a prisoner whispers to him—"today!" The time, four o'clock; the signal, the explosion of a grenade. Wiernik carries the word back to Camp No. 2.

At Camp No. 2 the news spreads like fire. A murmur rises, prayer and dirge, a rumble that swells into savage cries: "Today the earth trembles and quakes. It is the Day of Judgment." The whips fly, the clubs fall, the men run faster and faster; and while the great ditch gapes and exhales death, against a background of cloudless sky the dizzying sun continues its glorious climb toward the zenith.

Noon. At Camp No. 1, the columns return to the Ghetto to receive their tins of watery soup and their hunks of petrified bread. Their stomachs knotted from waiting, the men do not even go to get their tins. The group leaders quietly make them line up in front of the kitchen windows. "Just as usual—everything must happen just as usual." The column forms listlessly. It straggles, motionless in the heat; as soon as they are served, the men go and sit in the dust. No one eats. Under the white-hot sky the silence is absolute.

One o'clock. At Camp No. 2, work is about to stop. The facts must be faced: All the bodies that have been dug up will not be burned today. Herbert Floss rages. The odor has become stifling, and the men, dazed by the heat and the smell from the ditches, sway in their tracks. Some fall. Then Djielo volunteers to finish the work after lunch. He will take a group of able-bodied men. The S.S. officer thanks him and promises him a double ration.

Two o'clock. From long exhaustion the prisoners are beginning imperceptibly to lose control. Before resuming work with his commando of volunteers, Djielo orders Weinstein, the barracks guard, to shut them inside. He leaves to load the fires. The Ukrainian guard closes the gate behind him.

Two-fifteen. The man in charge of the kitchens walks over to the Ukrainian. The water tank is empty and must be filled. The Ukrainian agrees to leave the gate open and traffic begins to flow between the kitchen and the well, which is 20 yards outside the fence.

Two-thirty. At Camp No. 1 the heat has driven away Germans and Ukrainians; they have gone to take naps.

Three o'clock. At Camp No. 2, inside the huge, impassive barracks, the heat is stifling. The tension of the prisoners has reached the point of no return.

Sitting in the shadow of the well, three Ukrainians accept drinks from the Jews from the kitchen. They exchange a few remarks and seem friendly.

At the foot of the watchtowers other Jews are engaging the sentries in a familiar dialogue. In the sunlight their hands occasionally cast a yellow glitter. One by one the sentries come down.

Three-thirty. At Camp No. 1, an S.S. officer strolls slowly through the zoological garden. The engineer Sudowich walks over and says a few words to him. They leave together.

The disinfection commando, a furtive and bizarre patrol, glides over the white surface of the vast esplanade.

Three-forty. In the tailor shop, where the leaders Galewski, Salzberg and Kurland have assembled, the silent wait continues. The door of the barracks has been left open, but the dead air does not offer the slightest breeze.

Facing the yard, his face bathed in light, Galewski wearily gathers the threads of his memory one by one. After reviewing the details of the revolt and reassuring himself once again that all is in order, he abandons himself to the painful remembrance of his long journey. Today he is sure of success; he knows that in a few hours he can die at last, justified, avenged, appeased. One last effort and it will all be over. Already peace is filling him with a sweet numbness.

Suddenly there is a cry, dull and full of pain. Galewski trembles.

Like a bird of ill omen, Kiwe, the angel of death, walks into the Ghetto. With a foreboding of catastrophe the men in the workshops follow his progress. With his clumsy walk he heads for the door of the barracks. Darkness engulfs him. Time stands still.

Thirty seconds. One minute. Two minutes. A scream. The dark rectangle of the door comes to life. Three figures appear. First, two men with their heads bowed, and behind them Kiwe.

The two prisoners had hidden in the barracks. They empty their pockets: gold pieces fall out.

Galewski watches Kiwe push them toward the gate of the Ghetto, toward the "hospital," the place for execution.

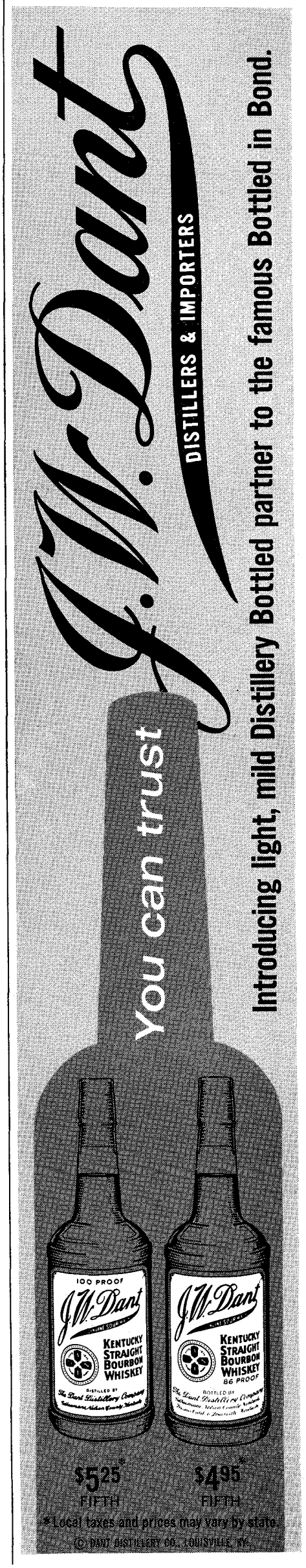
Kurland murmurs, "They will talk. We must start the revolt at once."

"A volunteer to kill Kiwe!" Galewski commands quietly.

Suddenly the statues come to life. Everyone rushes forward. The intervention group of the committee has at its disposal five rifles, a revolver and a grenade—the grenade which is to give the signal. Wolomanchik, an ex-thief from Warsaw, takes one of the rifles. He runs through the Ghetto and stands at the corner of the barracks. He kneels, shoulders the gun and waits.

Kiwe is walking along the fence of the Ghetto. Thirty yards away Wolo-

"Oh, for gosh sakes, Harry, can't you just remember how many shaves you get with one blade!"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manchik follows him through his rifle sight. His index finger closes slowly on the trigger. Kiwe keeps walking. In the barracks the grenade is ready. One of the men holds it, his arm flung back.

Kiwe reaches the extension of the barracks. Wolomanchik stiffens, holds his breath and fires. Kiwe falls. The silence is deafening. Then, calmly, Wolomanchik aims again and fires. The body of Kiwe gives a last jump and subsides.

Galewski yells to Wolomanchik to lie flat. The grenade hits the ground, rolls, stops and explodes.

It is the signal. The revolt has begun.

The premature outbreak petrifies the camp. Men in the combat units, prisoners, Germans, and Ukrainians stop in their tracks, surprised, confused, dumfounded. The echo of the explosion rolls interminably and then dies.

The combat units are the first to recover. Half formed, they rush to their battle stations. It is the first rumble of the storm.

Suddenly the thunder breaks loose with a great roar. Dozens of grenades explode as if in a chain reaction. The air is shattered. Immediately the gunfire begins, ragged, sporadic, furious. The fire rises, glows and crackles. Then from all corners of the camp ring out the first cries of freedom. But the Germans are recovering too. The orders are transmitted, the Ukrainians run, the gunfire redoubles. The ragged fire of the rifles is now answered by the slow hammer of the machine guns.

The premature outbreak has disorganized the attacking force. The leaders understand that the outcome of the battle depends more than ever on their initiative. Galewski, surrounded by the committee, musters the men of the reserve unit. Their mission: to transform the Ghetto into a stronghold, to try to pin down the enemy so the prisoners can escape, to hold out down to the last cartridge, the last man.

Running, jumping, shooting wildly, Rudek and his combat unit cut through this fury of shouts and explosions. They rush through clouds of acrid smoke and swarms of bullets. Everything is disorder and confusion, but they plow on, blind to the sheets of flame that surround them, deaf to the entreaties of the wounded. The fate of the revolt depends on their speed. They must neutralize the armored car positioned near the guard station. Everything has been planned, prepared, rehearsed. A crossfire was to have prevented the crew from reaching its vehicle, but the revolt has broken out too soon. Now, all plans forgotten, their only recourse is this mad race to reach the car before its German crew.

Rudek is the first to get to the big yard. He sees the armored car, a big black beetle inert in the sunlight. He sees the guard station on the far side of the vehicle. The door of the guard station opens and a gray silhouette materializes out of the shadows.

Rudek's bullet hits the S.S. man while he is still yards away from the armored car. The German clutches his stomach with both hands and takes a few more steps, very slowly. His astonished eyes look at Rudek and his men who have begun to open fire on the windows of the guard station. He turns in his tracks, crumples at last, and dies facing his men.

The door of the guard station has been closed again, but shots are coming from all the windows. Rudek yells that they must save ammunition and retreats with one of his men, crawling behind the corner of a barracks. The others, their momentum cut short by the German fire, have fallen flat on their stomachs at the edge of the yard. They can neither advance nor retreat. They can only use up their ammunition and die. Rudek thinks that it will happen quickly. Within a quarter of an hour the rest of the crew will leave the station without danger. The armored car will then go into action and crush the revolt. It will run down the fighters in their absurd refuges. Nothing will resist the fire from its heavy machine gun. Rudek grips the shoulder of his companion for a few seconds. Then he places his gun against the wall of the barracks and leans forward. He probably does not know that he screams as he dashes into the yard. But his men hear his cry and they see him stagger. Then he is shot at from all the windows. By the time his men open fire to cover him, Rudek has reached the car.

The fire ceases on both sides. What follows is unreal. The sun-drenched yard is silent as Rudek's men, the butts of their guns pressed against their cheeks, watch their leader scale the side of the armored car.

When he reaches the summit, when he has only to hold out his arms to touch the hatch, his men aim their guns at the windows of the station. Across the way they hear the harsh order to fire. They open fire at the same time. After that everything goes very quickly. The hatch opens and with an incredibly swift and supple movement, under a hail of whining bullets that ricochet off the armored car, Rudek slips into the turret.

Again, silence. Then there is a peculiar grinding as of rusty iron as the turret pivots. The venomous shaft of its machine gun, which until then has been pointed toward the camp, moves in a very slow arc toward the guard station. The Jews, prone, hear the cries of fear from the Germans, and they see Rudek firing volleys that shatter the last windowpanes and slash the walls. The guard station is neutralized.

Rudek's assistant Yatzek and his unit take the garage without firing a shot. They tear down the shelves where the barrels of gasoline are stored. They overturn the enormous supports, which collapse with a terrible noise. They roll the fifty-gallon casks to the paved area in front of the garage from which a gentle slope leads to the German barracks. They unscrew the caps. The gasoline forms first a puddle, then a little pool that grows, that moves, that becomes a stream, then a brook, then a river—a river that slowly runs down the slope toward the German barracks. And Yatzek's men look at the German barracks, the figures that can be seen moving behind the windows, and the little river of gasoline that is flowing toward all this.

Yatzek orders them to scatter. He pulls the pin from a grenade, backs off and turns around, lifts his arm with a slow, controlled movement and throws his grenade into the gasoline. A geyser of flame bursts and Yatzek disappears, caught in this eruption, and the little river suddenly becomes a river of fire.

At Camp No. 2 Djielo is the first to understand what is happening. As soon as he hears the first shot he stops. When the grenade explodes, he rushes to the well where prisoners are drawing water. He shouts at the top of his lungs, "Revolution in Berlin!" Hearing his cry, the Jews attack the guards who have come down from the towers.

Djielo reaches the well outside the wire enclosure in time to see the last of the three Ukrainians disappear into the hole. In their haste the men have thrown two of the guards into the well along with their guns. Djielo takes the third gun and begins to fire on the Ukrainian barracks.

The prisoner Wiener knows his mission: to destroy the motor that feeds the gas chambers. Carrying a can of

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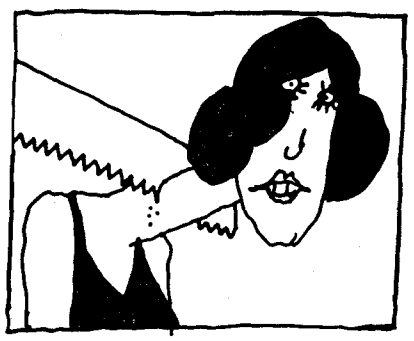

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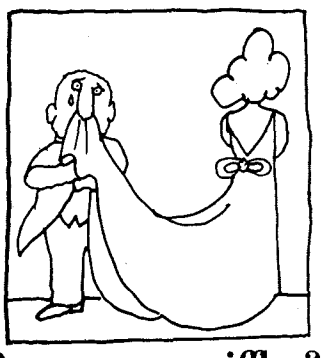
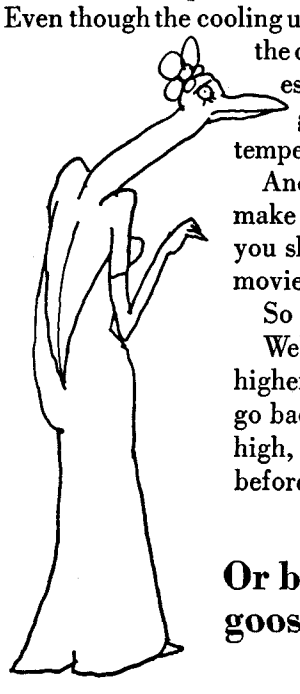


Or summer sniffles?



And if you think this runaway cooling doesn't make much difference, just think back to how you shivered when you walked into those chilly movie theaters and department stores last year.

So what do you do?

Well, you can always set the thermostat at a higher level. But then the cooling unit won't go back on until the room temperature gets that high, too. Which means you get warm again before you get cool again.

Or bareback goose pimples?

Of course, you can keep getting up to change the thermostat setting. But then you become more automatic than your air conditioner.

Actually, there's a much simpler way to handle the problem. Just buy a Whirlpool air conditioner.

Whirlpools smooth out the ups and downs of the cooling cycle.

Because we've given them a special sensing device called Comfort Guard® control — a sort of thermostat for the thermostat.

With Comfort Guard control, you don't get cooling overdose or underdose.

It simply shuts the cooling unit off before the temperature gets down to your thermostat setting.

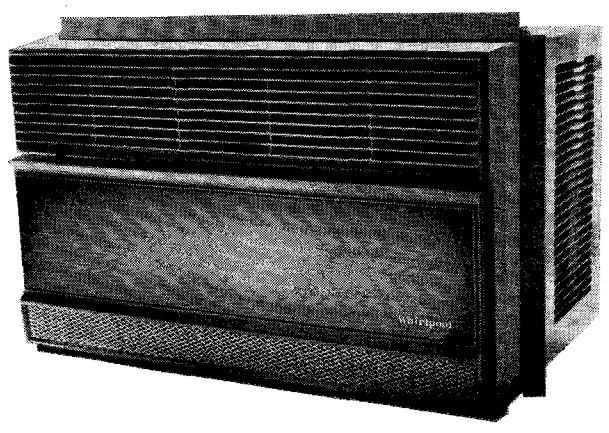
Or midnight frostbite?

And it starts it going again before the temperature gets above the thermostat setting.

You might say it thinks ahead.

Which is all we're really asking you to do.

Whirlpool CORPORATION



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gasoline, he heads for the building. In the half-light of the "machine room" the well-oiled motor gleams dully like a sleeping monster. Wiener empties the can and strikes a match. The explosion shakes the air; then through the door a thick black smoke begins to escape. Disfigured, his clothing torn, Wiener suddenly appears, staggering. He takes a few steps, stops, sways and crumples, dead with his hatred.

Adolf is running toward the gas chambers. He is going to set fire to them. Suddenly Ivan, the sadistic giant, appears in his path. The Ukrainian seems a little bewildered, surprised, but not frightened. His black eyes stare at Adolf, Adolf's hands, Adolf's belt, looking for a possible weapon. They do not see one. Ivan decides that he will not draw his revolver. His knees slightly fixed, his hands open, he waits for the little Jew who keeps running toward him. Ivan smiles. He is completely at ease. He blocks when Adolf tries to butt him in the stomach. Knotting both hands around Adolf's throat, he lifts him up and flings him to the ground. Lying on Adolf, crushing him with his full weight, he begins to strangle him. One minute later, when Djielo reaches his friend's body, he will see first the wide back of the Ukrainian, and then the dagger—Ivan's own dagger—planted in it, with Adolf's hand still clutching the handle.

S.S. officer Karol Petzinger is running. He runs into Camp No. 2. His arms raised, his face contorted with surprise and fear, he is yelling, "Don't shoot—it's your friend Karol!"

In the barracks at the other end of the big yard the prisoner Weinstein, the barracks guard, turns toward the door. His face gleams with sweat, his eyes have a glint of savagery. He rushes at the door, shouting, "Revolution in Berlin!" The cry bursts into the light-filled yard. Karol Petzinger stops.

Behind Weinstein the mass, a force too long pent up, rumbles and roars. Tide, river, lava, herd, the Jews—slaves, accomplices, sublime heroes or accursed people, broken, gassed, burned, killed a thousand times and a thousand times reborn—the Jews, one solid mass of humanity, unleashed, blinded, catapulted by hatred, hope and rage, explode and flow and roll and charge and erupt; in a wild gale, a torrent of hatred, hope and rage, they howl and run and leap, those who abandoned their own, those who pulled their teeth out, who gassed them, burned their bodies, and reduced their bones to powder, the Jews of abdication and of the miracle, the Jews of death and of life, of agony of faith and of desperate hope.

Petzinger, arms higher, yells louder, "Stop, it's your friend Karol!"

Like a mad machine, blind, out of control, like an enraged herd, like a torrent of hate, the mass runs into him, knocks him down and tramples him, leaving a black, red, and white heap.

The first prisoners have reached the antitank obstacles that ring the camp. They rush into the tangle of barbed wire and try desperately to extricate themselves. The other prisoners trample them. Nothing can stop them now. Freedom, unbelievably, lies beyond the obstacles, in the forest across the plain.

Camp No. 2 is empty. Djielo gives his men the order to withdraw. Masha is with him. Running, head down, he rushes toward the wood which the first prisoners are already entering. Suddenly Masha, who is running beside him, gives a little cry, staggers and falls. Djielo sees the car just as he bends over Masha. The car is full of S.S. men, bristling with rifles and machine guns, pursuing the prisoners, who are running unarmed toward the forest. Djielo knows what he has to do—he knows that he will never reach the wood. Still kneeling beside Masha, he picks up his gun which he had laid on the ground, shoulders it, aims and fires: once, twice, three times. In the middle of the plain the car swerves and stops. It starts again slowly, describes a wide arc and, picking up speed, bears down on him like a wounded bear. Deliberately Djielo shoulders his gun again and fires, fires, fires.

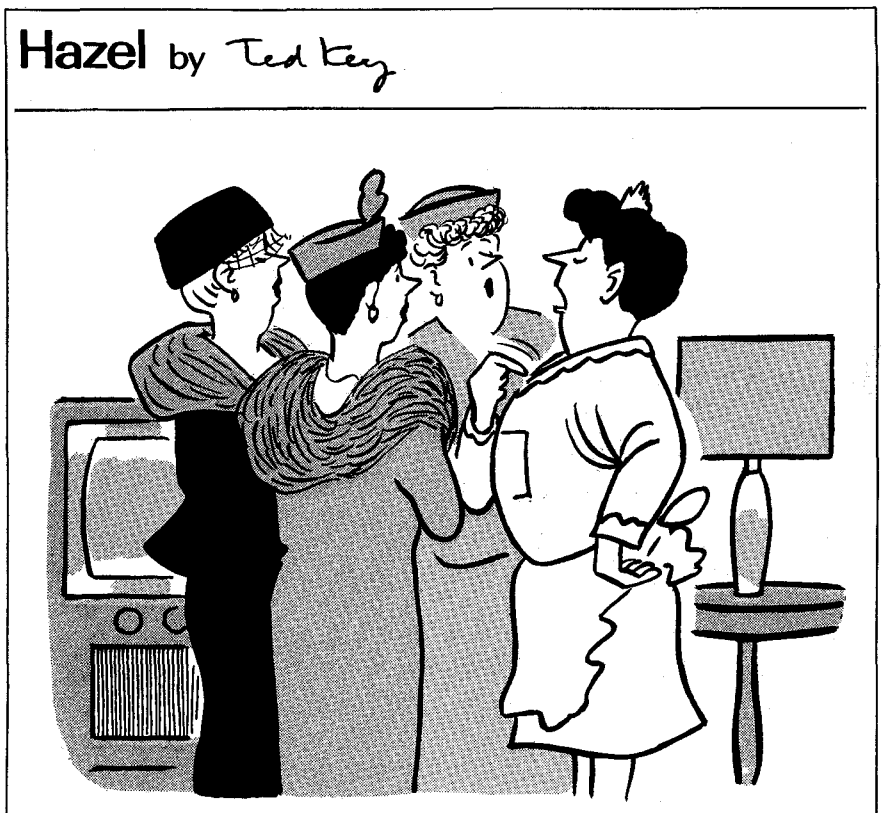
The last prisoners have reached the wood. The car gets bigger and bigger. All of a sudden Djielo stops shooting.

At Camp No. 1 the fire has divided the camp in two. To the north, Sudowich is gathering his last men. He rushes after the prisoners who have joined the fugitives from Camp No. 2 in the wood outside the camp. There are close to 200 of them, confused, dazed. Sudowich realizes that this protection is absurd, that the prisoners must scatter. From now on, it is every man for himself. His unit has been decimated during the retreat. There is nothing more he can do. He yells to the prisoners to scatter, but they seem in a trance. They hug each other, stammer, hesitate. So he takes his gun, fires it and yells, "The Germans!" The mad race resumes.

To the south the losses have been even heavier than to the north. Of the unit leaders only Kleinmann, *kapo* of the camouflage commando, is left. The remaining fighters have regrouped beyond the first enclosure. There are a dozen of them. They hesitate, but there is no longer a single prisoner climbing the embankment which hides the camp from the railroad tracks at this point. They wait a little longer. Then, as if reluctantly, Kleinmann leads them toward the forest.

But the Germans and Ukrainians have recovered. They rush after the prisoners. The bullets begin to whistle around the rear-guard unit. Instinctively the men move faster. In front of them there is a big open space; they will be sitting ducks. Beyond this plain is the edge of the forest, the haven they must reach. They run. Then they begin to fall, struck down on the threshold of salvation. Suddenly Kleinmann realizes that none of his group is going to reach the forest.

"Lie down," he yells to the men, and throwing himself onto the ground, he turns and opens fire on the pursuers.



"You know how I'd handle de Gaulle?"

A second man lies down, then a third, then all of them. They have forgotten fear. Facing the enemy, they open fire.

Now it is the pursuing Germans and Ukrainians who are in unprotected terrain, who are sitting ducks. In the open plain their bodies stand out against the background of the blazing camp. Running has scattered them. The first men fall. The second group, about 100 yards behind, stops, seems to hesitate, then as if seized with panic, runs away.

The Jews have started running again when to their left they see the first detachment of Nazi reinforcements arrive. Fifty men strong, the group is heading for them. Kleinmann sizes up the situation. He hasn't a chance in open terrain. The miracle of a little while ago will not repeat itself. They must reach the edge of the wood before their pursuers. Half a mile away, it appears dark and inviting. The last stragglers are just entering it.

"Faster!" he yells. "We must get to the forest before they do." The S.S. try to cut him off, but they are too far away. The edge of the wood gets nearer, the trees get bigger. The Germans who are running cannot fire. Kleinmann can now see the inviting embankment that borders the forest.

"Faster, faster," he repeats over and over, as much to encourage himself as to push the others.

He can no longer see the forest. Fascinated, he watches the embankment get bigger. Suddenly it is in front of him. All the men are scaling it at once.

"Take positions," says Kleinmann.

The men throw themselves against the embankment, facing the plain over which the Germans are advancing.

"Let them come closer," Kleinmann says again. "Nobody fire until I do."

The Germans are approaching. Sure of themselves, they run in a pack; they are going hunting and not to war. Kleinmann watches them get bigger in his gun sight. He recalls something Adolf once said: "Wait, wait; one always shoots too soon. When you feel as if the man is on top of you, count to three slowly and fire on three."

Kleinmann can see the face of the man who is bearing down on him. One, two, three. The eyes roll back and the man falls. Gunfire explodes on all sides. Eight Germans are lying peacefully in the short grass of the plain a few yards from the forest. The others keep running as if carried along by their momentum. Kleinmann orders his men to fire at will. And the miracle occurs a second time: The Germans retreat.

Kleinmann bows his head and begins to weep. Around him the men are wild with joy. They hug each other, weep, cry, roll on the ground. They are free.

At the other end of the plain, Treblinka has almost disappeared in the flames. Over the water tower the flag still floats, swimming over a sea of fire. Suddenly, its framework consumed by flames, the tower falls to pieces. The flag with the swastika on it drowns and disappears, caught by the flames. A few more shots are heard; then silence falls. Galewski and his companions lie, finally at peace.

The revolt is over.

Day wanes, darkness overtakes the forest. The sky, a glacial blue at the zenith, grows purple in the west. The grass on the plain trembles imperceptibly under the gentle breeze that has arisen. The earth is soft and sweet-smelling. Dazed with exhaustion, the men lie motionless, clinging to this moment of happiness.

"Friends," Kleinmann calls gently. "Get up. We must leave. We have not finished our long journey."

All the members of the committee and most of those who played a role in the uprising of the camp died in the revolt. Of the 1,000 prisoners in the camp at the time, about 600 managed to get out and to reach the nearby forests without being recaptured. Some time after the revolt, the ruins of the camp at Treblinka were razed and the land plowed. All the documents were destroyed.

Of the 600 escapees, there remained, on the arrival of the Red Army a year later, only 40 survivors. The others had been killed in the course of that year by Polish peasants, Ukrainian fascist bands, deserters from the Wehrmacht, the Gestapo and special units of the German army. These 40 are still alive today. They are scattered all over the world: 22 in Israel, five in the United States, three in France, three in Poland, two in Canada, and one each in England, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Australia and Argentina. All are married or remarried and have at least one child each. □

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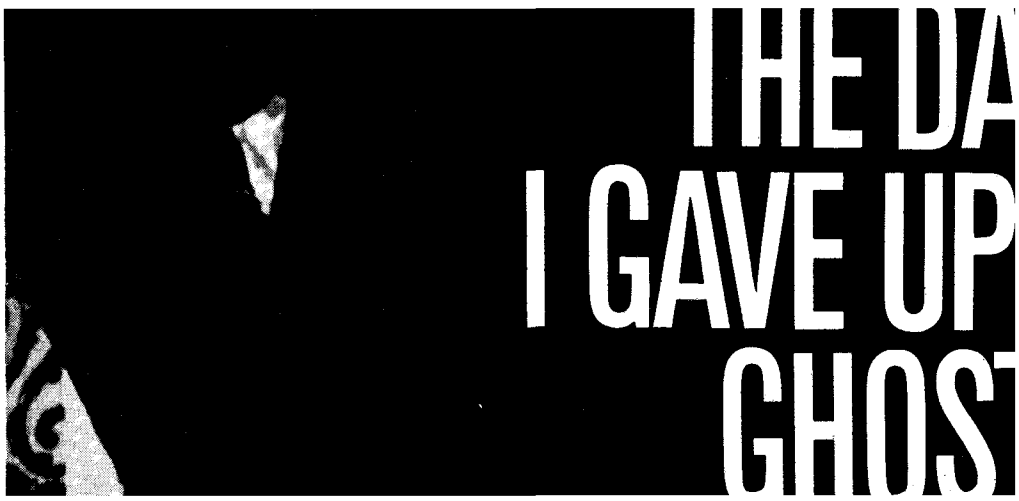

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For three years my wife and I put up with weird noises and spooky 'guests' in our haunted house, until we faced the eeriest event of all.

One year ago the Post *published* HAUNTED *by Joe Hyams. The article described a series of frightening and inexplicable events that had taken place in his Beverly Hills house. Dining-room chairs moved noisily in the night, locked doors opened, and several friends "saw" men who were not there. A number of mediums, sensitives and parapsychologists investigated the phenomena and agreed that the house seemed to be haunted. Hyams and his wife, actress Elke Sommer, decided they would not move, but to calm Elke's fears they asked one medium to exorcise the house. Here is the strange sequel to that article.*

Just after sunrise on the morning of March 13 my wife shook me awake. She whispered that she had heard noises downstairs, and then someone pounding on our bedroom door. I picked up the .38-caliber revolver, which has lain on our night table for the three years we have lived in our "haunted" house, and got out of bed. Downstairs, I heard muffled laughter. Gun in hand I unlocked our bedroom door and ran into a cloud of thick, black smoke. Our poodle, Hasi, barking furiously, ran out of our bedroom onto the landing and disappeared into the smoke.

I closed the door, and as calmly as I could, told Elke. "There's a fire downstairs, and we've got to get out fast—through the window." While Elke collected her jewelry in a bag and put on a housecoat, I telephoned the fire department. They recorded the call at 6:21.

Before leaving, I opened the bedroom door with the vague hope of giving Hasi an escape route. Then I helped my wife climb through a wide casement window onto the roof, which sloped to within a few feet of the ground. Our bedroom was over the dining room, and from the heat of the shingles under my bare feet, I could tell that the dining room was on fire. Black smoke poured out of the dining-room and living-room chimneys.

Elke and I ran to the kitchen in the rear of the house, where a dachshund puppy was sleeping. There were no flames in the kitchen, so I broke a pane, unlatched a window and climbed in to rescue the puppy. I touched a closed door leading to the dining room. It was hot enough to blister my hand. Meanwhile, Elke climbed in after me, hoping to dash through the blazing dining room to rescue her poodle. I had to force her out of the house while she screamed that Hasi would be burned alive.

Outside, we ran around front and looked into the dining room. Through the smoke we could see the dining-room table blazing.

The first fire engine screamed up 10 minutes after my call, and the firemen quickly brought the blaze under control. One of the firemen told me he heard a dog barking upstairs, so I went into the house and crept up through the smoke calling, "Hasi." In a minute or two, a black bundle leaped into my arms. It was our once-white poodle.

By seven o'clock the fire was out. The battalion chief came out of the house to ask me what had been on the dining-room table.

"Only a tablecloth and a place setting for two people," I said.

His next question shocked me. "Do you know anyone who would want to set your house on fire?"

"Of course not," I said, "but why . . .?"

His answer was one I was to hear many times in the next few weeks. "It looks like a spite fire to me."

When the firemen finished cleaning up the debris, I saw what the chief meant. The "ghost" that had troubled us had been reported most often in our dining-room-and-bar area. Someone had told us that ghosts preferred familiar places, so, in what may have been a foolish effort to chase him, we had redecorated the area completely. This was the section of the house that had been gutted by the fire, a fire hot enough to melt our pewter plates and even our silverware. The experts who later surveyed the fire said it had started on the dining-room table. New wallpaper had been burned off the wall. Only the framework of the new bar remained. A few pieces of glass and wire were all that was left of a new chandelier.

Although our entire house had wall-to-wall carpeting and floor-to-ceiling drapes, all highly inflammable, the fire had not spread to other rooms. The night before, I had shut the dining-room doors, which might explain why the fire was contained—except that the flames had burned through the doors and into an adjoining hallway.

I remembered a prophecy of Jacqueline Eastlund, a clairvoyant, who had told us in 1966, "I see your dining room in flames next year. Be careful." Elke and I had considered raising the fire insurance on the house, but in the end had decided against it. I wished I had taken Mrs. Eastlund more seriously. Damage from the fire, and from the smoke that filled every corner of the house—the fumes even ruined shirts in their cellophane bags—was to exceed $25,000.

The Los Angeles police and fire departments spent days sifting evidence and seeking a cause of the blaze. Their only verdict was: "A fire of mysterious origin."

Several of the mediums who had looked for our "ghost" were more specific. Pointing to the fire's mysterious beginning, its extreme heat and sudden end, they said there was every evidence that it was a "spirit fire"—that is, one set by a ghost.

Neither my wife nor I believe in ghosts, but I must admit we now say that defensively. There have been just too many puzzling occurrences in that house.

Last year, before my article about the house

Joe and Elke reenact the escape from their burning house. "We could have been burned alive," said Elke later, "if it hadn't been for a mysterious knocking at our bedroom door."

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appeared in the *Post*, I attempted to rent it because we were going away to Europe. One of the first people sent by the real-estate agent was Mrs. Red Buttons, who was not aware of the reputation of the house. "I refused even to go in," she told me later. "It had an evil aura." She said she had never felt that way about a house.

Actor Michael Anderson Jr. was another potential tenant who wouldn't enter. He reached the front door before reporting to the real-estate agent that "something" about the house frightened him.

Finally, Harry Kanter, a neckwear manufacturer from New York who was coming to Hollywood with his wife for a vacation, said that he was interested in renting the house. I told Kanter that the house was supposed to be haunted, but he said he would be away during the day, and his wife might like to have someone to talk with. On that light note we signed a short-term lease.

Three months later, at the end of their lease, Mrs. Kanter decided to give a "Good-bye Ghost Party." All the guests wore sheets, pillowcases and ghostly makeup, and the party went along without incident until 11:30 P.M. Then, suddenly, every light in the house went out. As the celebrants stood in shocked confusion, a terrific crash came from the dining room. A heavy, wrought-iron candelabra in one corner had crashed to the floor.

Mrs. Kanter told me later that no one was in the dining room when the candelabra fell over. Nor, she assured me, did she plot the incident to add excitement to the party. Our fuse box does not have a master switch which would enable a practical joker to turn out all the lights at once, and because of other strange incidents in the house over the years, I had had an electrician carefully check out the wiring. So it was just something else that we couldn't explain.

When Elke and I moved back into the house last fall, the chairs continued to move at night, and we continued to hear noises in the dining room. I did discover that noises there were amplified by a heating vent that led to our bedroom. But of course that didn't explain the source of the noise.

More important, the feeling of uneasiness remained. Several other sensitives visited us and claimed they felt a "presence," but by then our house was well known among the psychic fraternity, so their reports did not carry much weight. And we had more than 1,000 suggestions and offers of help from readers around the world.

A few of the offers struck us as not entirely disinterested. Several people claimed that they had made direct contact with our spirit and suggested that in exchange for travel expenses they would rid us of our unwanted guest. A group of Harvard students volunteered a round-the-clock vigil at our house, but I suspected they were more interested in watching Elke than our ghost.

Almost as annoying as the nightly routine of noises was the fact that talk about ghosts came to dominate every social gathering we attended. Our friends either laughed at us or warned us to move out, and we found both approaches tiresome. Finally, after one such evening, we decided to give up the struggle and start looking for a new home. We saw several houses in March and finally decided to buy one of them. That night we stayed home and watched an old movie on TV—appropriately enough, *The Haunting*. As I turned out the light I jokingly said to Elke, "I wonder what the ghost thinks about our moving. If he has any opinion he'd better express it pretty soon."

The house was on fire the next morning.

Joe Jasgur, a photographer employed by the insurance adjusters, took a series of pictures of the fire damage and then telephoned me a day later. "I've been photographing fire damage for thirty years," he said. "It's my profession. My pictures are always sharp. But not the pictures I took of your house.

"In one picture of the dining room, part of the wallpaper is blurred in one corner as if it had moved, but the rest of the wall is sharp and clear. There couldn't have been any camera movement. Whatever movement there was was on the wall.

"And in another picture of the coffee table in the living room everything surrounding the table is in focus, but the table itself appears to have moved. It's the first time that anything like this has happened to me."

Since the official investigation of the fire didn't seem to be leading anywhere, I contacted Lotte von Strahl, the medium who had once exorcised a ghost at our house. I asked her if she would sift through the debris in an attempt to get a reading.

Early this March I met Mrs. von Strahl at our burned-out house. A Los Angeles arson investigator, who said he did not believe in ghosts or mediums but would try anything to solve a case, also was present.

"It's not the ghost who set this fire, I assure you," said Mrs. von Strahl immediately on entering the house. "Ghosts don't set fires—and this one was set."

Mrs. von Strahl then startled the skeptical investigator and me by describing in detail the manner and speech of someone with whom I recently had a quarrel. Strangely enough, the description also fitted a suspected arsonist whom the local police had been seeking.

There was some reason to suspect arson: Three of the doors to our house showed signs of having been tampered with at some time in the past. Near the lock of a back door there were fresh scars, and police theorized that it may have been forced open.

Mrs. von Strahl then assured me that our ghosts were gone (she always claimed we had more than one spirit in the house). "The fire drove them out," she said.

Despite her assurances, I still had a strong feeling whenever I was in the house that someone was silently standing behind me. Undoubtedly a good part of my fear stems from my overheated nerves, fueled by too many coincidences. Elke was affected too. "We could have been burned alive in the house," she pointed out, "if it hadn't been for that mysterious knocking on the bedroom door."

I suggested that it could have been the ghost warning us; perhaps he wanted us out of the house, but did not want us dead.

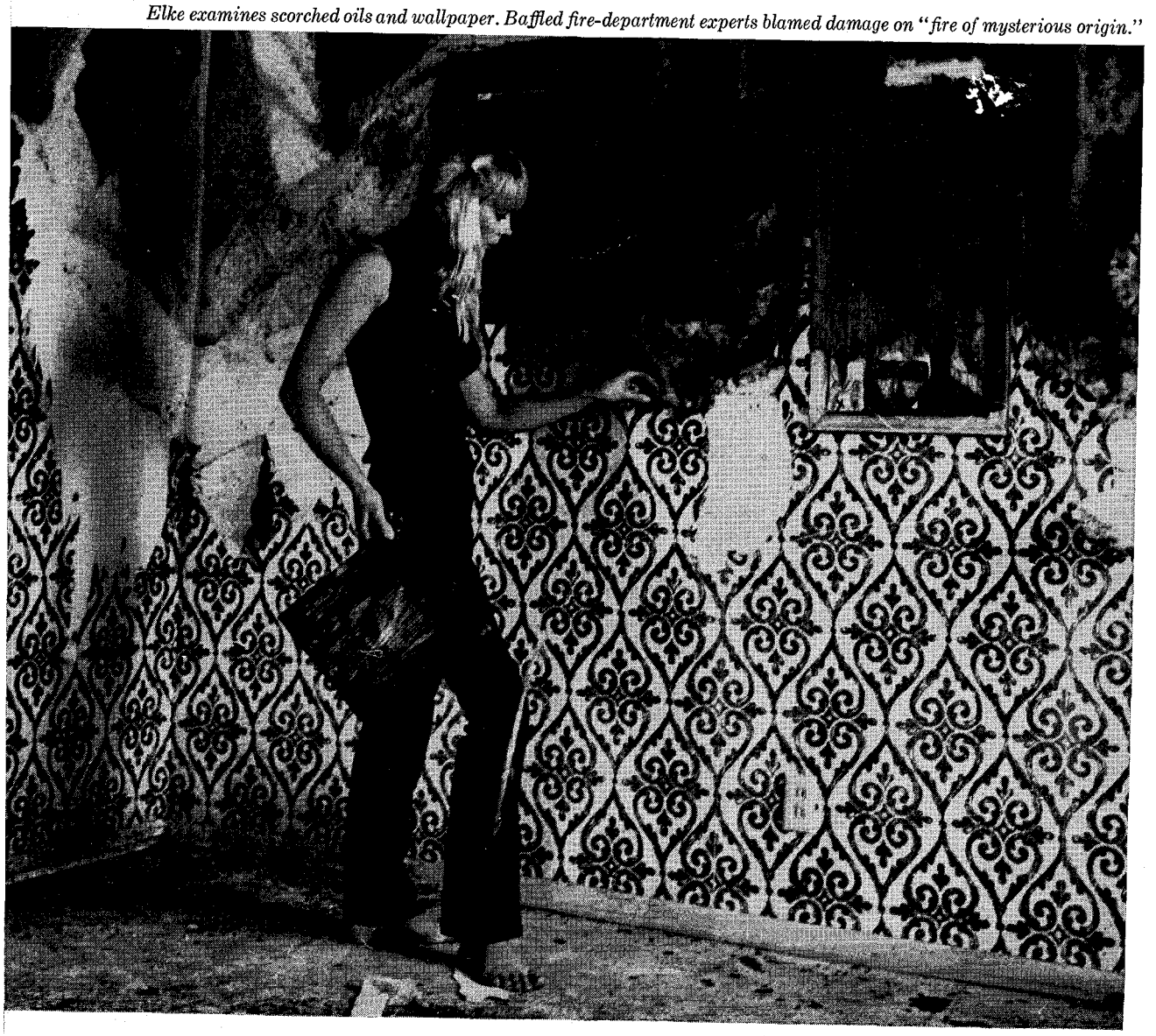
"I don't know what it is, and I don't care," said Elke. "We're moving." And so we did.

The police still have the case listed as a "fire of mysterious origin." They say there still is no concrete evidence of arson. And no one can offer a rational explanation for the extremely hot fire which confined itself to just one room.

Whatever it is that caused all these bizarre events remains a mystery. And that is why we have moved into a new house where the chairs don't move at night.

If the ghost intended to give me a message, I want to assure him that I've gotten it. □

Elke examines scorched oils and wallpaper. Baffled fire-department experts blamed damage on "fire of mysterious origin."



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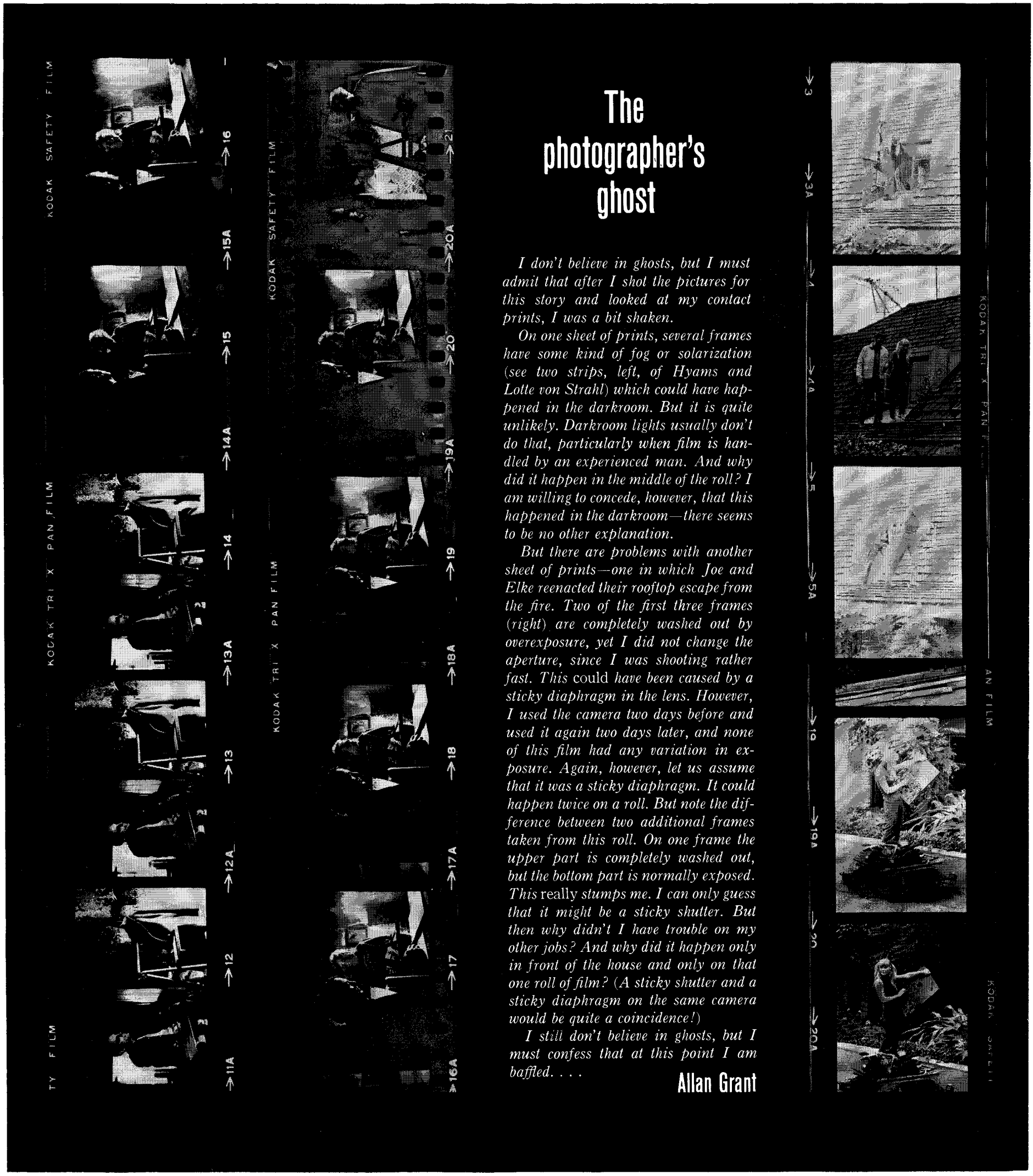
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The photographer's ghost

I don't believe in ghosts, but I must admit that after I shot the pictures for this story and looked at my contact prints, I was a bit shaken.

On one sheet of prints, several frames have some kind of fog or solarization (see two strips, left, of Hyams and Lotte von Strahl) which could have happened in the darkroom. But it is quite unlikely. Darkroom lights usually don't do that, particularly when film is handled by an experienced man. And why did it happen in the middle of the roll? I am willing to concede, however, that this happened in the darkroom—there seems to be no other explanation.

But there are problems with another sheet of prints—one in which Joe and Elke reenacted their rooftop escape from the fire. Two of the first three frames (right) are completely washed out by overexposure, yet I did not change the aperture, since I was shooting rather fast. This could *have been caused by a sticky diaphragm in the lens. However, I used the camera two days before and used it again two days later, and none of this film had any variation in exposure. Again, however, let us assume that it was a sticky diaphragm. It could happen twice on a roll. But note the difference between two additional frames taken from this roll. On one frame the upper part is completely washed out, but the bottom part is normally exposed. This* really *stumps me. I can only guess that it might be a sticky shutter. But then why didn't I have trouble on my other jobs? And why did it happen only in front of the house and only on that one roll of film? (A sticky shutter and a sticky diaphragm on the same camera would be quite a coincidence!)*

I still don't believe in ghosts, but I must confess that at this point I am baffled. . . .

Allan Grant

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Editorials

Babies—for and against

The new crown prince.

It is a pleasure to join in the rejoicings of the Dutch over the birth of a new Prince of Orange. By a quirk of heredity, the Dutch throne has been occupied by women for three generations, and Prince Alexander is the first boy to be born into the royal family since 1851. Of this fuzzy-haired newcomer, Prince Claus, his father, declared: "He is a splendid baby."

It is a pleasure, in fact, to join in the welcoming of all splendid babies, not just those who will someday be kings but all babies who are wanted and hoped for, admired and cherished. There are millions of these, and no shrill warnings about a "population explosion" make any of them less than welcome, but it is also a sad fact that there are millions of others who are not welcome and not wanted. To equate the two kinds, to assume that every living thing is essentially the same, has led many people into hypocrisy, confusion and misery.

There was a time, not so long ago, when "birth control" was considered a slightly obscene term, and euphemists preferred to talk about "family planning," but the assumptions behind the words were simple: that human beings have evolved to a stage higher than animals, that children should not be born totally at random, and that people should not bear more children than they can care for and raise into adults. These assumptions seem not only simple but sensible, and over the years an increasing number of people have come to take them for granted. Birth control nowadays is considered perfectly ordinary.

And yet much of the same prejudice and hysteria that once surrounded birth control still shrouds the related question of abortion. It is still a slightly dirty word, one that adds spice to a tabloid headline. It is thought to be a sign of immorality—though the majority of women who seek abortions are respectably married. It is generally considered a crime, and, in almost all cases, the law forbids it. And unless a sufficient amount of money can find a compliant doctor willing to risk punishment, a woman who does not want her child is forced into the hands of a quack. Every year more than a million American women take that chance. Every year about 4,000 of them die of the consequences.

There is one essential distinction, of course, between birth control and abortion. In the latter case, a foetus does exist, human or potentially human, a living thing. And on this distinction great philosophical edifices have been constructed. It is argued that the foetus has both a legal existence and an immortal soul. Such arguments are credible when the infant not only has been created in love but is itself an object of love, when its future is one of limitless hope and opportunity. But do they apply equally to an infant that is doomed before birth to be denied everything that enables a child to become an adult, doomed to be dehumanized at some institution? And, most important of all, is this exceptionally private question a matter for judges and moralists, or for the mother who carries the child inside her?

The state of Colorado recently decided to experiment in mercy. According to a new law that was passed against considerable opposition, abortions may be performed in an accredited hospital when a committee of three doctors rules that (a) the baby would be born with "a grave and permanent" mental or physical handicap, (b) childbirth would cause permanent mental or physical harm to the mother, or (c) pregnancy resulted from rape, incest, or statutory rape of a girl under 16. One of the most interesting features of the Colorado law is that it contains no residency requirement. Thus women from other areas can come to Colorado and exercise the free choice that is denied them in their own states. There are indications that some already plan to do so. There are also indications that other states, notably California and Florida, may move to follow Colorado's example. We believe this example will prove a valuable and enlightened one.

More on criminal confessions

Last summer, when the Supreme Court issued its new rules on criminal confessions, many police officials howled that they were being handcuffed. Under the court's ruling, in an affair known as the Miranda case, no confession could be used in court unless the suspect had a lawyer, or the police could prove that the confession was voluntary. By those rules, said the court's critics, there simply wouldn't be any more confessions. Criminals, they said, would roam free. We didn't believe this at the time, and we praised the court (*Post*, July 30, 1966) for upholding the true meaning of the Fifth Amendment. Now, almost a year later, Attorney General Ramsey Clark offers the following observation: "There is much indication today that Miranda really hasn't had the effect that its detractors attribute to it in law enforcement. . . . Two surveys have indicated that confessions are coming in, after Miranda warning, at about the same rate or perhaps even higher than they were before Miranda."

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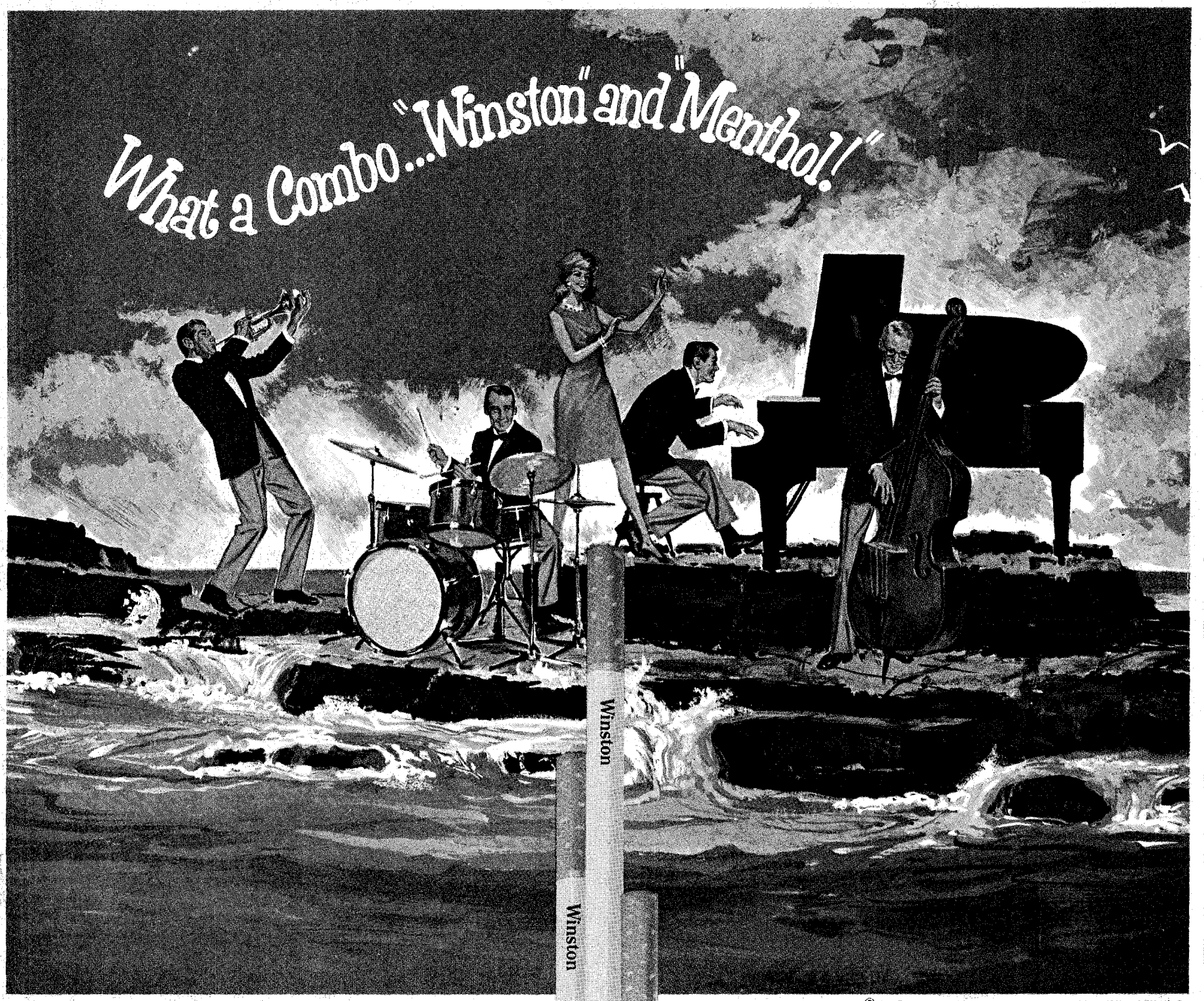

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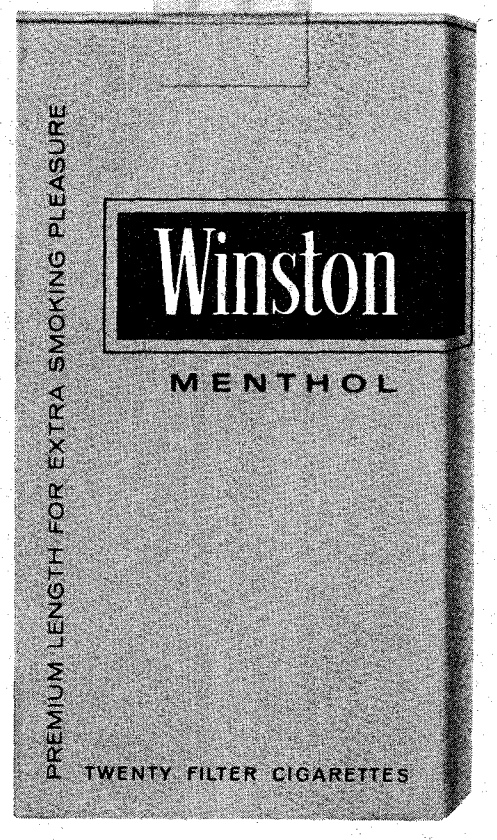

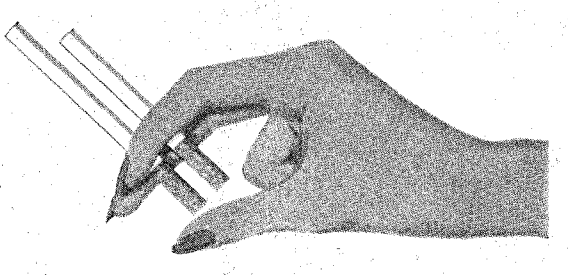

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